































MAY ENGSTROM HOSS.



Foundation Stones of Success  
Edwin Markham, Editor-in-Chief

VOLUME IX

# Heroism and Service

By  
May Engstrom Hoss



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## Introduction

We cannot be heroes unless we serve. The body who works is the only body who serves. Working is the swift way to become heroic.

Battles, of old time, were the only places people looked for heroic deeds to proceed from or be evidenced in. Men have been brave, since men were; and in battles we see masses of brave deeds, while in common daily doings we see men and women not in masses, but one by one, and, so, we easily lose sight of what each does.

The spectacular is less usual than of yore. We walk quietly and without a sword and have lost the swagger of the old-time citizen of the world. We might well afford to lose the swagger because it was only a feeble strut and was really funny, though those who did the strutting thought they were imposing. A turkey gobbler strutting is one of the most amusing things in nature. When he looks worst he thinks best of himself. He is strutting reduced to the ridiculous, but is less ridiculous than a man or woman swaggering. Strutting is business for turkeys, but not for men or women.

“What do you do?” is what our times ask, and the coming times will ask, of every passer along the road. It is a wise inquiry. It is really God’s inquiry. He asks that of every passenger to eternity.

Not blustering, but calm is the air of the high deeds of the world. To be a quiet doer of things which all the world needs to have done is the very best exhibition of the heroic we have in the world this day. To farm and so to feed the world, to keep the house happy and clean and full of cheer, to work on a railroad section and do work so well that the passengers along that road go on their journey in safety, to study at the schoolhouse so



as to make of the scholar a worth-while citizen, to build a house as a carpenter so that it will keep people warm in winter, to be a telegraph agent and never fumble the message and thus save trains from accident—these are the things men now think heroic. They do not get into print, but they make the world and preserve the world from running wrong.

We should do facts injustice if we did not heed the doctrine that anyone who, in his place or hers, does kindly, smilingly, well, the things to be done, makes work a song instead of a sob, makes sunshine to abound because he is there at work—that such a one is in the goodly company of the heroic folks whose deeds have made the world's landscape a field of glory. Gettysburg's battlefield, alive as it is with the heroic, is not so charged with that vital fluid as the lives of the gentle, unknown, unnoted men and women, and boys and girls, who have a fashion of doing things so that nobody notices they did them, but everybody finds life comfortable because those things were done.

It will prove a profitable exercise for everyone who reads this book to look around where the reader himself lives and see the folks who are doing the heroic deeds—the mothers, the fathers, the daughters, the sons, who make the village a good place to linger in, who hearten those whom they meet, who are good to stop and chat with when we pass along the road, of whom we think and sometimes dream, and for whom we are very homesick when we are apart from them. The towns also are full of such heroic folks. I have known them by the tens of thousands, and their voices and labors and laughters are the real music of the world.

Of course, where the steady, conscientious application to one's task brings public notice and reward, the value of service is two-fold, first in the doing of the thing superlatively well, and second in the inspiration afforded others to do their tasks in heroic fashion. That this

present volume deals with the lives and accomplishments of those who have greatly excelled means, therefore, not that heroism is lacking in conscientious application to common duties, but that such application heroically conceived is the only road to public recognition in the worthier accomplishments of life.

Anybody can be heroic. Thank God for that good true doctrine! It is not a bit of fancy to say so; it is a bit of sober, though joyful, fact. We all may spring forth heroes every day, and so make our life a grand march more noble than the epic of the Iliad.

A round huzza for all the folks that everywhere are doing kind, wholesome, unnoisy deeds which when God looks on them He applauds!

*William A. Quayle*



## Foreword

Since the noblest life on earth is always human life, the literature which deals with human life must always be the noblest literature. And since the individual human life must always have a distinctness and interest which cannot belong to any of the group of human lives, biography must always have a charm which no other kind of history can rival.

—*Phillips Brooks.*

In former times when war was thought to be the noblest calling, successful warriors were held up to youth as an inspiration to courage and heroism. To-day, notwithstanding the mad struggle of nations, war is coming to be regarded as a tragic incident, a digression which should in no wise be necessary to the progress of life. Instead of division and warfare is appearing the principle of unity and peace; and instead of selfish aggrandizement, individual, group and national, the world is awakening to a vision of mutual helpfulness for the general good.

These changes, however, are not coming about as an automatic evolution. There have been prime movers therein, men and women with higher zeniths and broader horizons who have looked above and beyond man-made boundaries and barriers to follow the purposes of God. Many of them have suffered social martyrdom at times, have been chastised by public opinion and private contempt. Some have persevered to the end with no satisfaction but the conviction that they were in line with truth. Others have lived to see their course vindicated and to be themselves honored by those who a few years before had persecuted them.

Such are the heroic men and women who have not hesitated to sacrifice self for human welfare. They are the

modern prophets of the coming day when the earth shall be full of the knowledge that real development comes by helpfulness and service, by united effort, instead of by injustice and bitter competition. Whether that day shall come within the next few years or be pushed forward into the dim future depends on how quickly we appropriate the ideals which have actuated the benefactors of the race, or how soon these ideals shall be established in the homes and held up before the new generation as more to be desired than riches, reputation or authority.

Our purpose, therefore, in presenting the character sketches in this volume, has been first to incite boys and girls to play a forceful part in the world. The narratives included herein are all stories of action; for, as Professor James says, the deepest spring of action in us is the sight of action in another. If Lincoln in the wilderness could get an education, why not I? If that poor Scotch immigrant boy listening to the howling of wolves about his lonely Canadian cabin, came finally to receive the highest honors from his Queen and country, why may not I overcome my difficulties? Youth is an eager imitator and readily learns to imitate goodness when it is presented as something active and strong and invincible.

So we come to our chief purpose in offering these brief sketches of some of the striking, virile, magnetic personalities who have loyally served humanity. We have desired to incite young readers to heroic action, to sacrifice in the service of their fellow men. There are books enough telling of "kings of finance" and multimillionaires who started in life as poor boys winding bobbins in a factory, or as obscure clerks in the country grocery store—registering success measured only in dollars and cents. For such narratives we substitute tales of persons of powerful character, of tremendous vitality, whose highest ambition has been to minister to the welfare of humanity and whose success is measured by the service rendered. Consideration of these strong, masterful na-



tures under control cannot but inspire to like heroism and foster the noble passion for service.

In conclusion, the author and the publishers would acknowledge their indebtedness to the various writers who in book, newspaper or periodical have represented to the world its real benefactors. But especially is there a desire on the part of the sponsors of this book to express their appreciation to the several subjects of the sketches themselves who, upon request, have furnished valuable biographical and character-revealing data.

M. E. H.

Evanston, Ill.

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## CHAPTER I

### UNBEATEN PATHS

I have come to see life, not as the chase of a forever impossible personal happiness, but as a field for endeavor toward the happiness of the whole human race. There is no other success.

—*William Dean Howells.*



WHO has not heard of Jane Addams of Hull House? Even those who have but a hazy notion as to what Hull House signifies and where it is, or what Jane Addams has done for the world to give her such a wide reputation, know, if they read at all, that the two names go together. But to understand the story of her life and how she came to establish this famous place, we must go back to her childhood.

Jane Addams  
of Hull House

As a child she lived in a rural community in northern Illinois. Her mother died when Jane was a baby, and so it came about that many puzzling thoughts which she could easily have explained were turned over and over in the little mind without a satisfactory solution. The father, a strong, upright man of many affairs, became Jane's closest companion, and around him her affections and admiration centred. In her eyes he was the most wonderful man that ever lived, and she desired above everything else to be like him. This led to some very amusing attempts on her part, as when she endeavored to flatten her right thumb because he had a "miller's thumb," or when she tried to get tiny red and purple specks on the backs of her hands as he, a former dresser of millstones, had on his. But there came a worthier zeal growing with years to be like her father in his strong integrity and broad democratic ideas.

Father's  
Closest Com-  
panion



First View of  
the Slums

One day when Mr. Addams was driving to mill in the neighboring city with seven-year-old Jane perched on the seat beside him, their way led them through the poorer quarters of the city. It was the child's first view of city poverty. Before that day her sight-seeing had been confined to the principal streets with their attractive shops and the pleasant residence district, all of which had seemed very splendid to the little village girl; but this wretched tenement section was a rude surprise to her.

"Why do these people live in such horrid little houses so close together?" she asked in her childish treble.

When her father had explained something about social classes and the unequal divisions of wealth, she began to understand that it was not from choice the people crowded together in such an unpleasant way. He made clear to her that they could call nothing their own, not even a "horrid little" house or indeed a foot of ground, nothing but a few shabby clothes and perhaps a little shabbier furniture. The little girl's eyes grew more serious than usual.

"When I grow up I'm going to live in a great big house right with a whole lot of such little houses," she predicted, better than she knew. It is safe to say that the father never dreamed of the possibility of his little daughter growing up to carry out her plan, thus becoming a leader in a wonderful work which is surely making the world a better place to live in.

Lessons in  
World-brother-  
hood

Those were stirring times in the early sixties when Jane Addams received her first impressions of life. Everyone was talking about liberty and the rights of humanity, and in both North and South were great armies of men ready to lay down their lives for what they understood these to be. Then came the closing events of the Civil War and the tragic death of Lincoln. These were Miss Addams' earliest recollections and the experiences sank deep into her tender nature. To see her strong father sitting bowed with grief and weeping like a child

over the assassination of the President brought to her a vivid sense of how men can love a big-hearted, sincere leader of a great cause; and later when her father also mourned the death of Mazzini, the noble Italian patriot, she obtained what she calls "a valuable possession, a sense of the genuine relationship which may exist between men who share large hopes and like desires, even though they differ in nationality, language and creed." Then and there she had her first lessons in world-brotherhood.

When Jane Addams was seventeen years old she was ready for Rockford Seminary, the young ladies' school nearest her home, from which her older sisters had graduated. It was rather unusual at that time for girls in rural communities to receive more education than the village schools could give them, but Mr. Addams was an unusual man who gave his daughters, besides the seminary course, a year's travel in Europe. During this daughter's four years in this school, the seminary grew into a college, and so it came about that Jane Addams graduated with a bachelor's degree just as if she had gone to Smith College, which had been her ambition.

Jane Addams'  
Education

During all these years the purpose expressed that day when she was riding to mill with her father, was taking on definite meaning and form. Her work was to be among those in greatest need of help and encouragement. The most natural way for an educated woman to help the ignorant poor at that time was to serve them as a physician. The unsanitary conditions of cities as they were then are almost past our belief. Women and children were necessarily the chief sufferers, and it was to help such neglected ones that she quietly dedicated her life.

Preparing for  
Social Service

But the necessary medical training was more of a tax on Jane Addams' physical strength than she could stand. An old spinal weakness which had threatened her as a child again became serious, and on the advice of physicians she dropped all study and went to Europe for rest.

As we can well understand, this thoughtful young

woman with her thorough college training was charmed by the art and culture of the older countries, but after all, in any country her greatest interest was the people themselves. Her attention turned instinctively to the poor of a city, and she was always drawn in their direction.

One experience in East London was almost more than she could bear. With other tourists she was conducted by a city missionary to see a Saturday midnight auction sale of decayed fruits and vegetables. It was a terrible picture of famished humanity with its "myriad of hands, empty, pathetic, nerveless and work-worn, showing white in the uncertain light of the street and clutching forward for food which was already unfit to eat," to use her own words.

It was in London, too, that she formulated her first definite idea of settlement work, and Toynbee Hall of that city later became the model for Hull House of Chicago. This plan of living among the poor appealed to Miss Addams as a most practical way of helping them. She compared views with her friend, Ellen Starr, also a tourist, on ways of adapting settlement work to the needs of Chicago, that fast growing city of the new world, into which were crowding the poor of all nations, but which could not yet stop long enough in its headlong rush after business and wealth to consider the claims of humanity.

The two young women returned to Chicago full of zeal and plans for their proposed work. But they soon learned that to start a settlement house at that time was not the work of a season or a year. The idea was a new one over a quarter of a century ago, and it had to be explained again and again, that a settlement house was not a communistic plan, it was not a foolish utopia, it was not socialism. Instead it was to be a well-ordered home in a community where true home-life was not understood; and besides, it was to be a place where women

A Terrible  
Sight in East  
London

A Visit to  
Toynbee Hall



and children could be taught how to do the work that is necessary in a real home.

In that day the law did little to provide justice for the poor, so the settlement house was also to be a place where anyone in distress could bring his grievance and be shown how to obtain justice. But perhaps one of the most promising features of the proposed home was the design to make it a social meeting place in a neighborhood which had nothing better in that line than saloons and low dance halls. Since those days, our public schools have paid more and more attention to domestic training, and our cities have established courts and legal aid societies for those who need help; but the settlement house still has a great work to do.

**Outlining the  
Settlement Plan**

The whole settlement plan seemed to many like the vague dream of two inexperienced women; this mixing of classes in an endeavor to uplift the shiftless and unsuccessful had never been tried and certainly did not appear feasible. There were others who showed interest for a while, but became dissatisfied when their particular methods were not adopted. Yet there were a few standing on the hills, as it were, who had conceived advanced ideas of brotherhood, and they saw in the plan a promise of better things for the poor and neglected; it is to the encouragement of these enlightened spirits that Miss Addams looks back with special gratitude.

The first step was to find a promising location for a settlement house and to secure an appropriate building. These were busy, eager, expectant times for Miss Addams. One day, after long hours of searching, her weariness suddenly left her when she saw before her just the kind of a house she needed and in the right place for her work. It looked like a hospitable home of the old-fashioned, generous style, standing well back from the street. But its home-like appearance was all on the outside, as years before it had been abandoned as a home when business had crowded up close, and the lower part of it

**House-hunting**

was now being used for the offices and storerooms of a neighboring factory.

Miss Addams saw how admirably the house and place could be made to serve her purpose, and after some negotiations the second floor and what had been the drawing room on the first floor were leased. In this way the family mansion built in 1856 as the homestead of Charles J. Hull, after passing through the changes from a beautiful suburban residence to a storehouse in a crowded tenement district, was elevated to far more than its original prominence by becoming the most famous settlement house in America.

In the planning of Hull House Miss Addams had in mind two classes who were to be benefited. The first was the poor of that section of the city, and to them it was to be a neighborhood centre radiating cheer and helpfulness in all directions. But she had thought of the rich as well. She knew many young women of means and ability who were dissatisfied with themselves and with life itself because they did not have enough to do. It was not so common then for women to have a career, and when these young women had no domestic duties, and no special fondness for society or study, there were bound to be many dull, vacant spaces in their days. For such Miss Addams, who understood well the cause of their dissatisfaction, quietly mapped out places in the activities of the proposed Hull House. She believed that the two classes of society farthest apart needed each other, that there was lack of sympathy between them solely because they were not acquainted. Hull House was to be a common meeting place of the extremes of society.

Miss Addams did not, however, take the world into her confidence when she drew this plan of the new settlement house. To outsiders it seemed an erratic proceeding on the part of these two women, though with undoubtedly the best intentions, to take up their residence in a section surrounded by thousands of Italians,

The Most Famous Settlement House in America

Benefiting Rich as Well as Poor

Russian and German Jews, Polanders, Bohemians, and Irish. The neighborhood was given over to a hopeless chaos of race riots, poverty, drunkenness and dirt. Everywhere the streets peopled by foreigners were practically unmolested by sanitary inspection and regulation. What could two women do under such conditions?

Miss Addams was not exactly sure what they could do, but they would try and she believed they could do something to better conditions. At any rate they could not make matters worse. The beginning was humble. They became community servants without pay. They were called on to wash young babies and to visit the sick in their miserable hovels, and to minister to the needs of both sick and well. But the two women were glad to do anything that would admit them to the hearts of the people.

Community  
Servants With-  
out Pay

The novelty of having a large house in their midst, fitted up as they supposed the mansions of the rich were, yet with doors ready to open to the poorest of them, was especially appealing to the neighborhood. It became a pleasure to the people to drop in and relate to sympathetic ears some of their many troubles, and the cup of tea offered them was not the least attraction. It was a wonderful experience, this having real ladies take a genuine interest in their impoverished and sordid lives. They were told that Hull House was a home for the whole community, and to many it was the first glimpse of what a home should be. We can well imagine that some grew too fond of coming, and that much patience was required on the part of Miss Addams and her co-workers; but they had not started in with the idea of having an easy time nor of working a quick transformation. Generations of oppression, poverty and ignorance had made the people what they were, and the awakening to better things would necessarily be very slow.

What Hull  
House Meant  
to the Neigh-  
borhood

Miss Addams knew that the first battle would be with dirt. It was not possible to raise the standard of the



home, nor of private and public morals, so long as streets, alleys and buildings were full of disease-breeding filth. She tried to impress mothers with the importance of cleanliness, by giving them practical instruction in Hull House and in their own wretched abodes. She labored unceasingly with the city authorities for clean streets and proper collecting of refuse and garbage, but to little avail. Her master stroke was the demonstration she made of what a woman means when she undertakes to clean up. When every effort to move those in authority failed to bring any definite results, she applied for the position of garbage inspector of the ward!

Miss Addams  
Becomes Gar-  
bage Inspector

The application was at first treated as a joke, but she persisted, hoping that at least someone would be appointed who would be in sympathy with cleanliness. The mayor finally took her at her word, and to the consternation of her many friends, gave her the job of following garbage wagons to see that the work was faithfully done, of inspecting gutters and alleys, dumps and stables, and bringing to justice indignant householders who rebelled against furnishing garbage cans. This talented woman, educated, cultured, a lover of beauty and art, did not prefer such work, but it had to be done and there seemed no one else ready to undertake it.

Unpleasant as were the duties, she went to work with woman's true housecleaning instinct. One incident will show that her office was no mere sinecure. She reported a certain unpaved street as particularly bad. Word was returned that the street in question was on the records as paved. Miss Addams went out to investigate and she probed through the refuse packed solid to the bottom. After digging down a foot and a half the pavement was found. The city hall authorities were skeptical when the startling report came in; of course they must leave a wide margin for woman's vivid imagination. The mayor went out to see for himself. To his surprise he found the report accurate, for he had to look

A Lost Pavement

down in a hole eighteen inches deep to see the lost pavement. The work of excavation was ordered at once, and the neighborhood soon recovered the paved street which it had not seen for many a day.

This was a revelation to the city of the looseness of its sanitary inspection, and it proved a great help to Miss Addams. Closer vigilance followed and the streets took on a cleaner appearance. Garbage was no longer thrown into the gutters nor near already overflowing cans, and the disease-breeding dumps disappeared. Hull House vicinity assumed an air of respectability, and Miss Addams and her valiant co-workers felt that settlement beginning was not a failure.

**The Clean-up a Success**

True to her first plan, Jane Addams has added zest to the life of many by giving them an interest in Hull House. The various departments that have sprung up one by one have called for many willing hands. Miss Addams is the true leader who inspires others with her own zeal and hope. And she has been original in her leadership, clearly seeing the needs of the people and not hesitating to introduce new departments to meet them. Years before manual training and the kindergarten were in general adopted in the public schools they were well established in Hull House. The study of domestic science was one of the earliest and most successful features of settlement work, long before it was thought of as a suitable study in the public school course.

**A Pattern for  
Numberless So-  
cial Centres**

The story of twenty-five years in Hull House, if told in every interesting detail, would fill volumes. Some of the present children of the community who now go in and out of the settlement house, as if it were their home, are the children of the first neglected waifs who had their earliest glimpse of real home life in Hull House. In this time the undertaking has grown from an experiment to an established success, and Hull House has become a pattern for unnumbered social centres in our broad land.

Miss Addams has lived to see her work generally rec-

ognized as a strong factor in social uplift. Not only have philanthropic individuals and organizations built up similar centres, but boards of education are now establishing social settlements in connection with the public school, making use of the buildings after school hours with their full equipment practically at the disposal of social workers. Chicago, the home of Miss Addams, has recently further honored her leadership by adding twenty-eight new social settlements to its list. This means that the families of twenty-eight more communities will have meeting places for wholesome sociability, entertainment and exercise both mental and physical, as the assembly-halls, gymnasiums, swimming pools, and industrial training departments will be open to young and old. Besides regular courses of instruction for those who desire them, there will be illustrated lectures, concerts, moving pictures, classic dancing and dramatic art performances. These social centres are thus taking the place of the street corner, the saloon with its dance hall and gambling rooms, the gang and the cheap theatre. That school boards should follow in the footsteps of Jane Addams is a justification of her course which it is safe to say she did not dream of in the first years of her struggles.

Chicago Adds  
Twenty-eight  
New Social  
Settlements

Miss Addams herself has grown in public favor from the first. It would be hard to find another public worker who has won the universal good will as she has. Hers seems to be a case where success does not awaken envy. This is more remarkable because she does not limit herself to Hull House. Every department of work for the good of humanity appeals to her and in several she takes an active interest. Undoubtedly she has escaped envy and harsh criticism because of the wonderful way she has of forgetting self. If she delights in the honor and glory her work is bringing her, no one has ever found it out. She is often introduced to a waiting audience by the title Dr. Graham Taylor once gave her, "Chicago's

Chicago's Fore-  
most Citizen

foremost citizen," but not by the waver of an eyelid does she show that she is concerned or flattered. In her speeches and her writings there is no apparent effort to eliminate self, but the work or plan in hand is simply given prominence to the exclusion of self.

Besides this remarkable personality of hers, her claim to distinction lies in the facts that she was a pioneer in a field where many have followed, and that to the inspiring qualities of a leader she has added a practical, well-balanced judgment to direct her efforts—a combination which makes her the safest kind of a leader. But perhaps her whole success can be explained by saying that she feels, without any pretense, the family claims of humanity. If some of the members of mankind have been unfortunate in their heredity or breeding, to Jane Addams' mind the most natural thing for the more fortunate to do is to hold out to them a helping hand, and to try to alter conditions so as to give to each man and woman the social and material resources for living a complete life.

Feeling the  
Family Claims  
of Humanity



## CHAPTER II

### OUR BROTHERS OF THE STEERAGE

But harken, my America, my own  
Great Mother, with the hill-flower in your hair!  
Diviner is that light you bear alone,  
That dream that keeps your face forever fair.  
Imperious is your errand and sublime,  
And that which binds you is Orion's band.  
For some large purpose, since the youth of Time,  
You were kept hidden in the Lord's right hand.

—*Edwin Markham.*

**M**Y COUNTRY!" many exclaim in a proud, forbidding way, as they would say, "Keep off my farm!" But when Edward A. Steiner says, "My Country," it is with reverence and loving hospitality, as if he would invite the hopeless and oppressed of all lands to share in its privileges. The two words mean much to him; to understand how much and why we must look into his early life.

Mr. Steiner was not born under the stars and stripes but in far away Hungary. Although not of the very poor himself, he saw intense suffering among his people because of race prejudice. If he himself did not feel the lack of food, clothing and decent shelter in his native land, he knew many who did. The majority of the different races of his native town were poor, hopelessly so, because there was no prospect of any chance to better themselves. As the parents were, the children must be, or even more impoverished. Each was bound to his station in life as if by chains of iron no man could break.

But to some of them at last came a ray of hope. In America they might be free, with a future of possibilities

The Two  
Words, "My  
Country,"

opening up before them. Their countrymen, who had managed to save enough for the voyage to that land, wrote back of the unheard-of wages they were earning, as much as one dollar and a half a day and even more. This translated into their money denominations sounded fabulous. But that was not all. Everyone had enough to eat and such food as only the noble and wealthy could enjoy in the home country. And besides wages and food, all citizens had certain rights. They could speak their honest opinions without fear of severe punishment, and they were not obliged to prostrate themselves in the dust when rulers passed nor to kiss humbly the hand which oppressed them, as was literally the case in their native country. There were free schools, too, in that wonderful land, which all children were expected to attend. In short there was something like equality of opportunity for the rich and the poor.

The Wonders  
of America

Years before the strong tide of immigration set in towards America, Edward Steiner had taken his first lesson in America's ideals. An old soldier who had lost an arm and a leg, and his health as well, in the American Civil War had returned to his Hungarian home to die. He had brought with him, as precious relics of his adopted country, a United States flag, a picture of Abraham Lincoln, a history of the war written in the German language, and a copy of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." The story was translated with many explanatory comments to young Edward in whose home the penniless soldier had found refuge. Everything, from the crippled hero whom he glorified, to the pathetic story of Uncle Tom, appealed to the boy's imagination as nothing else ever had. The soldier talked much about the martyred President, the slaves he had freed and the nation he had preserved. For the first time Edward Steiner saw something of the meaning of patriotism, and the picture of Lincoln on the wall became a shrine before which he offered his fervent hero-worship.

A Veteran of  
the American  
Civil War

These sowings of the seed of democracy bore early fruit. It has always been impossible for Edward Steiner to behold gross injustice and keep silent. When but a lad among his playmates he spoke his mind freely about the cruelties which public authorities were constantly inflicting on the poor and helpless. His punishment was a rough public reprimand with threats of greater severity if the offense should be repeated.

Rebuking In-  
justice

When he reached young manhood, and through university training, had come to know the freedom of the intellect which neither custom nor law can bind, he spoke openly of the injustice he saw all about him. The consequence was that certain petty under-officials of the government became bitterly hostile to him, and there were muttered threats which always struck the helpless with a cold fear. Someone sent a warning to the mother of the danger hanging over her son, and she reluctantly consented to his departure for America.

The Land of  
His Dreams

Much as he grieved to leave his widowed mother, to whom he was closely attached, the start for the land of freedom of which he had read and thought by day, and dreamed by night, for many years, was full of exhilaration. The incidents of the first ocean voyage, the first sight of the statue of the Goddess of Liberty at the portals of the new world, and his experience in being stranded on the streets of New York City with only enough money for a day's living, make interesting reading in Mr. Steiner's autobiography.

These, however, were but the introduction to a checkered experience in getting a foothold in America. The whole account reads like a romance, but is a hard reality enough to thousands who by the same process have risen from lowly immigrants to become persons of influence. Young Steiner had been educated in a full sense by university training and European travel; he was gifted with a broad mind and a generous nature which could awaken an interest even in such a man as Tolstoi. His intellec-

tual ability fitted him to fill important positions; yet in this country he was compelled to seek employment in which physical strength and endurance alone were at a premium. In order to secure daily bread he worked as a cloak presser, farm laborer, steel-mill hand, and coal miner. But all the time he was storing away in his mind information on which later success in his chosen work was based.

It was not easy for a person of his culture and refinement to submit to the indignities, degrading surroundings and disheartening influences of the immigrant workman. At one time he was thrown into jail in the midst of a strike in the coke regions, for no other reason than that in seeking employment he had (although unknowingly) secured it with a crowd of strike-breakers. He was held for six months in a filthy jail without warrant or fair trial. On another occasion he was sand-bagged in an employment office in a Middle Western city and when, staggering from the blow, he appeared on the street, he was again arrested without just warrant and thrown into jail.

**An Unfortunate  
Immigrant  
Workman**

Such experiences make many immigrants bitter and hard towards the country to which they came with high hopes. But Edward Steiner, seeing higher and deeper, never lost sight of the great ideal for which America stood, and he resolved that, should opportunity ever favor, he would help to the practical realization of that ideal in the treatment of the immigrant. In spite of the buffetings of his earlier experiences, he has realized in his own life the joy of American freedom and in his appreciation and enthusiasm he exclaims: "I have suffered much here, I have gone the whole scale of hunger, sorrow, and despair. Yet I say it again and again, Holy America! Holy America! And I want all men to be able to say it, as they said it with me on that first voyage under the lee of the land where free men live."

**Holding Fast to  
His Ideals**

This patriotic enthusiasm came from his appreciation



Studying the  
Immigrant  
Problem

of the true relationship existing between our country and the immigrant. At once he saw that the reports sent back by his countrymen had not been exaggerated. Compared with their former condition the most of them were as rich as they felt themselves to be. The wonderful advantages really existed, and he soon learned that his compatriots were unconsciously receiving other and greater gains, and also that it was give and receive, on the side of both the stranger and the new country. The immigrant problem, which Mr. Steiner calls our country's opportunity, has become to him the one question of absorbing interest.

When a person speaks on a subject which is of vital concern to us we listen respectfully; when that person has made a special study of the subject and has had opportunity to see and judge as few have, we give him our careful attention. If besides these qualifications he possesses unusual ability and insight and is actuated by the highest humanitarian motives, we want to sit at his feet and receive the truth as he sees it.

Nowhere an  
Alien

Mr. Steiner knows the races of Europe better than many know their own countrymen. He was given a good foundation for his study of races early in life, for, as he says, "before I could speak one language I cried in three. . . . Born in one country, I lived my early boyhood in another, my young manhood elsewhere, and my later life on this side of the great sea—crossing and recrossing so often that I am nowhere an alien; although by my love of liberty and my faith in the spirit of fair play, I am a loyal American."

The ebb and flow of the immigrant tide is a serious study with him. Later in life he deliberately sought out the different racial groups on both sides of the ocean; he even changed his mode of life in order to associate with them closely. He has lived with them in the new world under new environment and observed the gradual changes taking place—both in them and in the people with whom

they have come in contact. He has followed them back to their old homes and has seen demonstrated the new ideas and influences which they carry back with them. He has felt the larger life which opens to them and others who are influenced by them—an individuality, a growth, a spirit of manhood and womanhood. In all this study he has been actuated, not by curiosity nor even a scholar's zeal, but chiefly by his world-wide love for his fellow-men.

The two aims in life for which Mr. Steiner thinks and writes and speaks are to promote a higher civilization than the world has yet seen, and to prepare our country as the home of this civilization. The essential conditions he sees here, and the power to use them in the right way lies in the hands of the people. The question is, Will they use that power to lay a solid foundation for a strong, progressive, permanent nation by extending justice and opportunity to all classes and by developing the best side of all races, or will selfish greed make the most out of present unholy chances and let the future take care of itself?

**His Two Aims  
in Life**

Mr. Steiner looks on humanity as of far greater value than wealth with all that it can buy, whether the money power be private or national. He asks us to feel the claim of the immigrant as a fellow being: "No matter from where this man whom we touch in the crowd or who faces us has come, appealing for a chance to earn our wages, or our respect, he is entitled to his opportunity, for he has traveled far, has braved much, has suffered more. He may be crude, illiterate, ill-kept and unkempt, yet he is a brother-man struggling upward, blinded often, not knowing the way, thinking that the crooked is straight and the ill good. Whoever, whatever he is, he deserves our respect if only for the spark of the divine flame within him—smothered though it be by the gray ashes of his half-consumed self.

**A Strong Plea  
for the Immigrant**

"I ask reverence for the human, whether it comes from

Italy, North or South, from the mountains of Hungary, or the plains of Russia; whether it is blackened by hot suns or bleached by bitter cold, whether gorged by wealth or stunted by poverty; still let us reverence the human, for it is made only a little lower than God. This reverence, a sense of respect for the human, we lack; and our children lack it because we do not have it. We shall never win the stranger to us unless we grant him that which is often more precious than our bread or our wage."

What America  
Has Done for  
the Immigrant

Mr. Steiner sees clearly what America has been to immigrants during the last few decades. Their mental horizon has been extended by more than the distance between two shores. A sense of their own value and a disposition to claim their rights as world-citizens have been a great gain. If some have overstepped modesty and become presumptuous, it must be set down to their ignorance and former oppressed state. The sluggish temperament of the plodding peasant has been quickened by the rush and rapid dispatch of labor in this land; and many who have returned to their old homes with respectable bank accounts to their credit, have taken with them as well the more valuable possession of an active mind and improved methods of work.

Disappearance  
of Race An-  
tagonisms

A great gain to the immigrant, often overlooked, is the gradual passing away of racial prejudices. In the home-lands the races entertain for each other a hatred and contempt almost incredible to an American; but in this country they are drawn together by labor unions, by political ties, by the public school, and by community interests. As they become American citizens at heart, their fierce racial antagonisms gradually die out. But the striking change is the more obvious financial one. Their increased earning capacity they can all readily appreciate.

When Mr. Steiner shows us the other side of the question, what the immigrant is contributing to our nation's welfare, he first refutes the common charge that the old

world is making of our shores a dumping ground for its human refuse—the sick, the paupers, the vicious, the feeble-minded. He shows us that this would be impossible because of the vigilance of our gate-keepers. The immigrant is subjected to the closest scrutiny and investigation, and if he does not meet all the requirements, he is turned away to be taken back to the shore from which he sailed. Sometimes the letter of the law is followed even more closely than the case seems to warrant, and not a few are rejected because of some temporary ailment, contracted perhaps on board the ship.

That the ordinary immigrant does not spare himself when work is at hand with a pay envelope at the end of the week, all will admit. He will do any kind of heavy or unpleasant labor, run any risk to health and life and limb for a living wage. If it had not been for immigrant labor our large industries would have moved slowly and often been at a standstill. These strangers have gone down into the blackest, most dangerous mine pits, have spent the long days in rush work near blistering furnaces. Then when we think of the many miles of railroad building and ditch digging through hot deserts, and of miserable factory drudgery such as native-born men will not perform, we see where the country's indebtedness lies. These aliens who come here to toil are at least not idlers; and that they earn the wages they receive no one will deny.

Our Country's  
Indebtedness to  
the Immigrant  
Worker

There is, however, a higher gain brought to our land through the immigrant. Mr. Steiner says: "Our nation has been enriched by contributions of the best from all the nations of the world poured upon her shores." What he means by these contributions he tells in a quotation from an address given by the President of Dartmouth College: "If God were not pouring into New England out of the riches of other countries, New England would be empty. While the latest foreigner may not compare favorably with the native stock, what of the second and

Comparing Na-  
tive and Immi-  
grant Stock



Sacrifice to  
Educate Chil-  
dren

third generations of foreigners? They are forging to the front, partly because of their virility and ambition, and partly through the sacrifice of the homes to educate their children. The rising scale of foreign population is on a better level than the falling scale of the native population. If the old New England stock is not willing to sacrifice as it used to, and if the New England boy is not as ambitious as his grandfather was, I thank God that He is sending us those who are willing to sacrifice and anxious to rise; and that He is giving this challenge to the old stock, Rise up and show yourselves!"

As a close student of sociology Mr. Steiner knows that the decay of a nation sets in at the top, that the wealthy classes of leisure are the first to weaken and die. This danger is especially great in a republic like ours where immense fortunes are acquired suddenly by many who have not the inbred feeling of obligation and responsibility which should go hand in hand with wealth and high position. Money, idleness, and lack of high ideals lead to luxury, dissipation and corruption, and these are followed by ultimate decline and extinction.

Vitality and  
Virtues of the  
Immigrant

The foreigner enters our national life with health, industry and the virtues of rigid economy. All his life he has had to husband all his resources, and he steps into American life with audacious vitality, full of ambition to get ahead. His children, often as robust and with higher ambition and more initiative, receive the training of school, business and society and forge to the front, many of them becoming our leading men and women. There are exceptions, to be sure, and thousands of them, as found in the city slums. The weak and depraved naturally gravitate there, and not a few never get out. But the great body of foreigners all over our land become so many producers, accumulate a competency, and strengthen the population with rugged, industrious sons and daughters. They enter into the web and woof of the nation, and it is this large class of immigrants Mr.

Steiner has in mind when he says, "They are the best material with which to build a nation; and capable of taking on the highest intellectual and spiritual culture."

No finer example can be found of the value of the immigrant and the evolution of the citizen than Edward Steiner himself. So fully has he become one with our country and its ideals that he says he sometimes has to think twice to make sure that it is not his native land. And what a contribution he has made to entitle him to highest citizenship! The work of creating public sentiment, of educating the public conscience has been his, and the real value of this work cannot be measured by rule nor statistics. He is foremost among those who have stood between citizen and incoming alien, interpreting each to the other.

Standing Be-  
tween Citizen  
and Alien

To the immigrants, among whom he has mingled so freely, he has explained the principles of republican government and the sacred rights of citizenship. It has been no easy task to make clear the meaning of patriotism to the many who have been forced by fear, instead of led by love of country—to make the victims of generations of oppression understand the world-wide difference between liberty and license. His influence with them has been strong because of his broad, humanitarian nature and unselfish purpose. He has received their love and confidence, in return for the love which he has shown them and which he feels for all humanity.

His Influence  
with the Immi-  
grant

To American citizens, some of whom have looked askance at the strangers eager to step ashore of this land, Mr. Steiner has made it clear that usually beneath the rough and unlovely exterior beat hearts warm and true; that with the right treatment and models most of these aliens will make strong and loyal citizens. "What we teach the immigrant by precept and example," this humanitarian says, "he will in time become. Not only will he bequeath our virtues or our vices to the next generation who will spring with virgin strength from his


The Immigrant  
Asks Only a  
Chance

loins; but through thousands of invisible channels he will also send these blessings or curses to the ends of the earth." It is only justice the average immigrant expects, Edward Steiner tells us,—a chance to earn a living and a little surplus for life itself—a chance also to earn self-respect and the respect of others. It is not fair to judge every foreigner "by the worst characteristics of the lowest type of his group," nor to look on him with suspicion and distrust because his speech, or habits and customs differ from ours. It is environment which has made him what he is, and a new environment will change him.

## CHAPTER III

### “PLAY UP! AND PLAY THE GAME!”

When you come into life from school I can say no more than to wish you to copy the motto which should be the motto of every boy who plays on a college eleven: Don't flinch, don't foul, and hit the line hard.—*Theodore Roosevelt.*

O YOUR level best, boys, but play fair in every way.” These words voice the spirit of Amos Alonzo Stagg, physical director in the University of Chicago. Not only is he a recognized authority in his department, but everywhere he is justly famed as having been in the lead in putting athletics on the high, clean plane where it belongs, and in lifting college athletics out of professionalism.

This man to whom the lovers of clean sport owe so much, had a hard struggle in boyhood to secure the school-training which he had set up as his first goal. In his humble home in Orange, New Jersey, he was one of a family of seven children. The father, whose occupation was cobbling and helping the neighboring farmers between times, was not able to provide anything beyond the bare necessities for his large family. But he was ambitious that his children should have what he had always felt the need of, an education. When his ambition met his son Alonzo's growing determination to go to college, ways and means came about. The boy lived at home while struggling through the preparatory school, earning tuition and cost of books and clothing in the different ways open to boys of pluck and grit. There are always furnaces, yards and gardens to take care of, and in those days, in rural places especially, there was the decidedly disagreeable task of beating dusty carpets—the large,

A Toilsome  
Youth



dusty velvet and Brussels carpets and the heavy rag-carpets made for hard wear in the living-room. Professor Stagg has some vivid recollections of how his arms and back ached and his throat choked up with dust before the carpets were ready to be carried back to the house-cleaning dames; for he learned early that women at this season have sharp eyes for the dusty spots which a boy can so easily overlook. Still every job was done with a good will, as it carried him one step farther on in his struggle for knowledge.

But never was the lad's play-instinct lost in drudgery. He was a boy full of life who loved vigorous sport. How he found time and energy for active games only one who has been similarly situated perhaps can explain. It meant, of course, that much of his studying was done in the quiet hours when he should have been sleeping. Fortunately for his health, he was a strong country lad who had lived a clean, wholesome life. In one way and another the boy worked and studied and played strong games, and when he entered Yale College he had a splendid physique and was hailed as a coming athlete. It was not long before he was in the thick of intercollegiate athletics where he soon became a leader, and at this point the conception of his life-work took rise in his mind and gradually grew into a definite purpose.

About that time our present-day champions for the rights of children were banishing forever the old-fashioned idea that play was a sad waste of precious time, or at best, only a means of keeping children out of mischief. There was a concerted effort to show to the world that play is as necessary to the mental development as to the physical, and that the child deprived of the right to play can never reach his highest development as man or woman. Nature makes no mistake then in opening the world to every child as a big playground.

It became very clear to this observing, conscientious Yale athlete that as the play-instinct does not pass away

The Yale  
Athlete

The Value of  
Play

with childhood there must be further use for it. Athletics, which is only another name for play, on a bigger scale for larger children, must surely have some purpose besides making the lungs pump more air to purify the blood which the quickened heart sends to every part of the body. That alone leads to a cleaner mind and stronger thought, but any kind of physical exercise will serve the same purpose, so there must be other gains from play. Experience threw new light on the subject and fresh ideas kept coming to the young man.

Conscientious  
and Observing

Mr. Stagg became so prominent as a college athlete that he attracted the attention of professional athletics and he was coveted for the big league games where money is plentiful. One offer was made him of one thousand dollars a month during the ball season, and another of five thousand dollars a year. We can imagine how princely such remuneration appeared to the penniless student who was earning his room and board by waiting on tables. Indeed it was equal to the salaries of the leading professors of the University, and besides he would be free a considerable part of the year.

Two good reasons kept him from accepting any of these offers: one being that he deemed it foolish to interrupt his college course for such a pursuit, and second he foresaw that disastrous results in his development might come from getting a taste of professional athletics. So he stuck to his work, and Yale joyously held on to her star.

Stagg Refuses  
to Become a  
Professional  
Ball Player

By the time he had completed his college course and had spent some time in graduate study, his life-work stood out clear and convincing to his mind. As far as he could see, no department of the university needed faithful workers more than did that of athletics. For loyal supporters, for those who had made a study of the subject and had reached strong conclusions, there was an unmistakable call to make clear to a critical public the need of college athletics. And there was a demand also

for champions who would lead in purifying athletics from certain evils which had gradually crept in.

Physical Director of University of Chicago

When the University of Chicago was started on its present splendid basis, the president, Dr. Harper, turned to Mr. Stagg as the one man above all others to take charge of the department of physical culture. The two men had been closely associated in Yale, and Dr. Harper had the most convincing facts on which to base his high opinion of Mr. Stagg. The strong inducement he held out, was that in a new field Mr. Stagg could carry out his theories of purer athletics as he could not in an old established institution.

Mr. Stagg went to Chicago and found everything new enough to satisfy the most exacting, with all kinds of opportunities for using his genius for organization. In fact, this department in the University of Chicago is his work from the foundation up, and it ranks second to none in the country. He has led his teams on from victory to victory, without sacrificing principle to conquest, while he has championed athletics in general and has led in bringing about certain important changes.

The Playground as Necessary as the Class-room

Professor Stagg holds that the playground as well as the class-room is necessary to the development of the mind, and that play should have a place in every course of study. Call it play or athletics, it should not be haphazard work, nor for the strong and confident alone with the weak and timid standing in the background, but play should be organized and directed as class-room work is, and it should be for all.

In support of his position Professor Stagg says: "I believe that the games and sports of youth comprise one of the great training-schools of a man's life. I believe that there is more moral fibre built upon the athletic field than in any of the other affairs which take a boy's attention." To illustrate he states a common situation:

"A boy takes part in a football game for the first time. He is quick-tempered. In the midst of a scrim-

mage perhaps he is jostled by someone, and his attention is quickly turned from the plan in hand, which had been all-absorbing, and he immediately seeks retaliation on the one who has given him the bump. This happens again and again, and as often does his temper get the better of him. But after a while he notices that each time he gives way to anger he loses ground in the game. The boy has learned an invaluable lesson for life, namely, that one cannot afford to lose control of himself, because it interferes with the attainment of the desired end; and finally he sees that it is strong to be master of himself.”

Football Cures  
Quick Temper

Besides, according to Professor Staggs's experience, the boy being one of a team, soon realizes that what he does to interfere with his own success hinders his associates as well. The team spirit works like magic in many cases in changing the selfish, self-centred boy into a generous-minded fellow ready to put self in the background for the success of the team.

If a boy is to play well he must be in fine physical shape, which calls for regular hours, living in the open as much as possible both day and night, dieting and abstaining from anything that hinders the best health. “Pure blood begets pure thoughts,” the Professor cites as a moral gain. The boy is ready to sacrifice in order to be ready for his share in the coming game. There will be a grand stand full of people. His own family and friends will be there, or they will read glowing accounts in the dailies. The competitive team, strong and formidable, looms up in imagination. The interest of his team and school will run up into high enthusiasm. All honor to the victors! What are a few hard knocks, a little self-restraint when tempted to punch someone in the ribs for an unnecessary jostle in the game, self-restraint in eating, keeping free from excesses? They are but small matters, and the young athlete learns to sacrifice a present and lower gratification for a higher future success and gain.

Athletics and  
Sacrifice



According to Professor Stagg, the boy who develops the ability to think quickly and correctly and to act accordingly on the playground, will be readier to make the right move in the unexpected emergencies of the business world. The boy who bears bravely the ups-and-downs of games is not going to be afraid of the rough-and-tumble of life. The boy who learns in play-contests to accept success without foolish pride and defeat without paralyzing humiliation, is likely to prove a self-respecting man under any and all changes of fortune in after-life. The boy who swallows resentment and a little hurt pride for the sake of the game and the team is going to find it easier to bear and forbear in jostling business dealings later on. The boy who gives himself the chance to grow in strength, courage, self-reliance, determination and perseverance in college athletics, will afterward meet his serious duties with the do-or-die, never-give-up spirit of the truly strong man. The boy who resists the frequent chances and temptations to take undue advantage of the opposing party, to be anything less than fair and square in the excitement of play, is well started on the road to become the man of sterling integrity in all his dealings with his fellow men.

The Finest  
Training for  
After-life

Great Work of  
Professor Stagg

Because of Professor Stagg and other leaders who have caught their inspiration from him, college athletics which a few years ago was a straggling term covering any haphazard exercise, has come to mean a fully organized department recognized as a large factor in education. The college of to-day that does not provide the gymnasium and the field, as well as the class-room and the library, is not abreast with progress; and on the other hand, the college that gives way to professionalism in its athletics has not caught the vision of the real province and purpose of play-exercise as taught by Professor Stagg. Because he has succeeded in popularizing his high standard of athletics, many players on many fields rank discipline above skill and honor higher than victory.

“Back to the woods!” came the call a few years ago from a far-seeing, great-hearted American, and an army of boys responded with a quickening of primitive instincts. They did not stop to reason as to what actuated the call, nor why their response was so ready; all they understood was that the hand of a leader was beckoning them to the open, where, free from the restraints and requirements of every-day life, they could for a time dwell in tepees and play Indian.

But Ernest Thompson Seton in issuing the call had something in mind above mere recreation. The life to which he was inviting American boys would afford them a necessary training that modern education had left in the background. The school of nature, he observed, had given the Indian some traits of character not to be despised, and had made our own pioneers strong, courageous and resourceful. It was a course of training once common to all. “Every American boy, a hundred years ago,” Mr. Seton said, “lived either on a farm or in such close touch with farm life that he reaped its benefits. He had all the practical knowledge that comes from country surroundings; that is, he could ride, shoot, skate, run, swim; he was handy with tools; he knew the woods; he was physically strong, self-reliant, resourceful, well-developed in body and brain.”

Beckoning to  
the Open

Mr. Seton is known far and wide as a great naturalist, one who has made close acquaintance with the animal world. But he has been a student of men as well. From his distant standpoint in the wilds of nature he saw more clearly the mistakes of civilization than did those who stood close to the complex problems. It was very evident to him that the gains of higher civilization in the way of conveniences and comfort were accompanied by some serious losses. The boys and girls of to-day find everything at hand ready-made. All that is necessary for them to do is to turn a knob or press a button, and the resources of nature and art are at their com-

Disadvantages  
of Modern Civ-  
ilized Life

mand ready to serve them. There is comparatively little in the regular routine of daily life to tax the ingenuity of the average child, to develop the initiative which our pioneer forefathers possessed. On the contrary, his energy, freed from vigorous, health-giving exercise, is likely to find expression in unworthy ways. Mr. Seton saw degeneracy of the nation in the change which had "turned a large proportion of our robust, manly, self-reliant boyhood into a lot of flat-chested cigarette-smokers, with shaky nerves and doubtful vitality."

The Woodcraft  
Indian Move-  
ment

To restore some of the old-time opportunities for developing vigor of body and mind, to bring the young into situations where they must rely on their own efforts, he started what was called the Woodcraft Indian Movement, a fine, character-making organization with "a blue sky method." On the same plan have grown the two greatest organizations for boys and girls, the Boy Scouts and the Camp Fire Girls.

The Lure of  
the Wild

Mr. Seton's plan was a comprehensive one. After comparing the boys of the past and the present, he saw clearly the circumstances which had produced the change. Modern conveniences and leisure were largely responsible, and modern education was doing more for mere scholarship than it was in the way of character-building leading to manhood. A wrong incentive to action was held up to all. Both in work and play the motive for effort had changed from a desire to conquer physical obstacles to that of getting ahead of fellow beings. The success of one meant the defeat of others, and it was no longer the pure joy of the game that counted, but the downing of competitors.

Mr. Seton wisely reasoned that what had brought out sterling qualities of character in our pioneers would tend to develop the same in the heirs to advanced civilization. The only difference would be that while the first were driven by necessity to the strenuous training, the second must be lured to it by offering attractions thereto.

Here it was that the great naturalist made use of his knowledge of boy nature. Every normal boy loves the open and anything suggestive of wild life. To break away from conventional ways, to live in a tent, shift for himself, cook his food over a camp fire, to wrap himself up in a blanket and sleep on the ground or on a bed of twigs and leaves, all this is mightily appealing to the boy. The name itself, Woodcraft Indian, was highly attractive.

But the normal boy is far from being a hermit. The charm of “Robinson Crusoe” is not the lonely life of the hero, but his work in taking possession of a new land and his original makeshifts in developing it. The fraternity instinct is strong in the boy, as is seen in the different kinds of youthful organizations from the gang to the band. Boys endure much in close, disagreeable quarters of the city for the sake of foregathering with the “other fellows.” The promise, then, of comradeship in the woods could not but be doubly enticing. Mr. Seton knew, too, how loyal the boy is to his order, how readily he will observe its rules and regulations when he becomes a component part of it.

The Fraternity  
Instinct

And, besides, the boy’s readiness to pattern after a hero must be utilized in the new movement, the boy’s ideal man being a boy-man possessing the zestful nature of a boy with the strength and capabilities of a man. The leaders of the Woodcraft Indian band were to be the kind of men who always carry their hopeful, enthusiastic boy nature with them, entering heartily into the sports and pursuits of boys. At the same time they were selected for their good judgment and ability to turn boy activity into wholesome, character-making ways.

The Boy’s Ideal  
Man

This is a splendid plan of Mr. Seton’s for the boys of America. Everywhere they were drawn together into bands and tribes, having camp fires, councils and powwows. There is much to appeal to lads in this “school of savagery.” Camp-life always awakens enthusiasm in



genuine boys; the Indian costume adds to the picturesqueness; woodcraft pursuits, meaning "every accomplishment of an all-round woodman," belong to the ideal existence; and the varied achievements of life in the open all call for courage, endurance—the large heroics of boy nature.

#### The Powwow

The encampments and powwows were to be occasions for special training, for exhibitions of skill and for receiving honors for attainments. Competition there must be, but not so much among themselves as between each boy and the natural obstacles in his way, and the same honors might be received by several, as in a swimming feat or in running a certain distance in a certain length of time. Mr. Seton says: "In our non-competitive tests the enemies are not 'the other fellows' but time and space, the forces of nature. We try not to down others, but to raise ourselves."

The big powwow is the encampment held two or three times a year at Wyndygoul, the country place of the Great Chief, Mr. Seton. In this large stretch of heavy woodland with the natural features undisturbed by civilization, the boys pitch their tents and tepees, and follow those pursuits which develop the finest character, the finest physique, which, in a word, make for manhood. Here is held the Great Council in which the very brave deeds and unusual achievements of the "Indians" are recounted, and they are given their honors.

#### Deeds Deserving Honors

About one hundred and fifty deeds are recognized as deserving honors. That they call for mental discipline as well as physical exercise, a few examples will prove: To know and name fifteen star groups; to recognize fifty wild birds by note; to take the latitude from the stars at night with something as common as a cart wheel or a homemade instrument; to draw unmistakable pictures of the tracks of twenty-five common wild quadruped; to guess approximately the height of ten trees and the weight of ten stones; to understand the semaphore code

and signals and to demonstrate that ability; to catch ten horses or cattle in corral with ten throws of the lasso; to come to camp through strange woods from a point one mile off, and return in thirty minutes; to know and name fifty of our wild flowers; to make a recognizable photograph of any wild bird larger than a robin, while on its nest. These are among the less strenuous achievements. **The Honors** There is the high honor for saving human life at risk of one's own. There are honors and high honors for feats in riding, general athletics, water-sports and travel, mountain climbing, target shooting and big-game hunting. Some of these exercises are, of course, not open to very young boys.

The honor, even for a difficult deed, takes the form of nothing more valuable than a feather. Every Seton Indian when in Council wears a cap with spaces for feathers, twenty-four completing the round. When he has been awarded the full number for as many brave acts, he becomes a Sagamore, a member of the Council. For a specially brave act, such as saving a human life at the risk of his own, the feather may be tipped with a bit of horse hair. It is then called the High Feather, and the boy who secures twenty-four tipped feathers becomes a Grand Sagamore. Twenty-four additional feathers make him a Sachem, and if all the forty-eight are tipped with the magic horse hair he is a Grand Sachem, an ideal honor practically unattainable.

These honors are not trifles in the sight of the boys, their leaders and all who understand them. They represent energy and determination, self-reliance, fortitude, chivalrous conduct and reliability. They tell beholders that the boys wearing the plumage have learned to observe closely and accurately, and to act with precision, that they have acquired, to a considerable degree, mastery of self and of their physical environment. These qualities are the prime factors of success in life, and the boys are justly proud of the feathers which represent them.

**What the  
Honors Mean  
to the Boys**

In these various ways Mr. Seton makes good his prospectus of this work: "Something to do, something to enjoy in the woods, with a view always to character-building, for manhood, not scholarship, is the first aim of education."

Curative Ef-  
fect of Sun-  
beams

Mr. Seton has received many suggestions from wild life. What animals and primitive man do instinctively for their physical well being, is an index to the right course to be pursued by the man of civilization. An example is the curative effect of sunbeams on the uncovered body. Mr. Seton says: "When one of my animals feels sick, he sits in the sun each day as long as is pleasant. When an Indian feels rheumatic or depressed, he sits in the sun. Every wild animal and bird has a sunning place where it seeks the great healer; yes, even when these animals are strictly night prowlers. These are among the things I noticed long ago, and so I embodied these ideas in my scheme of outdoor life. In one stage my boys are sunburnt to the waist, in a later one, all over."

He adds: "I had no exact knowledge of the way in which the warming ray is curative, but men of science have been following slowly the trail of the truth and now give us some interesting facts." He then tells of the amazing success attained in France, Russia and Germany in treating tuberculosis and rheumatism with direct sunlight, and how Dr. Rollier of Leysin is to-day curing one thousand out of every twelve hundred tuberculosis patients sent him, by using only the sun's power.

Advantages of  
a Tanned Skin

Another valuable hint taken from the Indian which Mr. Seton embodied in his course of training for boys, was that both cold and heat are largely resisted by a tanned or bronzed skin. The Medicine Man of the tribes had been teaching this toughening process long ages before the men of science would consider it, but to-day instead of houses with as few windows as possible, open porches and sun parlors are deemed essential to every home.

The general instructions in this line Mr. Seton gives

the boys, and his phase of training is as follows: “Begin by going barefooted, then take a little sun roast each day, wearing a hat only. Never take it when it is unpleasant and never enough to burn, much less to blister the skin. When you have your coat of tan, your feelings will tell you why I confer honors for sunburn, and how wise are the wild things that take a sun bath when they feel out of sorts.”

The first aim in the Woodcraft Indian plan is to make boys healthy and strong as physical creatures; the second to give them individuality; and the third to awaken them to the power and joy of service for good citizenship. And all this has been accomplished in the spirit of recreation and play.

Three Aims of  
The Woodcraft  
Indian Plan

At about the same time that all this was being done in America, an English general who was interested in boys as boys but especially as future citizens, saw degeneracy threatening the English boy. A change not for the better was taking place in the descendants of the men who had transformed England into the British Empire. Those empire-builders had been men of action who neither worked nor played by proxy, as their descendants were inclined to do.

In modern England this general, Sir Baden-Powell, saw the very tendencies which had preceded the downfall of Rome. The Romans of that time had slaves to do their work and gladiators for their games while they sat in passive enjoyment. England's men were watching foreigners do their hard work and a few trained athletes play for them. This was Sir Baden-Powell's great objection to football.

Sir Baden-  
Powell and the  
English Boy

“Football in itself,” he said, “is a grand game for developing a lad physically and also morally, for he learns to play with good temper and unselfishness, to play in his place and ‘play the game,’ and these are the best of training for any game of life. But it is a vicious game when it draws crowds of lads away from playing the



game themselves to be merely on-lookers at a few paid performers. Personally, I love to see those splendid specimens of our race, trained to perfection, and playing faultlessly; but one's heart sickens at the reverse of the medal—thousands of boys and young men, pale, narrow-chested, hunched up, miserable specimens, smoking endless cigarettes, numbers of them betting, all of them learning to be hysterical as they groan or cheer in panic-unison with their neighbors."

-Playing and  
Working by  
Proxy

It was very much the same as to work. A large body of English youth had become shiftless, dodging the discipline of close application and the shouldering of burdens. Consequently they did little but grumble, while foreigners got their jobs. Both at home and abroad many English youth were not measuring up to what their forefathers had led the world to expect of Englishmen.

But this lover of boys and England did not merely point out the disease and then leave the outcome to natural decay. Boys had been going astray because they were started on the wrong road, and few had made it their business to see that any of them were turned in the right direction. He saw in them splendid material going to waste and becoming a menace to the nation "simply for want of education, for want of a hand to guide the lads at the crisis of their lives when they are at the cross roads where their futures branch off for good or for evil."

Waste of Splen-  
did Material

Like Mr. Seton, this nobleman saw that it was not book knowledge the boys lacked so much as it was the development of character, a spirit of manly self-reliance and of unselfishness. Book learning is only a part of real education, and when boys are turned out into the world with no equipment but the little knowledge many of them have gained in the class-room, they represent poor material on which to base the hope of a nation.

Mr. Seton had in mind the Indian and frontiersman's training. Sir Baden-Powell took as his pattern the



"A BOY SCOUT."

*Dr. R. Tait McKenzie*



heroes of chivalry and the developers of England at home and in the colonies. The work of all these pioneers was scouting, and Baden-Powell aptly called the organization formed by the movement which he started among the boys of England, Boy Scouts.

“The whole object of our scheme,” he said, “is to seize the boy’s character in its red-hot stage of enthusiasm, and to weld it into the right shape and to encourage and develop its individuality, so that he may become a good man and a valuable citizen for our country in the immediate future instead of being a waste of God’s material.”

Organizing the  
Boy Scouts

The plan had a wide sweep, taking into consideration not only the classes or the masses, but every boy in England. It was to be a large school in individual development for citizenship, and in character-building.

The results have more than justified the expectations. Even the founder of the order was surprised at the enthusiastic welcome given the movement. Everywhere there was general approval of the plan, and the boys in such numbers stood ready to join that the question was where to find scout-masters to lead them.

The Woodcraft Indian movement had been a good preparation in our country, and the new order of Boy Scouts came across and was quickly established. It has the merits of the first movement with perhaps a larger stress laid on the ethical features, on the element of chivalry.

Mr. Seton and  
the Boy Scouts

The Boy Scouts of America rapidly became a national organization, one of the enthusiastic supporters being Mr. Seton himself. By this generous position towards a rival organization he showed that his motive in organizing the Woodcraft Indians was not self-glory, but genuine interest in the boys of our land. When a similar movement appeared under another name and with a wider appeal, he stood ready with his encouragement. To-day there is in our country hardly a village, however small or remote, that has not its Boy Scout band.



That the outdoor life and exercise tend to health and vigor is evident, that the training is developing self-reliance is readily seen in every seasoned scout. That an unselfish spirit is cultivated can be inferred from their acts of service on public occasions, as well in private cases of need, and that without pay. Whenever people meet in large conventions or where accidents and disasters happen, there are the scouts, quick and capable to serve the public. Their training fits them for emergencies as well as the common routine of life.


Fine Service  
and Loyal Com-  
radeship

A large gain to future civilization growing out of this organization is the loyal-hearted comradeship established among scouts the world over. Their pledge is that they will show kindness to fellow scouts, and the humaneness of the teachings of the order will, with difficulty, permit of barbarous practices. The Boy Scout movement is another step towards common unity and world-brotherhood.

## CHAPTER IV

### AN EPOCH-MAKER

A creative economy is the fuel of magnificence.—*Emerson.*

TEN years ago there was a dreary waste of sand dunes and scrub-oak swamps stretching along the southern end of Lake Michigan where to-day stands the city of Gary attracting the attention of the whole country. The chief magnet, though, is not, as one might suppose, the immense steel plant covering hundreds of acres of dunes, nor the magic growth of Gary with its handsome residences and many miles of paved streets and cement walks. Other American cities have grown up as rapidly. There is a higher attraction. The eyes of the world are being drawn to the new educational idea there demonstrated in the “work-study-and-play” school system.

**The Magnet**

At first this new kind of school was held as something freakish, affording novel material for newspaper reporters. But already it is becoming a model for the twentieth-century school and is being patterned after in many cities. The man who originated the scheme and has proved it a working success has, accordingly, risen from a mere oddity in the eyes of educators to the rank of high esteem, and he will undoubtedly be given a place among epoch-makers in the history of education.

**The Model for the Twentieth-century School**

Previous to 1908 William A. Wirt had been superintendent of public schools in Bluffton, Indiana, where for eight years he had quietly experimented with new educational methods. It then happened that the progressive school board of Gary heard of those methods, made some investigations, and invited Dr. Wirt to take charge of the schools in the new town.

Dr. Wirt in  
Gary

His acceptance was an event of importance not only to the Gary schools but to the cause of education everywhere. He was given free rein to carry out his advanced ideas, and besides there were other circumstances which made success possible. The town was only two years old and so had no pet traditions to be kept inviolate. There were few school facilities which would have to be changed to fit a new system. The school board was in sympathy and the patrons did not raise serious objections. The population consisted largely of foreign workmen and people more interested in the wonderful business opportunities of Gary than in any new school methods. Dr. Wirt's system, having passed the experimental stage, needed just such conditions in which to develop.

The work-study-and-play school is what the name suggests—the activities of work, study and play are made use of for the full development of pupils. These agencies are of equal rank and are used together. In the ordinary school, study occupies the bulk of time and the great aim is intellectual culture. But Dr. Wirt believes that of equal importance with the head are the hand and heart and general health.

Practical  
Teaching

In the Gary schools knowledge is not stored up in the brain cells in a concise way to be taken out for exhibition on examination or other show days, but as it is gained it is applied and made a part of the pupil's life. A visitor to these schools relates how on one occasion he saw a physics class of twelve-year-old girls studying a real motorcycle. The period ordinarily called a recitation began with a spelling lesson. The machine was taken apart and the names of the different parts and processes were pronounced and spelled. Then the teacher explained the work which each part represented while the class again spelled the words. When the machine had been put together and set going by the mechanic, who was also the teacher, the girls described the processes. "The

intense vivacity and interest of the little group, the intelligence with which these small children grasped the principles involved, made the lesson seem a model of expert teaching," said the visitor. "It was an excellent illustration of the way concrete processes may be used to build up scientific knowledge."

This is but one of the many illustrations that might be used of the concrete way of teaching in Gary. In a laboratory near by another group of pupils may be seen assisting the city-chemist in his analyses. This is a class in chemistry with the city-chemist as teacher. Each pupil has brought in reports of his own work in analyzing food stuffs and sweetmeats purchased in the home market. They have brought samples of these to the class and some of their reports are tested. It is evident that the pupils do not need urging to keep their minds on the subject in hand. They are all eyes and ears while the teacher explains how this and that adulteration interferes with health and how it belongs to everyone's duty to guard the public health.

Children as  
City-chemists

Besides, they analyze coal, gas, cement, to see that they come up to the required standard, that the public is not robbed by corporations. And their reports are not dropped into the wastebasket or filed as class exercises, but are acted upon.

The children ask questions freely, straight, pertinent questions, showing that it is not their first appearance in the laboratory. It is clear that they are learning more than analysis. The ability to apply their knowledge is an inestimable gain generally left for the long school of life to give. They are learning to be public sentinels, to watch conditions around them and to expose the unfavorable ones. They are early feeling responsibility for the public good and learning what their duty is as citizens, these deputy city-chemists.

Learning to Be  
Public Senti-  
nels

In the Gary schools there is very little learning without the corresponding doing. From the second grade up



No Playing at  
Work

the children work in the laboratories and shops, the younger acting as assistants to the older, and they in turn as assistants to the teachers. But it is not playing at work; it is productive work for the school community which they are doing. In the carpenter shops the boys make the things needed by the school, real desks for the class-rooms, book racks for the library, and furniture used in the laboratories. When the pieces are finished they are carried to the paint shop where other boys apply paint, stain and varnish.

Applying  
Knowledge to  
Practical Ev-  
eryday Affairs

There is a zoo in Gary which is the pride of the whole school, but the chief care of the pet animals falls to the zoölogy classes. The botany classes learn practical plant culture in their work with the plants, flowers, vegetables belonging to the school garden. In the school printing office the pupils do all the school printing, issuing programmes, papers, pamphlets which would be a credit to students in the upper high-school classes. The commercial department gets practice work in keeping the school accounts which are as elaborate as in the outside world. Every child who works in the shops has his value and is paid in imitation checks. This necessitates a complete school banking system, with its different departments, all of which is managed by the pupils under the guidance of the teachers. Besides the pupils have charge of all the accounts of the school administration. In this way clerical expense is saved, and the pupils get the practice which will enable them to step into positions in the business world without passing through the trying and often fatal stage of adapting theory to practice.

The domestic science classes are conducted after the same plan. There are no play kitchens with occasional meals as a demonstration, but the real kitchen, pantry and dining-room where the regular daily noon-lunch is prepared and served to the pupils and teachers who so desire. The sewing and laundry departments are managed in the same way, and the profits from each go to

paying for the services of the teachers and assistants. These departments are thus self-sustaining.

Dr. Wirt teaches that the education of a people should serve not to ground them in institutions of the past in order to appear learned, but to prepare them for present-day living, and that all knowledge should have some bearing on the conditions of to-day. The ancient history class of Gary schools must have had this teaching in mind when this motto was adopted: "To improve its members as American citizens by study of the experiences of the ancient peoples."

Preparation for  
Present-day  
Living

It has been the custom in schools having manual training, to make use of it only in the highest grades and in the high school. But as four-fifths of city children drop out of school before they reach the high school, that number go out into life with little equipment save elementary book knowledge. Dr. Wirt believes this is a mistake and so in Gary some form of manual training is carried on from the kindergarten up. There is no reason, he says, why a child should spend the first few years of his life in study alone, and all the rest of his life in work without study. The time for applying knowledge is ordinarily so far removed from the time of storing it up that the connection between theory and practice will never become well established. Besides, the children of the poor who leave school early are the very ones who most need industrial training.

Manual Train-  
ing from the  
Kindergarten  
Up

The varied activities serve an important purpose in keeping children wholesomely employed. Under the ordinary school system pupils can spend double or treble the time with street and alley companions that they do in school associations. The work-study-and-play school provides against this evil. It keeps the children busy eight hours a day, five days in the week, and ten months in the year. Besides there are evening, Saturday and vacation schools which are optional, and which are attended by many regular pupils. The surprising fact is

that children find the work-study-and-play attractions greater than those of the street and alley, and Gary's school system is a strong help in solving a serious municipal problem.

**An Eight-hour  
School Day**

One reason why children with such long school days do not become restless or languid is that they are constantly moving about with the order of subjects studied. Superintendent Wirt believes that it is abnormal for children to sit in the same place hour after hour studying and reciting lesson after lesson with no chance of applying the knowledge gained—to see, hear and handle what much of their study represents.

To a casual visitor the whole appearance of the Gary schools is very free and informal. There is little of that military precision and dignified marching to the tap of bells which have seemed so necessary to order and decorum. Very little is said on the subject of whispering or loitering about the halls. In the shops and laboratories audible conversations are carried on without rebuke, and in the spacious halls the pupils are seen gathered in groups to discuss some subject of interest.

**Informality of  
Gary Schools**

Gary pupils do not belong to certain rooms, but pass from room to room, to the shops, laboratories, studios, gymnasiums or playgrounds to meet the different teachers. The younger children drop into the shops attracted by the work of the older ones. They watch with interest and gradually become assistants. In this leisurely way their natural inclinations come to the front and their choice of certain vocations grows on them.

It is becoming pretty well known that Gary has the largest, best equipped common school buildings in the whole country. In the first place the sites themselves tell of generosity. The Emerson School occupies ten acres for buildings and playgrounds; the Froebel twelve, while the new Tolleston School has twenty acres, ten of which will be occupied by building and playground, and the adjoining ten will be maintained as a public park.

The children of the poorest in Gary may make use of advantages which do not always fall to the children of wealthy parents in other places. Provision has been made for their individual development. If lacking in physical vigor, they may take what school work they can and use the playground, the gymnasium, the swimming pools as aids to recovery. If they have not the mental ability for scholastic work, there are chances for development in the shops and laboratories. If early advantages were lacking and older pupils must work a part of the time, the necessary arrangements can be made. Always the child is of more consequence than the system. With the splendid equipment of school facilities and under the guidance of expert teachers who are the best-paid public school teachers in the State, the children are kings and queens of opportunity.

**Kings and  
Queens of Op-  
portunity**

How can the city of Gary afford all these advantages for the people? There is no private support given the schools by the steel plant, even the taxes paid by this corporation being low. The cost of running such an elaborate public school is not so high per capita as in New York City with its overcrowded, poorly equipped schools. How does Gary manage it?

Dr. Wirt says: "You can afford any kind of school desired if ordinary economic public service principles are applied to public school management." This application is being made in Gary, and the resulting economy is the feature of the work-study-and-play system which is strongly appealing to cities with congested schools and a constant demand for new and larger buildings.

**How Gary Can  
Afford the Sys-  
tem**

In this new kind of school the pupils are not all doing the same thing at the same time. To provide rooms large enough to contain a separate seat for every child in school is as unnecessary, says Dr. Wirt, as to provide a seat for every person who at different times sits in parks or rides in street cars. He sees no reason why all the children should be seated in class and study rooms dur-



ing certain hours and then all be turned out together to overcrowd the gymnasium and industrial rooms. He has demonstrated that by dividing the pupils into groups for work, study and play, a seating capacity of only one-half, and even less, the number of pupils is required, and that in Gary two schools can thus use the facilities ordinarily required by one. While one school is in the class rooms, the other school is scattered in groups among the shops, laboratories, studios and playgrounds.

**Teachers Give  
Double Service**

The Gary school is practicing economy in many ways, economy that is in no wise niggardly, but instead serves to increase the educational efficiencies of the school. Not only is one building made to serve the purpose of two, but many of the teachers give double service. The high-grade mechanics who, with the help of the children, keep up the necessary repairs of the elaborately equipped buildings, also serve in the capacity of equally good teachers, and the real work done by them in the presence of the children, who act as assistants, is by far the most profitable training the children can receive. In this way the industrial departments are largely self-sustaining, while the school is enjoying the advantages of the highest type of teaching.

**A People's  
University**

Another economy is in the constant use of the school facilities, which are not limited to children even for eight hours a day. It is a waste of resources to keep expensive buildings and equipment idle, says Superintendent Wirt, and the wide use of the school plant to make of it the community-centre has been successfully carried out by him and his associates.

The evening schools of Gary are said to resemble a people's university. Not only are the class-rooms open for academic work, but all the shops, laboratories, gymnasium and playgrounds, with instruction equal to that given in the day schools. Any workman or workwoman who wants academic instruction or training in the trades, or any artisan who aspires to expert training, can find it

in the free evening schools. There is nothing too good in educational advantages to give to the people. All social classes are then on a par and no sex distinction is made. Whatever department a man or woman selects, there will be found a place with the best instruction.

The people have not been slow in making use of the high advantages thus offered. At a recent election it was said that three thousand of the nine thousand voters in Gary were members of the evening schools, and that more men above voting age attend these evening schools than there are boys in the day schools. Men, women and children can be seen in the early hours of the evening hastening to this and that building, where for an hour or two, perhaps even three, the toiling parent or youth becomes the eager, anticipative learner. Then the gymnasium and swimming pools are used by one group following another, while the playgrounds, artificially lighted, are enjoyed to the full capacity week-day evenings and Sundays. The auditoriums, too, are freely lent for community purposes,—for lectures, moving pictures, even political meetings. The theory acted on is that all school facilities belong to all the people, not only to the children, and may be used in any way which contributes to the community well-being.

**School Facilities  
Belong to  
All the People**

With the idea that the school is a community-centre, the Gary system has provided that art galleries, museums, branches of the library, small parks and public playgrounds of the city shall be adjuncts of the schools. Why should works of art and interesting collections of the wonders of the world be shut away from children to be viewed only on formal pilgrimages to studios and museums? The intelligent love of beautiful works can be incorporated into life only by living with them, says Dr. Wirt. There is nothing too good for young life which the public can afford, is the stand taken by the Wirt system, adding, and with a comprehensive plan from the start, the public can afford the best.

**The Public Can  
Afford the Best**

The Useful and  
the Beautiful  
Not to Be Kept  
Apart

There are economies in this school community plan which have been missed in older cities. The vast sums of money other cities have put into their public playgrounds are saved in Gary or used in the better equipment of school facilities. The school itself is a public institution and its playground belongs to the people. The saving in extra buildings, with their care and up-keep, as store-houses for art and curios goes far towards meeting the extra expense of spacious school buildings beautifully finished, with provisions for the safe keeping of the prized treasures where children may see them every day. The useful and the beautiful should not be kept apart, says Dr. Wirt; the true value of each lies in their union.

Another gain in this plan is that it knits the school and the city into a unit. With the same playgrounds, gymnasiums, swimming pools, with the adult citizens largely making up the night classes and coming in for expert guidance in their many pursuits, with the many citizens in their visits to the art studios and museums coming into close contact with the teachers and pupils, the traditional barriers between school and city have been broken down.

An Adaptation  
of Old Educa-  
tional Methods

Dr. Wirt does not claim to have discovered a method of education never before used by the world. It is only an adaptation to modern conditions of educative agencies that were common to all American children two generations ago, he says. When every home was an industrial centre in which almost everything used was made, when children shared in the duties of the home and had the freedom of the open, there were opportunities for developing initiative, self-reliance and moral character not found in the city homes of to-day, where nearly everything is ready made. The school then was needed only for book knowledge. The present conditions of congested life open up two possibilities for children, both of which are demoralizing, child labor of a narrow, stupefying kind, or idleness. The work-study-and-play school is thus

taking the place of the home, small shop and school of the past.

Dr. Wirt is an illustration of how true worth can sometimes gain quick recognition. The pressure of present day conditions has brought this about in his case. The public school question has become so serious a problem in our large, rapidly growing cities, that the best solution of it is eagerly welcomed by school boards having the city's welfare at heart.

It was a proud day for Gary when Mayor Mitchel and the president of the school board, representing New York City with its five millions of population, came to little Gary less than ten years old to investigate its school system. The whole town rejoiced in the glory reflected from its shining school system, and every pupil from the smallest urchin to the master mechanic in the shops felt the inspiring responsibility of keeping up the reputation of the school.

New York City  
Investigates

The report returned to New York City was most favorable. They saw in this new system the only relief for their congested schools, even with the many half-time pupils. They appreciated the large economy in the dividing up plan of Dr. Wirt, and the efficiency of the training given the pupils. The president of the board called the system "the divine spark of common sense."

But there was strong opposition to be overcome in the great city. The old system, as in other cities, is interlaced with political preferment. Finally, Dr. Wirt was to be put to the test in a way that would tell. He was called to New York City to reorganize two of the most difficult schools.

Dr. Wirt Called  
to New York

It was a very different task from the one he had performed in Gary, but the success of the experiment was so pronounced that the Wirt method has been extended to other schools in the city. The United States Bureau of Education also has made an investigation and has published a favorable report of it as being the first system



developed which seems to meet the needs of the twentieth-century school.


It was a signal honor bestowed on Dr. Wirt and his new system when the school board of New York City engaged him as official adviser to the board of education at a salary of ten thousand dollars a year for one-fourth of his time—one week out of four. Another expression of confidence was the invitation sent to Dr. Wirt by the school board of Troy, New York, after one of the buildings had burned and the temporary housing of the school became a serious question. With his usual readiness he ordered the building of a few easily constructed shops and laboratories in connection with another school and with his plan of dividing up the pupils, he made the facilities for one school do for double the number of pupils.

The work-study-and-play method with various modifications has been adopted by many towns and cities. One of the real merits it can claim is that it has no fixed form but can be adapted to the peculiar conditions of any school, and that it is a progressive system.

## CHAPTER V

### THE PROPHET-POET OF DEMOCRACY

Great men are the landmarks of humanity; they measure its course and point out the path of the future—alike historians and prophets.—*Mazzini*.

HE distinguished American poet, Edwin Markham, now sweeps into our ken. William Dean Howells, speaking of our living poets, calls him "the first of the Americans"; while Alfred Russell Wallace declares that "he is the greatest poet of the social passion that has yet appeared in the world."

But picture Edwin Markham fifty years ago, picture him as a poor boy in California, ten years of age, spending his long days herding his mother's sheep on the Suisun Hills in the heart of the Coast Range. He lived alone with his mother in a little brown house in a little lonely valley at the foot of the Suisun Hills.

The Shepherd  
of the Suisun  
Hills

Every day he was out of bed in the gray dawn to snatch a hurried breakfast and to let the sheep out of the corral. Suddenly the flock would whiten over the ridges, and the young shepherd would be out following hot upon their tracks.

One day while rummaging in an old cupboard he found rich treasures—Byron's Poems, Pope's "Iliad," Scott's "Tales of a Grandfather," and Bullion's English Grammar. These thrilled the heart of young Markham, for he was hungry for knowledge. Whenever he sallied forth in the morning to herd his sheep, he always slipped one of these precious volumes under his arm. He was soon stationed on a high rock, watching the nibbling and bleating herd; and the next moment his head would be buried

Taught by Na-  
ture and the  
Poets

in the pages of the volume. Frequently he would look up from his reading to find no sheep in sight; for the hungry flock had faded away into some neighboring canyon. Then there would be a thump of the boy's startled heart; and he would be up and off to find the wanderers.

**A Full-fledged  
Cowboy**

A few years slipped by, and the sheep were exchanged for cattle and horses. So young Markham vaulted into a saddle on the back of a western broncho, and he was suddenly a full-fledged cowboy or vaquero. Now, with lariat tied to his pommel, with broad sombrero and jingling spurs, the boy rode forth as the guardian of his mother's cattle range.

But as he pondered on his future, he seemed to see nothing but more pastures and larger herds. Looking at the young vaquero in those days, you would never have dreamed that his name would some day be a shining one in the literary world, would become a household word in the big busy cities far beyond those lofty ranges. You would have thought it impossible that he would ever reach a time when he would be hailed as "the greatest living poet."

**A Mountain-  
bred Lad**

Young Markham had only three months schooling in each year, and the whole year was weighted with labor, early and late. But he was fortunate in having his work under the open and airy skies, instead of in a factory with grimy walls and unsightly machinery heaped grimly around him.

Moreover, he did not have to spend his impressionable youth on the monotonous flats of a prairie farm. Instead of this, the poet was born in Oregon City, Oregon, under high mysterious bluffs. And when only five years of age, he and his mother made their way into California to make their home in the midst of beautiful mountains.

Edwin Markham spent only a few of his young years in a schoolhouse with his eyes glued to a book or to a blackboard. He got his first education out on the cliffs and the mountain tops, out on the high peaks where he would

often rein in his spirited broncho, shift his weight in the saddle, and look away with a rapt heart over the Sacramento Valley, over the tossing tules of the river, away to the faint white line of the Sierras hung ghostly in the east. And all the while his spirit was expanding under the inspiration of the mysterious horizons that encircled him and the huge mountains that billowed below him. Here he dreamed and wondered about the great world beyond his ken: here he felt the mystic touches of God.

Then perhaps the day-dream of the young poet would be broken by the derisive laughter of the hungry coyotes in the canyons under him or by the friendly honk-honk of the great flocks of geese flying in the vast spaces overhead. In the poetic prose of his recent volume, "California the Wonderful," Edwin Markham pictures the whimsical coyote in these quaint phrases:

The Wonderful  
Sacramento  
Valley

"As the cactus is the king of the desert's plant world, so the coyote is the lord of its animal kingdom. . The coyote's wisdom is Fabian: he is watchful waiting on four legs. The world-mother has dressed him in a sand-colored coat, so that when he is motionless he looks like a blur on the desert. He is the gray spirit of the sands.

"The coyote wins our interest by his aspect of desolation, by his look of misery. He appears to have no friends, no fellows. Is this why he is so cowardly? Is this why fear is ever at his side? Is this the cause of those prolonged barkings, those hacking laughs at the sky? He is cowardice incarnate. 'He is so spiritless and cowardly that even while his exposed teeth are pretending a threat, the rest of his face is apologizing for it!'"

The Coyote

It was in Edwin Markham's early years that a man named Wm. H. Hill came to teach for three months in the little school near the Suisun Hills. This teacher took a deep interest in young Markham, told him of the great poets, recited Bryant's poem "The Past" and Tennyson's "Tears, Idle Tears," inspiring the romantic boy with a love for poetry, a love that never died. As one,



enchanted, the boy listened to the melodious and beautiful words; and at the close of that memorable term of school, he got permission from his mother to go out to seek work in order to earn money to buy the longed-for volumes of the poets.

He found a neighbor who gave him twenty acres of wheat-land to plow at a dollar an acre. Ariel never danced with greater joy than did the spirit of young Markham dance as he plowed that twenty-acre field. The days went by on golden feet; for all the time the boy's head was a hive of happy expectations. Every accomplished furrow carried him a little nearer to the paradise of his dreams, the paradise of books. Soon, soon, he should hold in his hands the precious volumes: he should see there the poems he had gotten a taste of in the stark old schoolhouse, in hours never to be forgotten in all the chances and changes of his after life.

And so when the boy's mother came home from her journey to San Francisco to lay in the year's provisions, she brought him the books he longed for—Bryant's Poems, Tennyson's Poems, and a Webster's Unabridged Dictionary. These (with the other volumes found in the old cupboard) helped to open the world of humanity and history to the boy's expanding imagination. They helped to quicken in his mind those social and humane ideals that he pleads for in all the eloquent pages he has given to the people.

Thus we see how the sublimity of wild nature and the divine spirit of poesy combined to inspire young Markham with the ideas and images that appear in the poems of beauty and prophecy that he has been scattering over the world. It was a happy, out-door, romantic boyhood, a boyhood burdened with labor and yet lighted with poetry, and the long, long thoughts of youth.

In those joyous days, the poet Byron greatly stirred the visionary heart of the boy; and he spent many happy hours over "Cain," "Manfred," and "The Dream."

Earning Money  
to Buy Books

A Happy, Out-  
door, Romantic  
Boyhood

And it was not long before the young man himself was trying to express in verse the vague emotions and imaginings that were rushing over his mind. A piece of verse called "A Dream of Chaos" still survives as one of the bold poetic ventures of those early years.

And now having reached the brink of young manhood, Edwin Markham decided to train himself to be a teacher. The hunger for knowledge was crying out within him. He now—every morning—arose early and rode nine miles to attend the grammar school in Suisun City. When eighteen years old, he found means to enter the State Normal School now located at San Jose. He then took a collegiate course, literary and classical. After some years, he was elected superintendent of schools, and later became principal of the Observation School of the State University.

Seeking a Life-work

Once, during this flight of years, he turned his thoughts to the learning of a trade. He made up his mind to be a blacksmith: it gave him a chance to use his muscular frame and to drink in the invigorating fresh air.

Edwin Markham took this training in hand-craft under the inspiration of his ideals of the divine meaning of labor. He believes that all true work is sacred and beautiful; that all useful work, though it be only the scouring of a pot or the driving of a nail, has dignity in it. Indeed, he says that "work has fate in it"; for the spirit in which a man does his work is creating or destroying his character, hour by hour. So in the Markham poem on "The Angelus," the French picture, he speaks this praise of labor:

Ideals of Labor

"More than white incense circling to the dome  
Is a field well furrowed or a nail sent home.  
More than the hallelujahs of the choirs  
Or hushed adorings at the altar fires,  
Is a loaf well kneaded or a room swept clean  
With light-heart love that finds no labor mean."

The Union of  
Culture and  
Labor

This prophet-poet holds to another ideal. He thinks that a true social order would not be divided into two great classes—the class that does all the hard physical labor with none of the thinking, and another class that does all the thinking with none of the physical labor. He believes that society will evolve under the pressure of the social conscience, and that sometime there will be a social order based on the union of Culture and Labor; and he says that in that wiser and nobler epoch, “all workers will think and all thinkers will work.”

We now begin to see the inspiration of the most famous of the Markham poems, “The Man with the Hoe.” It appeared in print in 1899, and it was the first of his poems to attract the attention of the world.

The Inspiration  
of the Hoe-  
Poem

This poem was a protest—not against labor—but a protest against the drudgery, the needless drudgery, the brutal soul-destroying drudgery that is the lot of so many millions of our race. Edwin Markham—like Abraham Lincoln—spent his boyhood amid hard stern conditions of labor. But their work was clean and out in the open air, and they had hours of rest and refreshment; so they rose invigorated out of their boyhood struggles. Moreover, they had in their souls the stuff of energy and hope, something that supported them in all their encounters with the Fates.

But there are millions who are forced to face life without this fine equipment of heredity and environment. They lack the energy and hope; and more than this, the conditions are too hard, too many of the doors of opportunity are shut against them. So they never let out the powers (sometimes the glories of genius) that are pent within their being.

Edwin Markham says, “Every man has a responsibility for his own life: he must not play the coward and charge all his misfortunes to Fate. Yet society also—society the condition-maker—has a heavy responsibility for each man’s life.

"It is clear that the Father has put us all into each other's care in this world; and yet we are not caring for each other in the spirit of justice and humanity. Instead of living for each other, we are living on each other. Instead of trying to put something into life to enrich others, we are usually trying to take something out of life to enrich ourselves. Too frequently a man succeeds in the worldly struggle only because he has stripped thousands of their inheritance."

So the Hoe-Poem sprang out of the poet's protest against these social wrongs that tend to create a vast multitude of joy-robbed drudges. But under all this protest was the poet's faith in the dignity of all true labor, the sacredness of all brotherly service; and also the poet's faith in the heroism sleeping in man, a heroism that prophesies the final victory of the Good.

A Protest  
Against Social  
Wrongs

What did Edwin Markham see when he looked into life? He saw the world touched here and there with the light of heroic deeds and consecrated lives; but he also saw the world involved in a vast battle of contending interests. He saw men striving with men in many an unequal struggle. He saw selfishness striding and crushing a wild way through the fabric of both business and politics. He saw one boy born in a palace, surfeited with unearned riches: he saw other boys born in hovels, beset by unmerited poverties. And he saw the palace boy grow up to rule over the hovel boys and to hold an unfair advantage over them because he happened to own the machinery by which they made a living.

The Poet Sees  
Social Chaos

In brief, the poet saw the two great classes, the rich and the poor; and he saw them held apart by chasms of icy pride and worldly fortune. He saw these classes held asunder with no sympathies in common—held asunder and living as far apart as though they were marooned on separate continents. He saw the pampered child of the rich employer grow up, knowing nothing of the half-starved children of the poorly paid workman; while the



poor children in their destitution grew up to envy—if not to hate—the rich child in his over-abundance. He saw the haughty airs of the purse-proud: he saw the humiliated look of the moneyless. He saw the rich destroyed by their riches: he saw the poor destroyed by their poverties.

**The Problem of  
Humanity**

But in all our poet's pondering on this huge problem, there never was any hatred in his heart for any class of men. For he saw all classes as the victims of an ill-adjusted social order. It is a system that in its very nature tends in some cases to rot men, in other cases to harden. So he saw the social problem, not as the problem of one class, but as the problem of all classes—the problem of humanity.

The poet saw that this order of things had come down from ancient generations. Many of the unthinking accepted it all as the natural inevitable order of the world. Not so with the poet. That this cruel unbrotherly system had existed on earth for long thousands of years, did not make it right to Edwin Markham. Things are not right because they are old, because they have been long established in the custom of mankind.

No; they are right only because they square with the logic of life. And social customs are right only because they square with eternal justice, square with the brotherly principle of the Golden Rule.

**Brotherhood  
the Hope of the  
World**

These thoughts, and a thousand others, rushed like spring-tides over the soul of Edwin Markham. But did he see any light ahead? Did he see any divine order for men descending into this social chaos?

Here is the poet's answer in his own words: "There is hope for men in Brotherhood, and it is their only hope. They can never find their lost happiness until they are willing to give up their selfish greed, and get together determined to find in the Golden Rule the working principle of social order.

"Here is the hope of men: there is no other hope.

And until they turn to it as to the one reef of rock in sight, they will never find rest for their restless spirits. For long centuries, the storm has driven their rafts over the loveless gulfs. And in all the ages they have never had any true and great happiness. For it is ordained in Heaven that men shall have only a sad and fitful joy as long as they cling to the rotting wreckage of the selfish life.

"Yes, some may find a drugged rest in the cheap satisfactions of the competitive struggle in society. But they can find a divine rest only in Brotherhood; and they will not have Brotherhood in any fulness until they co-operate and create a material basis for Brotherhood."

Other men, men having the large nature and wide vision of Edwin Markham, had also felt the injustice of human institutions. While our poet was still a boy on the Suisun Hills, Jean François Millet, the French painter in Barbizon, was sketching on canvas the common, underpaid toiler, the man whose intelligence has sunken to a mere glimmer. It was a painting called "The Man with the Hoe." It attracted attention; but it leaped into sudden fame on all continents as soon as the poet seized it as a symbol of the poverty-stricken toiler and winged it with the prophet thunder of his words. The Hoe-Poem sprang into existence as an indictment of civilization and as an appeal to the humanity of mankind. The world paused to listen.

The Poem That  
Startled the  
World

#### THE MAN WITH THE HOE

God made man in His own image,  
in the image of God made He him.—*The Bible.*

"Bowed by the weight of centuries he leans  
Upon his hoe and gazes on the ground,  
The emptiness of ages in his face,  
And on his back the burden of the world.  
Who made him dead to rapture and despair,  
A thing that grieves not and that never hopes,

Stolid and stunned, a brother to the ox?  
Who loosened and let down this brutal jaw?  
Whose was the hand that slanted back this brow?  
Whose breath blew out the light within this brain?

“Is this the Thing the Lord God made and gave  
To have dominion over sea and land;  
To trace the stars and search the heavens for power;  
To feel the passion of Eternity?  
Is this the Dream He dreamed who shaped the suns  
And marked their ways upon the ancient deep?  
Down all the stretch of Hell to its last gulf  
There is no shape more terrible than this—  
More tongued with censure of the world’s blind greed—  
More filled with signs and portents for the soul—  
More fraught with danger to the universe.

“What gulfs between him and the seraphim!  
Slave of the wheel of labor, what to him  
Are Plato and the swing of Pleiades?  
What the long reaches of the peaks of song,  
The rift of dawn, the reddening of the rose?  
Through this dread shape the suffering ages look;  
Time’s tragedy is in that aching stoop;  
Through this dread shape humanity betrayed,  
Plundered, profaned and disinherited,  
Cries protest to the Judges of the World,  
A protest that is also prophecy.

“O masters, lords and rulers in all lands,  
Is this the handiwork you give to God,  
This monstrous thing distorted and soul-quenched?  
How will you ever straighten up this shape;  
Touch it again with immortality;  
Give back the upward looking and the light;  
Rebuild in it the music and the dream;  
Make right the immemorial infamies,  
Perfidious wrongs, immedicable woes?

*Millet*

"THE MAN WITH THE HOE"







“O masters, lords and rulers in all lands,  
How will the Future reckon with this Man?  
How answer his brute question in that hour  
When whirlwinds of rebellion shake the world?  
How will it be with kingdoms and with kings—  
With those who shaped him to the thing he is—  
When this dumb Terror shall reply to God  
After the silence of the centuries?”

The Hoe-Poem was printed first in a San Francisco newspaper. It startled the literary world, the business world, the labor world. It was translated into all languages. Thousands of newspapers reprinted it in all parts of the planet—reprinted it, discussed it, condemned it, glorified it.

For a long year the conflict crackled over the poem. It was the theme of thousands of articles, interviews, editorials, cartoons, sermons, debates, parodies, jocularities, flying paragraphs. Two new words appeared in the language—Hoeman and Hoemanry. Edwin Markham sprang suddenly into international fame.

The literati lifted their voices in praise. Joaquin Miller said, “Markham’s ‘Man with the Hoe’ is the whole Yosemite—the thunder, the might, the majesty.” John Burns, member of the English Cabinet, maintained that “it is the greatest poem ever written by the hand of man.” Another spokesman hailed it as “the battle-cry of the next thousand years.” Again and again the poet was acclaimed as the prophet-poet of democracy, one who was rousing the nation and the world to a sense of social responsibility and coming judgment.

And now the critics are calling attention to the fact that “Edwin Markham is the leader of the new poetic movement in America.” For his Hoe-Poem sounded a new clear note in the early dawn of the twentieth century. It was the cry of labor, the cry of the ground, the cry for a nobler civilization. The poem drew attention

The Poem Initiates a New Epoch

The Leader of the New Poetic Movement in America

to the poetic beauty that lies hidden in the common human life around us. This idea has been caught up by the younger American poets, and it is now the dominant note in the new poetry of our era.

The Poet's Reply to Critics

Nevertheless, at first there were a few who did not catch the spirit and meaning of the poem. They took it to be an attack on labor. Yet it is noteworthy that never once did the toilers of the world misunderstand it. They heard in it a prophet-cry in honor of labor and a valorous defense of the rights of labor. But to the few who misunderstood and assailed the poem, the poet himself made this rejoinder:

"I did not write the poem as a protest against labor, but as my soul's deep word against the degradation of labor, the oppression of man by man. Of course I believe in labor; and I have little respect for the idler, be he rich or poor. It is against both the personal and public good for any man to be at the same time a consumer and a non-producer.

The Poet's Ideal of Labor

"I believe in labor, I believe in its humanizing and regenerating power. Indeed, I believe that a man's craft furnishes the chief basis of his spiritual evolution. While a man is making a house, he is helping to make himself. While he chisels the block of marble, he is invisibly shaping his own soul. And it does not matter much what a man does—whether he builds a poem or hoes a field of corn. The thing of chief importance is the spirit in which he does his work. It must be done thoroughly and in the spirit of brotherly service. Work of this order is a perpetual prayer. Work of this sort is sacred, however lowly—sacred, though it be the sweeping of a gutter or the carrying of a hod."

But Edwin Markham was not permitted to stop with this avowal of his labor creed. Thousands of readers demanded that he tell them how he happened to write his Hoe-Poem. Yielding to the pressure, he gave out this spirited response:

"I know that great wealth is not necessary to a man's true happiness, spiritual evolution. Indeed, great riches—as well as great poverty—is a danger to the soul. Yet every man needs a moderate measure of material resource, enough to enable him to live a complete life. And a complete life means three things—Bread, Beauty, and Brotherhood—bread for the body, beauty for the heart, brotherhood for the soul.

"Bread, Beauty and Brotherhood"

"But I everywhere saw millions of workers bereft of these great needs. I have wondered, ever since boyhood, over the dehumanizing labor coupled with the soul-blasting poverty that is the fate of the dim millions around us. Why should so many go down under the wheel of the world, go down to helpless ruin so far as human eyes can see?

"Then wild questionings besieged my heart. Is it well that millions should perish in poverty in order that a few of us may fare sumptuously, may wallow in extravagance? Must the dignity and ease of a few of us be purchased with the poverty and destruction of the multitude? Is this the order of things that the good Father arranged for His children? Or is it the scheme that has been built up by the plotting greed and unmercifulness of the strong men of the world?

"While living in the high Sierras in 1885, I was in struggle with these immense questions; when suddenly I came upon a magazine print of Millet's painting, 'The Man with the Hoe.' It represented a bowed, labor-blasted toiler in a French field.

The Influence of a Great Painting

"The yeoman is the landed and well-to-do farmer—shed no tears for him. But here in the Millet picture was the Hoeman, the landless, the poverty-stricken, the soul-blighted workman of the world, the man that has no time to rest, no time to think, no time for the mighty hopes that make us men.

"Immediately the picture struck my heart and my imagination. Here was the man at the bottom of the



labor pyramid. I saw that the world's wrong is not righted till his wrong is righted—for all men are brethren.

"Immediately, I jotted down the rough 'field notes' of my poem and laid them aside. For years the print was on my wall and the pain of it in my heart. And then thirteen years later, I chanced upon the original painting itself in San Francisco.

Thirteen Years  
Later

"For an hour I stood before the painting, absorbing the majesty of its despair, the tremendous import of its admonition. I stood there, the power and terror of the thing growing upon my heart, the pity and the sorrow of it eating into my soul. It came to me with a dim echo of my own life. I was hushed by its pitiless pathos and mournful grandeur.

"I soon realized that Millet puts before us no chance toiler, no mere man of the fields. No; this stunned and stolid peasant is the type of industrial oppression in all lands and in all labors. He might be a man with a needle in a New York sweat-shop, a man with a pick in a West Virginia coal-mine, a man with a hod in a London alley, a man with a spade on the banks of the Zuyder Zee.

The Symbol of  
Betrayed Hu-  
manity

"The Hoeman is the symbol of betrayed humanity, the Toiler ground down through ages of oppression, through ages of social injustice. He is the man pushed away from the land by those who fail to use the land; till at last he becomes a serf, with no mind in his muscle and no heart in his handiwork. He is the man pushed back and shrunk up by the special privileges conferred upon the Few.

"In the Hoeman we see the slow, sure, awful degradation of man through endless, hopeless, and joyless labor. Did I say labor? No—drudgery! This man's battle with the world has been too brutal. He is not going upward in step with the divine music of the world. The evolution of his life has been arrested, if not actually reversed. He is a hulk of humanity, degraded below the level of the roving savage, who has a step of dignity, a tongue of

eloquence. The Hoeman is not a remnant of prehistoric times; he is not a relic of barbarism. He is the savage of civilization.

“But some day, in the rise of the social passion, some day when men begin to think with their hearts, this Hoeman will come into his own: he will be given the social and material resources necessary for living a complete life. In that New Time the State will become the organ of Fraternity. Then will the Hoeman evolve out of his brutehood, his jaw will be remolded, his brow will be lifted, and his mind will be lighted with a star.”

A Prophecy

Again the readers of Edwin Markham implored him to tell the story of the actual writing of his wonderful poem. Here is his second response to them:

“It was near the dawn of the twentieth century: the fire of the Fraternal Ideal was alive within me. One early morning I began writing the poem. I like to write in the morning, for in those early hours the fresh young forces of the world are storming over the spirit.

“Soon the first two stanzas were written out from the field notes made thirteen years before. I hoped to breathe into the poem the spirit of brotherhood, the spirit of social humanity. As my pen ran over the paper, I trembled. I could write no more that morning, and yet all day long the poem possessed me, uttering its thunders in my soul.

How the First  
Stanzas Were  
Written

“The next morning I rose out of sleep, wrapt in a solemn joy. Suddenly the lines of the third stanza stormed across my mind. Nothing more was handed down to me that morning. Yet all the hours of the day the lines kept on thundering in my soul.

“Another day came white and still, and, behold, I awoke with the next stanza ready to rush out of the rifts of the mind. Now it was no longer pity and terror over the humanity that had been ruined. No, it was an arraignment of the strong men who are the world’s fate, an arraignment of the masters, lords and rulers for their

tragic failure, their tragic greed, in dealing with their brother of the furrow.

"The next daybreak brought the Muse's final word, her final mandate. She lifted the curtain of vision: she swept my soul on into the future. I saw how this Hoeman might play a wild part in the drama of coming days. I saw how this mountain of ignorance might hurl ruin upon the masters, lords and rulers, hurl ruin upon all the sceptered powers that had called him into being.

"So the poem took shape, rushing day by day out of the lyric fire of the morning. It is my protest and my prophecy: it is my testimony in behalf of the humbled, the burdened, the silenced. It is said, it is truth, let it stand."

The Hoe-Poem was a bold and original utterance. That the poet had the daring to print it, places him high among the social heroes of the age. For if one wants mere comfort he must walk in the old ruts of custom: only the old ways are the easy ways. It takes courage to break a new social road, a road that runs squarely across all the beaten roads of the world.

The Hoe-Poem is at last accepted as a classic, accepted as a needed proclamation of the great social problems of the world. But it took courage at first to give it out to the four winds. Yet the poet did not flinch: he was true to his convictions of justice, and faithful to his ideal of the high mission of the poet to the People.

The next best known of the Markham poems is his wonderful lines on Abraham Lincoln. Since the poet's sympathies go out to the great common people; so his heart went out to the great commoner, the people's friend. Everybody should know this remarkable poem:

#### LINCOLN, THE MAN OF THE PEOPLE

"When the Norn Mother saw the Whirlwind Hour  
 Greatening and darkening as it hurried on,  
 She left the Heaven of Heroes and came down  
 To make a man to meet the mortal need.

The Poem  
 Rushed Out of  
 the Fire of the  
 Morning

The Hoe-Poem  
 a Classic

She took the tried clay of the common road—  
Clay warm yet with the ancient heat of Earth,  
Dashed through it all a strain of prophecy;  
Tempered the heap with thrill of human tears;  
Then mixed a laughter with the serious stuff.  
Into the shape she breathed a flame to light  
That tender, tragic, ever-changing face.  
Here was a man to hold against the world,  
A man to match the mountains and the sea.

“The color of the ground was in him, the red earth;  
The smack and tang of elemental things:  
The rectitude and patience of the cliff;  
The good-will of the rain that loves all leaves;  
The friendly welcome of the wayside well;  
The courage of the bird that dares the sea;  
The gladness of the wind that shakes the corn;  
The mercy of the snow that hides all scars;  
The secrecy of streams that make their way  
Beneath the mountain to the rifted rock;  
The undelaying justice of the light  
That gives as freely to the shrinking flower  
As to the great oak flaring to the wind—  
To the grave’s low hill as to the Matterhorn  
That shoulders out the sky.

“Sprung from the West,  
The strength of virgin forests braced his mind,  
The hush of spacious prairies stilled his soul.  
Up from log cabin to the Capitol,  
One fire was on his spirit, one resolve—  
To send the keen ax to the root of wrong,  
Clearing a free way for the feet of God.  
And evermore he burned to do his deed  
With the fine stroke and gesture of a king:  
He built the rail-pile as he built the State,  
Pouring his splendid strength through every blow,



The conscience of him testing every stroke,  
To make his deed the measure of a man.

“So came the Captain with the thinking heart;  
And when the judgment thunders split the house,  
Wrenching the rafters from their ancient rest,  
He held the ridgepole up, and spiked again  
The rafters of the Home. He held his place—  
Held the long purpose like a growing tree—  
Held on through blame and faltered not at praise.  
And when he fell in whirlwind, he went down  
As when a lordly cedar, green with boughs,  
Goes down with a great shout upon the hills,  
And leaves a lonesome place against the sky.”

Aiding the Lit-  
tle Hoemen of  
Our Country

The Hoe, in the Markhamic philosophy, may be taken as the symbol of all sorts of drudgery. So the two million children that have been drudging and degenerating and dying in our many mines and factories, may be called the little Hoemen of our country. Edwin Markham (with thousands of others) came to the help of these pathetic little drudges, ragged and half-starved in their filth and gloom.

Poet of the  
Out-door Joy

We have now invigorated our virtue with brief glances into the social problem so near to the world's conscience. So let us turn for a moment to a few snatches out of Edwin Markham's poems in a lighter vein, his out-door and joyous poems. Take first that boyhood memory, “The Heart's Return”:

“When darkened hours come crowding fast,  
A thought—and all the dark is past!  
For I am back a boy again,  
Knee-deep in heading barley in a Mendocino glen.

“How often when the brood of care  
Would hold me in a hopeless snare,  
My soul springs winged and away,  
Remembering that wild duck's nest above Benicia Bay!”

Here is the "Joy of the Morning," an airy song to a bird with a bright click in the last line:

"I hear you, little bird,  
Shouting a-swing above the broken wall.  
Shout louder yet: no song can tell it all.  
Sing to my soul in the deep still wood:  
'Tis wonderful beyond the wildest word:  
I'd tell it, too, if I could.

"Oft when the white, still dawn  
Lifted the skies and pushed the hills apart,  
I've felt it like a glory in my heart—  
The world's mysterious stir,  
But had no throat like yours, my bird, . . .  
Nor such a listener."

This "Child of My Heart" is our next: it is a lyric to the poet's little boy when the child was only four years old:

"Child-Heart!

Wild heart!

What can I bring you,  
What can I sing you,  
You who have come from a glory afar,  
Called into time from a secret star?

"Mad thing!

Glad thing!

How will Life tame you?  
How will God name you?  
All that I know is that you are to me  
Wind over water, star on the sea.

"Dear heart!

Near heart!

Long is the journey,  
Hard is the tourney:  
Would I could be by your side when you fall—  
Would that my own heart could suffer it all!"

The lyric pages of Edwin Markham are scattered with poems that cry forth his sustaining faith. Here is one of many: he calls it "Swung to the Void":

"Once, suddenly, I found myself alone,  
Out in the void of a great city, filled  
With tremblings and the cry of many fears.

"Making escape out of the human deep,  
I climbed heart-troubled to the leafy hills;  
And stretching on a bank above a stream,  
I gazed up to the dome of the high boughs,  
And wondered over life and life's alarms.  
And as I lay there asking for a sign,  
I saw a spider flash his filmy ropes  
Across the dome; saw him, with rapturous fall,  
Drop on a silver cable to the void,  
And hang serenely in the rosy beams  
Of sunset—hang all still and unafraid.  
And lo, a courage came upon my soul,  
With long, long thoughts of this adventurer,  
This little dweller in the floorless air,  
Held in the peace that folds the earth and stars."

And now let us end with a little poem that is out flying on the four winds. It is the poet's famous and beloved quatrain, "Outwitted":

"He drew a circle that shut me out—  
Heretic, rebel, a thing to flout.  
But Love and I had the wit to win:  
We drew a circle that took him in!"

## CHAPTER VI

### THE GREAT ADVENTURE

The whole sum of life is service—service to others and not to self. No man has come to greatness who has not felt in some degree that his life belongs to his race.—*Phillips Brooks.*

**T**HE famous physician of the Labrador and Newfoundland coasts, Doctor Wilfred T. Grenfell, received a double inheritance of love of adventure and the courage which goes with it. In his father's family, which dates back several hundred years, were men of noble rank noted for deeds of valor, and four of his mother's brothers were officers in the wars of India. We are not surprised therefore that Dr. Grenfell says he cannot remember the time when life did not appeal to him as a strenuous game. In his home were many trophies of Indian jungles sent back by his uncles, which became to him objects of heroic pride. "I decided," he says, "almost before I learned my alphabet that the profession of tiger-hunting was the only one worthy of the name."

Inherited Love  
of Adventure

His first discovery, after that time, which had a strong bearing on his life, was that there is adventure in the mental world as well as the physical, that the pale-faced students, for whom he had felt a certain contempt, were in many cases greater heroes than even tiger-hunters. He began to cultivate a high respect for his studies, and when he found lessons hard and stubborn, he delighted in grappling with them, using a strong will instead of muscle. Before the conflict was over he was pretty sure to be on the winning side.

Greater Heroes  
Than Tiger-  
hunters

As much as he glorified in physical strength, the consciousness of mental gain was even more exhilarating.



He wanted knowledge above everything else because it would enable him to do things, and he was beginning to see that the world was brimful of interesting things waiting to be done. It became intensely exciting at times, the knowledge-getting and the developing of mind-power, even more so than the fancied tiger-hunting in India would have been, because the trophies were much more worth while.

He did not find it necessary, though, to become pale-faced in order to gain mental strength. He was devoted to play as well as to books. His boyhood home was close to the wilds of nature, "with the sea always beckoning and a rocking boat as familiar as the land." In school he became a leader in the athletic sports dear to every healthy English schoolboy, and later in college, his play interest centred in football. In this way he developed a splendid physique and the deep-seated health which later helped him through many hard strains on both mind and body.

When he went to London as a medical student and entered London Hospital, new fields of adventure opened up. "When in the operating theatre," he says, "I watched men familiarly and with confidence achieving magnificent results in relieving pain, prolonging life, and restoring capacities by their masterly mental qualifications, life seemed suddenly to loom up ten times as attractive as I had ever dreamed it could be." He found his second field of adventure a thrilling one.

About this time he made another discovery, showing him the highest value of life. It had to do with himself as a moral being, his relation to God and his fellow men. He says that this discovery opened up a third field for adventure before him, "and by far the largest to add to the glory and beauty of life." At once he knew, not that God would save him, but that He would use him.

With this triple preparation, physical, mental, and spiritual, he stood ready to enter any field which duty

Developing a  
Splendid  
Physique

Spiritual  
Awakening

would point out to him. After taking a short course in Oxford University, instead of heading straight for the position which would yield the quickest returns and lead most surely to wealth and honor, he sought for the niche in the world's activities which most needed him, and the fact that the place was one requiring strenuous effort was an incentive rather than otherwise. As a strong man with thorough equipment, he believed that his place was in the exposed ranks of life's battlefield.

**A Strong Man  
Thoroughly  
Equipped**

While living in London he showed the spirit which was to govern his life by the deep interest he took in the homeless boys of the city. He led in founding the Lads' Brigades of England, an organization which has turned thousands of boys from the lawless gang to useful fellowship. Dr. Grenfell made himself one of the Lads in athletic sports, and their enthusiasm for him was unbounded.

But it was finally among the unfortunate fisher folk along the North Sea that he received his first call, and the work he found there was eventful enough to suit even his eager, active nature. He battled first with the drink evil of the country, which was keeping so many of the people impoverished and vice-bound. In this he had few to help and many to thwart him as far as they could. Destitute and half-starved, the people constantly craved stimulants and excitement, and so did not take kindly to his teachings of self-denial and reform, and the rum-sellers and gamblers opposed bitterly any change which interfered with their profits.

**Work Among  
the Fishermen  
of the North  
Sea**

There was only one way to convince these people, as he said later, and that was "to do something for them that they'll be sure to understand." The first thing which they quickly appreciated was a hospital-ship, which passed up and down among the fleets on the fishing-grounds and gave medical and surgical help wherever needed. The second thing was the organization of the Deep Sea Mission.

When these tasks had been accomplished Dr. Grenfell heard a call to go to still bleaker shores and to a more neglected people. No one bade him give into other hands the North Sea field which he had organized, but duty, as he conceived it, pointed to the harder work, and that was sufficient for him. It was a stretch of six hundred miles of barren coast-line in Labrador, without a resident physician, which he now took as his parish.

Deplorable  
Conditions in  
Labrador

The strong foes he had to fight in this new country were the traders, who were grog-sellers and extortioners. It was the custom for trading vessels to come around once or twice a year carrying supplies for the people, in exchange for which they bought the country's produce, fish and furs. Besides making great gains in selling cheap grog at their own prices, the traders found it exceedingly profitable to keep the people always in debt to them and to take for security a mortgage on the fruits of the next year's labor. In this way they could first fix their own price on what they sold to the fisher-folk and next on what they bought from them. The result was thriftless and hopeless poverty everywhere. There seemed no possibility of the people ever being able to free themselves unaided. Strong drink reduced their vitality, for every particle of which they had sore need in that rigorous climate.

Fighting the  
Liquor Traffic

Doctor Grenfell led in a movement to make illegal the selling of liquor on the high seas. Then when he had done enough for the people of the coast of Labrador to convince them that he was their friend and working for their good, he started a plan of co-operative buying. This led to a line of stores where the fishermen could buy their supplies at reasonable prices. They thus obtained better goods for less money, and they were not so tempted to waste their health and means in strong drink. They soon found themselves better dressed, better fed, better housed, and a day of new hope dawned for them.

This versatile man discovered many ways by which he

could gain the people's confidence, but he was, first, last and all the time, a physician and surgeon to relieve them of physical pain. He built several hospitals in the course of his service in Labrador, but comparatively few patients could be brought to them. In order to reach as many sick as possible, he traveled in a little steamer up and down the rocky coast around Labrador and Newfoundland, as long as the sea was open, and in winter he went by dog-sledge.

The whole country soon knew and loved "the Doctor," and when he was expected to pass their way, the people put up signals for him to stop. Often there were very urgent cases due to accident or some deadly disease. Sometimes he was called a hundred miles to amputate a limb, or save a person from blindness, and then he turned out of his regular course, hurrying back or onward as the case may be. The question of fee never entered into consideration. He did not resign the prospect of a brilliant career in London to wring fees from impoverished fishermen. If they could pay something, well; it would be used in some more needy case; if no fee was forthcoming, the treatment was always given just the same. Sometimes, instead of receiving pay for his services, the doctor found it necessary to provide food as well as medicine for the poor patient.

The Devoted  
Physician

The travel up and down the coast-line by boat or sledge was always full of adventure. A remarkable experience which very nearly cost him his life, Dr. Grenfell has described in a little book called "Adrift on an Ice-Pan." One Easter day he was called from the hospital to visit a dying boy about sixty miles to the south. The snow was deep and the cold severe, but with his strong team of eight dogs he thought little of taking such a trip. They started out briskly, leaving the messenger with a feebler team to follow more slowly.

A Thrilling  
Adventure

All went well that afternoon and by night they were twenty miles on the way. The next morning Dr. Gren-



fell gave the messenger a two hours' start. The cold had suddenly moderated and a slow rain had set in. The first ten miles of the route was on an arm of the sea; but as the ice had been broken, there were great gaps between the blocks, or pans, of ice. He picked his way carefully and, by urging his team through the slush ice, they managed to pull through until about a quarter of a mile from the landing point. Then the wind which had packed the broken ice, suddenly fell, and the blocks separated. He finally found himself with his team on a block of snow-ice, no larger than ten by twelve feet, which was drifting out to sea.

The Sledge  
with Supplies  
Sinks

All his supplies were on the sledge, or komatik, the very things he needed—"food, hot tea in a thermos bottle, dry clothing, matches, wood, and everything for making a fire to attract attention." He passed within fifty feet of the sledge before it sank, but the distance might as well have been fifty miles. On that sledge, too, were the outfit of change of garments, snow-shoes, rifle, compass, ax, hat, gloves, and oil-skin overclothes, while he was left exposed to the cold in lightweight clothing, every stitch of which was soaked. A short time before he had opened a box of college relics, which had not been looked at for twenty years, and with the college spirit strong on him, he had taken to wearing his Oxford football running shorts, gay colored stockings and high-moccasins. A flannel shirt and sweater vest completed his attire, as he had removed his outer garments to help the dogs pull the sledge through the slushy ice.

Danger of  
Freezing

To keep from freezing he cut off the tops of his moccasins and by tacking them together with bits of the dogs' harness he made a jacket reaching to the waist. Then he unraveled rope of the harness to put into his shoes. Later in the night he was forced to kill two of his trusty dogs to save his own life. Without the protection of their skins he could not have lived through the long night. He slept a part of the time under cover of the skins and

snuggled close to his big dog, Doc, but every little while he was up waving his arms at the frozen cliffs in the faint hope of attracting the attention of some rare pilgrim, a trapper maybe. Then there was work to be done. With no instrument but his knife he made a flag-staff by dismembering the legs of the dead dogs, tying them together with straps of the harness, and when day broke over the dismal situation, cold as it was, he sacrificed his shirt for a flag. This he waved every few minutes with scarcely any hope of being discovered, as the shores he was in sight of were not inhabited in the winter months, the scattered population moving to the trading posts if possible. To keep from feeling the pangs of hunger and thirst, Dr. Grenfell chewed for twenty-four hours a rubber band, which he had been wearing instead of a garter.

Signals for  
Help

At one time later in the day he fancied that he caught the glitter of an oar, but on second thought he dismissed the hope as impossible. The sea was full of slob ice between him and the shore. The next time he got up to wave his flag, he saw the oar more distinctly, and watching closely he could make out the black streak of a hull. He knew then that rescuers were on the way. What he did not know was whether they could get through to him, or whether his ice-pan, which was fast melting from the heat of the dogs and the sunshine, would hold together till the boat could reach him.

At last the boat drew near and the Doctor and his dogs were taken aboard. Tears rolled down the weather-beaten cheeks of the rugged fishermen as they grasped the hand of the Doctor. He says it was the joy of unselfish service they expressed. To return was not easy, but there was the courage of facing home with the rescued Doctor in the boat sustaining them. Of this return trip Dr. Grenfell says: "To drive the boat home there were not only five Newfoundland fishermen at the oars, but five men with Newfoundland muscles in their backs, and

Rescued at  
Last

five as brave hearts as ever beat in the bodies of human beings. So, slowly but steadily, we forged through to the shore, now jumping out on the larger pans and forcing them apart with the oars, now hauling the boat out and dragging her over, when the pan of ice packed tightly in by the rising wind was impossible to get through otherwise."

Saved by the  
Merest Chance

It had been by the merest chance that the country learned of the Doctor's plight on the ice. Four men who had gone out to cut out some seals they had killed in the fall, happened to see the dark objects on the ice, but their report in the village was discredited. No living creatures could possibly be on a floating ice-pan. One man, to satisfy himself, went out with a field glass, and even in the darkness he made out a man waving his arms. The people knew at once that it could be no one but Dr. Grenfell, and messengers were sent up and down the coast. And so it happened that while he was waving his arms and heavy flag at what he supposed were only frozen cliffs, many eyes were watching for him, when now and then he appeared in sight. Nothing had been done through the night, but when the boat started out in the morning, the brave fishermen could calculate pretty closely in what direction to go.

He Takes to  
the Trail Again

When they landed, every person in the village was there to greet them. But the Doctor delayed no longer than was necessary to eat and get into warm clothing. With a large team he hurried to the hospital where consternation reigned because of the report that he had been lost. The next day, the ice having cleared away, the sick boy was brought to the hospital and successfully operated on.

In the narrative given by one of his hardy rescuers, as reported by a Labrador missionary, we have a matchless picture of the character of Dr. Grenfell, as well as of the courage and self-sacrificing devotion of the men who risked everything to save him. "Us know'd thar'd be

hard work to do. I know'd thar was a chance o' not comin' back at all, but it didn' make no difference, an' 'twa' for th' Doctor, an' 'is life's worth many.

"When us got near un," he continued, "it didn' seem like 'twas th' Doctor. 'E looked so old an' 'is face such a queer color. 'E was very solemn-like when us took un an' th' dogs on th' boat. No un felt like sayin' much, an' 'e 'ardly said nothin' till us gave un some tea an' loaf an' then 'e talked. I s'pose 'e was sort o' faint-like. Th' first thing 'e said was, how wonderfu' sorry 'e was o' gettin' into such a mess an' givin' we th' trouble o' comin' out for un. Us tol' un not to think o' that; us was glad to do it for un, an' 'e'd done it for any one o' we, many times over if 'e 'ad th' chance, an' so 'e would. An' then 'e fretted about th' b'y 'e was goin' to see, it bein' too late to reach un, an' us tol' un 'is life was worth so much more'n th' b'y, for 'e could save others an' th' b'y couldn'. But 'e still fretted. 'E wouldn' stop when us got ashore, but must go right on, an' when 'e 'ad dry clothes an' was a bit warm, us sent un to St. Anthony with a team.

"Th' next night, an' for nights after, I couldn't sleep. I'd keep seein' that man standin' on th' ice, an' I'd be sorter half-awake like, sayin' 'But not th' Doctor. Sure not th' Doctor.'"

What wonder that the people are ready to risk their lives for the Doctor. He has been a large benefactor to them in every way. Before he went to Labrador, the world knew little and cared less for the wretched fisher-folk of those northern coasts. There was a liberal sprinkling of Esquimaux among them, and few ever thought of improving that sluggish race. Anyway, it was such a scattered population and conditions were so hard and depressing that results would hardly justify the risk and sacrifice of every prospect and comfort of life of the one who would have to live among them.

Doctor Grenfell has proven beyond a doubt that wher-

The Story as  
Told by a  
Rescuer

Devoted Serv-  
ice to a  
Wretched  
Population



Love and Service  
Stronger  
Than Environ-  
ment

ever men are found and under whatever circumstances, there is a hopeful field of work. It all depends on the courage and faithfulness of the one who brings the message of better things. If he has a genuine love for human kind and finds joy in service, forgetting self for the good of his fellow men, solid results are bound to follow. It is a law of life which neither icy seas, nor tropical swamps, nor yet the vice-ridden slums of the city, can render wholly ineffective. The spirit of love and service is stronger than any environment.

Then, too, the lone physician of Labrador has shown what a magnet a strong, faithful worker is to draw the eyes of the world his way. There is no place so remote that sooner or later he does not come into the limelight. And when he has proved his pure motive and strong effort by outward results, how easy then come honor and fame! Dr. Grenfell is the last man to dwell on rewards that may result to him, but even he must feel the satisfaction of having his work appreciated. When he gave up home and country for Labrador, there was not the shadow of a prospect that those bleak coasts would prove to be the road to fame and world-wide honor. It seemed much more likely to himself and others that he was burying himself among the icebergs and stormy seas of the northland.

Great Rewards  
of Faithful  
Service

What short-sightedness! Fourteen years after he began his labors, his work had become so well known at home and elsewhere, and he was considered such a benefactor, that the King of England made him a Companion of St. Michael and St. George. This is a great honor, but another one followed close. Within a few months the University of Oxford, which does not scatter honors right and left, for the first time in its history conferred the honorary degree in medicine, and the recipient was Dr. Grenfell. Since then more than one university and learned society have felt it a distinct honor to themselves as well to honor him with a degree.

He has won the world's admiration for his courage and self-sacrifice, and the wonderful work he has built up in a most unpromising place. But what he appreciates even more than commendation and good will from far and near in the outside world, is the love and devotion he has awakened in the humble people for whom he has labored. And what a splendid example of service he has set them! The guiding principle of his life among them is directing many of them in their relations with each other—"To do for our fellow men on this coast, in every relation of life, those things which we would like them to do for us in similar circumstances."

A Splendid Ex-  
ample of  
Service

Doctor Grenfell heard a call to battlefields across the ocean where need and suffering were immeasurably greater than in the northland of America. He left the Labrador work well organized and in good hands. The line of co-operative stores, which have become a fixed institution, are doing much to relieve extreme poverty. The various lumber mills established by him and his co-workers give employment to many during the long winter, who otherwise would be depending on trapping for a most uncertain living. They also enable people to live in winter villages instead of here and there in the trapping regions. Schools and churches which English and American friends of Dr. Grenfell have helped him build, are a social bond for enlightenment and morality. Hospitals here and there with doctors and nurses who have heard the same call and have come to help, are true havens of refuge to the people who have no room or facilities in their crowded huts for nursing the seriously sick. Clean and harmless places of amusement relieve the barrenness and loneliness of the long winter evenings. And above, around and permeating all is a new spirit of fellowship, of social partnership. Dr. Grenfell has thus lifted an entire people to a higher plane; he has spoken to them by means of works and they have answered in changed lives.

An Entire Peo-  
ple Lifted to a  
Higher Plane

## CHAPTER VII

### MAKING DREAMS COME TRUE

That man is the richest who, having perfected the function of his own life, has also the widest helpful interest.—*Ruskin*.

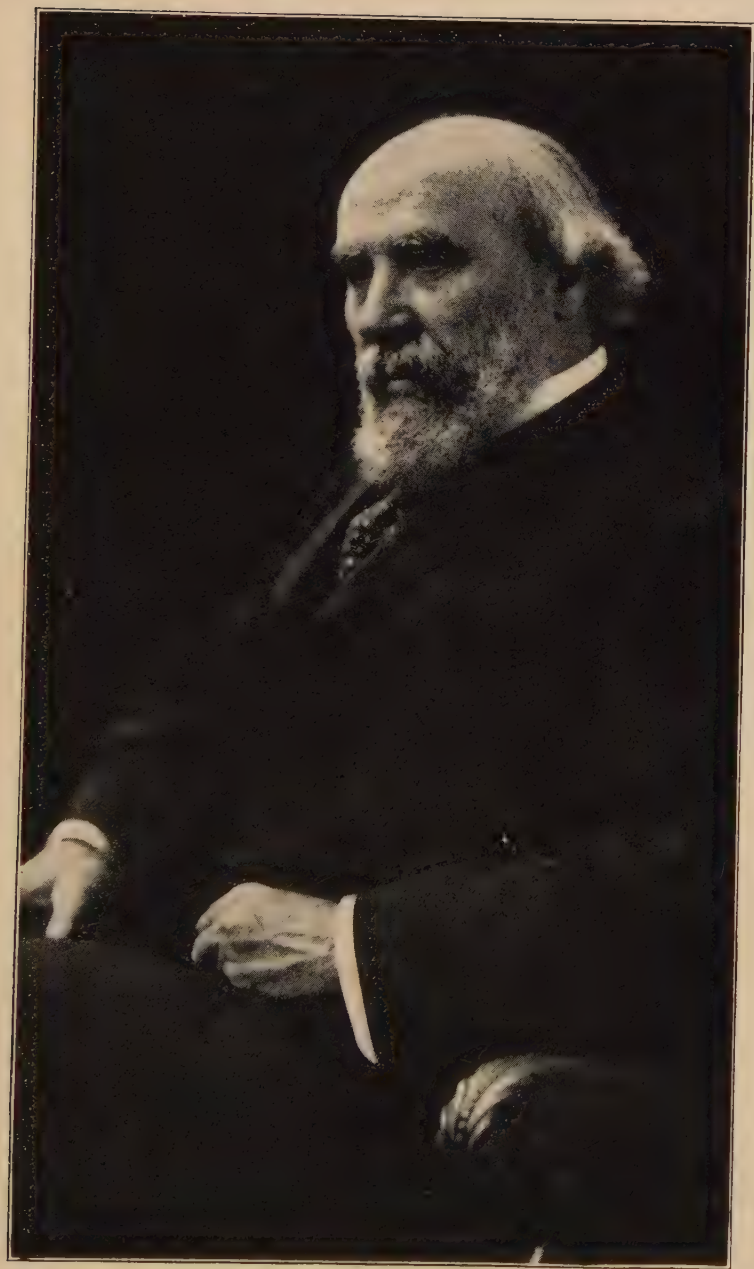


LITTLE over a quarter of a century ago a vast wilderness stretched from St. Paul to Puget Sound. There was then no rumor of the great Northwest. At the rate civilization had been advancing in that direction, it seemed likely that it would take a hundred years to develop this immense, solitary region. And then appeared a man struggling up out of obscurity who in a few short years was to make possible the wonderful transformation of all this territory from a profitless waste to a smiling expanse of waving grain fields.

This greatest of all magicians was James Jerome Hill, who at the age of fifteen had been obliged by his father's death to give up his ambition of going to college and instead to take a position as clerk in a country grocery store. But without other wealth, he met life's opportunities with the rich imagination of an Irish father and the painstaking perseverance of a Scotch mother. As a mere boy he began to see wonderful prospects in life, but he was not content to build insubstantial castles in the clouds, he looked after every detail to make sure of a firm foundation for his plans.

As he grew older he turned with longing eyes to the wilderness of the West. It would be something worth doing, to bring this splendid country within the realms of civilization. He was an artist by nature and had done some creditable work as a painter of pictures, but the

The Imagination of an Artist



JAMES J. HILL.





law of his being called also for large activity. No mere canvas could satisfy him after he had caught a vision of the possibilities of that undeveloped country. As an artist he could picture to himself the unnumbered happy homes that would dot the plains, hills and valleys, but as a financier he could figure pretty correctly the profits that would come to the soldiers of industry who would open up the country.

He knew that everything depended on building a railroad to penetrate farther and farther into the wilderness, until St. Paul should be linked thus to Puget Sound. While busy with his work in a little railway office, young James J. Hill had visions of the long trains that would one day glide over the lone track he longed to build, carrying thousands of settlers to an ever-receding frontier. Many of these settlers, he foresaw, would be splendid immigrants from northern Europe, who would find in this country the climate and other conditions best suited to them. They would bring with them their true farm instincts, their energy, economy and habits of thrift. Many Easterners, too, would come from the crowded States in search of a tract of land they could call their own and the equal opportunities of a new country. While he was busy studying facts and figures he visioned also the banner grain fields which to-day cover the prairies of Minnesota, Montana and the Dakotas. He pictured future farms, towns and cities where the solitary grassy plains then stretched far away, the school houses, and church spires pointing the way from the yielding earth to a beneficent heaven.

We are pretty safe in saying, though, that the young man did not talk much about his high dreams before he learned how sure a way it was of bringing ridicule upon himself. This is what the far-seeing of every age and country have met with. The average person, who believes in only what is and has been, refuses to credit what lies beyond his range of vision, and the pathfinder

Dreaming  
Dreams and  
Studying Facts

must press on alone unsupported by the sympathy of his fellow men.

He Learned the  
Ins and Outs  
of Railroad  
Systems

But young Hill was not one to become discouraged. He persisted in seeing visions and dreaming dreams, and all the time he continued to fortify himself with solid facts. He learned the ins and outs of railroad systems from the general birds-eye view to the little detail; he made himself familiar with conditions that tend to railroad prosperity and failure. In due time he applied all this knowledge to his mighty task of linking the East with the big undeveloped West, and the result spelled success.

His first great opportunity came, and he was well ready for it. The St. Paul and Pacific Railway, a short line with a prophetic name, passed into the hands of a receiver with an indebtedness of \$33,000,000. Mr. Hill, with his seventeen years of experience in hard work but no other capital to speak of, persuaded a few others to join him in buying the bankrupt road and proceeded to reorganize it.

It was a big undertaking, but he was equal to it. The change was felt at once. He put hope and energy into the dying enterprise. Vigor and system took the place of weakness and loose management. It is said that even the shrill whistle of the locomotive sounded a new note of command to the surprised employees.

Beginning to  
Pierce the  
Wilderness

The first work he saw before him was to make this little beginning of a transcontinental line pay, and the next step was to extend it westward. Within ten years the road was built as far as Helena, Montana, and that in the face of unbelief and opposition. From the first Mr. Hill had been the ruling spirit, although occupying a secondary position, but later he was formally elected president of the company. He was then in a position where he could speak with higher authority, and he began to plan definitely for the only terminal he would recognize, Puget Sound.

It was several years before he could start to put his

plans into action. The road thus far had been a success and a great factor in the development of a new country, and was yielding profits to the company; but when Mr. Hill unfolded his purpose of carrying it clear through to the Pacific, there was a storm of opposition. "The government is not going to sink any money in such wild-cat railroading," declared the representatives of the people. "We've got along thus far without government help and we'll finish in the same way," was Mr. Hill's retort. The banking world of New York was loud in its protests, and Mr. Hill found that his own board of directors in his absence had passed a resolution to take a stand against the project.

A Storm of  
Opposition

He met the opposition as only a man of a masterful nature can. He had demonstrated, in spite of the most dismal predictions and the fiercest criticism, that so far his railroad extension was for the general welfare, and he was certain that beyond Helena the road was even more needed and would be a greater success. Supported by this conviction, he called together his directors. Then he locked the door of the council room and faced them in a body. "Now, gentlemen," he said coolly, "we will stay here until you reverse that action." The hesitating directors sat and looked at their splendid president, and somehow their faith in the proposed road took a sudden rise. They voted "Yes," and the work began.

A Master of  
Men

When we look back at the situation we are not surprised, however, at their skepticism. There was discouragement in the air. Business depression was felt everywhere. There was the parallel road of the Union Pacific which was not a financial success with all its government backing; and between Helena and Puget Sound loomed up the Rocky Mountains, one of the most stubborn obstructions to railroad-building that nature has produced.

But the spirit of Mr. Hill was greater than any obstacles in his path. Day after day the immense working forces penetrated a little farther into the wilderness, and



construction trains made longer and longer trips back and forth, carrying workmen and supplies out and the word of progress back. It was a time of general inactivity and the attention of the country was directed to this great work. "It has crossed the prairies," "has bridged the river," "has cut through the timber," "has tunneled the mountain," "has trellised the gorge," are samples of the reports brought back to the doubting world.

How everyone loves a great enterprise and rejoices in achievement even after he has doubted and criticized! Let a man prove himself a leader with safe judgment and a strong grip on things to make them turn in his favor and how readily others will fall in line with him! But the doubters were not all silenced. "It's easy enough to build a road if you have money enough or can pile up debts mountain high, but it is another thing to make it a running success," they ventured even after the last construction force reported that the smoke of their engine had floated out over the blue Pacific.

The public had no cause to complain. Mr. Hill and his company had accomplished the gigantic work without the help of a dollar of government money or a foot of land-grant except for a small grant given to the original line in Minnesota. The fabulous millions spent in the undertaking were theirs, the risk was theirs, but the profits which cannot be estimated belong largely to the people and the nation.

Mr. Hill did not stop with this achievement. The Northern Pacific Railway was added, and his next astonishing move was to purchase the Burlington system for \$200,000,000. Who will say that a boy has no chance unless he is given an education and a start in business?

The chief distinction, however, belonging to James Jerome Hill is high above that of being a money king; it lies in the use he made of power and wealth in opening up an empire for his fellow men to step into, take possession of and develop. And they have entered joy-

The Road Car-  
ried Through  
to the Pacific

Gigantic  
Achievements

ously. They have flocked in from crowded cities and small rented farms both in this country and in Europe, and have changed the wilderness into rich, harvest-yielding farms. Later others came along with something of Mr. Hill's own spirit, who saw blossoming gardens in wide stretches of desert, if the mountain streams which were pouring down uselessly could be caught in reservoirs and turned into many seeping rills through the desert sand. This has been done, and large tracts of country have been transformed from a waste to highly valuable arable lands.

This great Northwest, as Mr. Hill foresaw, has furnished homes to multitudes who would otherwise have had to eke out a meagre living in crowded places. Besides it has become a world-granary, with its large surplus of grain supplying food to the eastern United States, to lands across the Atlantic, and westward to the crowded Orient.

Bringing Men  
and Land To-  
gether

Mr. Hill lived to see the fulfilment of his dream, and more than the fulfilment, as the reality surpasses anything that even he could have imagined. His idea of large service was to bring men and land together, and he did it. "Men without land are a mob and land without men is a wilderness," he said. He was instrumental in adding an empire to the world which yields prosperity, health, beauty and has possibilities of doing still greater good.

While adding such wealth to the nation he naturally built up an unusual fortune for himself. From this fortune he made princely gifts to the public, but his popularity in his city and the whole northwest country was not dependent on his munificence. The people everywhere liked him, put their trust in him and turned the day of his coming to any city along the line into a celebration, because for two generations in all his business operations, big and little, they found him standing for integrity and square dealing. He worked on a broad basis and controlled large interests, but the public has always profited

Popularity of  
James J. Hill

by the strong man's rule. Here is the secret of his success, as he revealed it: "Whatever I have accomplished has been due to taking advantage of opportunities, and I have not been watching the clock. The simple truth is that any man who attends to his work will succeed anywhere."

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Early Home of  
an Empire-  
builder

When a baby boy who was given the common name of Donald Smith came into a humble home in northern Scotland, it would have been a ridiculous idea to point him out as a future empire-builder. His parents were so very poor that they had a struggle to provide the common, coarse food and clothing for their children, and any unusual advantages were not to be thought of. At that time there was no chance for a poor boy in Scotland to become anything but the man of grinding toil which his father was, unless he should happen to possess an unusually active mind. In that case he might be sent to the university to become a theologian or other professional man.

This boy, Donald Smith, gave no evidence of being an intellectual prodigy and thus deserving of a university course, and yet eventually in the world's estimation he rose high above any Scotch preacher or teacher. But he did not reach this eminence at a bound and he had to come all the way to America for a start.

A Humble and  
Hard Begin-  
ning

His was a humble and hard beginning. At the age of eighteen he came to Canada to enter the employ of the Hudson Bay Company at a salary of one hundred dollars a year. After the discomforts and hardships of a seven weeks' voyage across the Atlantic, he found the place to which he had been assigned, Labrador, as bleak and dismal as a homesick boy could well stand. In after years he often related some of his early experiences in this country, how the fort became ice-bound in severe winter weather and the people were forced to live on dried fish and deer meat without salt or flour for months

at a time; how he would see the dusky shapes of wolves prowling around his log cabin at night, and if his tallow candle was burning low how they would draw near the uncurtained windows and look in on him hungrily.

He carried with him to this frontier position, which he held thirteen years, the whole secret of his life success—his good home training in purity of life, love of work that was his to do, and habits of economy. “A boy’s home training and a mother’s influence have everything to do with a man’s career,” he used to say. His economy became proverbial. “Save half your earnings if you possibly can,” was his advice to young men after he became a man of wealth. He himself saved something even out of a salary of one hundred dollars a year, and he saved considerably more than half when it had reached fifteen hundred dollars. It was his practice not to spend money for unnecessary trifles in order that he might have it ready for the larger, essential things.

**His Economy  
and Industry**

So Donald Smith’s name came to stand for industry and hardihood. He could accomplish more in the early morning hours than many employed men do throughout the day. Like James Jerome Hill, he never watched the clock, except to see that it did not get ahead of his work. Then his strength to endure hardships is almost past belief. One writer says of him: “Young Donald Smith thought no more of coming down to Montreal, hundreds of miles by dog-train in the teeth of the wildest nor’easter, than we do of walking a block in New York on a windy day. Once his eyes went wrong—snow-blindness from fishing through glare ice and making long trips in the face of blizzards. He ‘dog-trained’ down to Montreal in mid-winter, had his eyes operated on, and in two days set out on his return journey.”

**His Endurance  
Almost Past  
Belief**

This young man who was all the time getting ready for the next larger work by doing his best in the lesser position where he was, climbed rapidly to places of honor and trust, and was looked on by those who knew him as one



of the great men of the near future. He dreamed a splendid dream of the development of Canada, as James J. Hill had dreamed of the northern United States; and Donald Smith, too, lived to see his dream verified.

His Dream of  
the Develop-  
ment of Canada

After his nerve had been tested by hard experiences, and his skill and judgment had been developed in this strenuous country, promotions came to him in quick succession. He was sent by the Hudson Bay Company to a larger territory with bigger problems in the Red River country. When others failed or dared not venture, he succeeded without hesitation. There was a threatening uprising among the Indians known as the Ried Rebellion. Donald Smith was the man who dared enter the hostile country, and he succeeded in putting down the rebellion. He was one of the men who joined James J. Hill in buying up the St. Paul and Pacific Railway and running a line to the Canadian Pacific. When the Canadian government gave up the latter road, Donald Smith stood ready to undertake the work and he carried it to its successful completion. He was made governor of the Hudson Bay Company, and a few years later reached the distinction of becoming Canadian High Commissioner in London.

Queen Victoria  
Raises Him to  
the Peerage

For his services in developing Canada Queen Victoria knighted him, and in 1897 at the time of her diamond jubilee, she added to his honors by raising him to the peerage. Little Donald Smith, the poor Scotch boy without any prospects in life, by his own pluck, industry and persistence had climbed upwards until he became Lord Strathcona, a multi-millionaire, and a man of vast influence and power. What are tales of romance compared with the true story of such a life?

But best of all, through all these favors of fortune he retained his rugged simplicity of life and character. Although he received greater special favors from the Queen than any other peer in the realm perhaps, he kept up his sympathetic interest in the humble class from which he came. He never forgot what it is to be poor, and while his

gifts to the public were magnificent, there were many individuals among the lowly, both white and Indian, who knew him as their life-long benefactor.

His great gift, though, to all classes was the opening up of Canada, by which he gave employment and comfortable homes to tens of thousands. His name will continue to stand among those of the world's benefactors. Like other great men, his splendid undertakings were watched and criticized by the multitudes of smaller men who lacked industry and enterprise. The highly successful in a financial way are often accused of taking undue advantage of others. This is usually unjust. We must remember that these princes of finance worked while others lounged and saved where others wasted; and in the case of nation-developers like Lord Strathcona and James Jerome Hill, for every dollar they added to their private fortunes many thousands were added by their work to the nation's present and future wealth.

One of the  
World's Bene-  
factors

The motto of Lord Strathcona's life was the same as the motto of the coat-of-arms which he adopted—"Perseverance." When asked the secret of success he answered: "Save half you earn. Look ahead; and hang on! Hang on! Never let go!"

## CHAPTER VIII

### POINTING THE WAY

Side with truth before it is popular to side with it. Side with God and humanity and human hope just as fast as you can see what is best for humanity, what promises the most for human life.—*Minot J. Savage.*



HE mistress of a pleasant southern home looked out one day on a picturesque gathering under the trees in the yard; her little five-year-old son, standing on a stool and surrounded by colored children of different ages, was preaching to them his first sermon. His large blue eyes shone with the fervor of his message and his hearers sat listening in wonder to the baby eloquence of the little preacher, a few nodding their heads in approval, as they had seen their elders do in church. The mother stepped out of sight so as not to disturb "the meeting," wondering, as mothers will, what would be the future of this little son of hers.

Foreshadow-  
ing the Future

Years passed and the little boy reached the age of eighteen, but though only a youth in years, he had already assumed the responsibilities of manhood. Thus early he had come to the branching of the ways calling for definite decision. One road led straight into the ministry, from the first his chosen vocation; the other, with the same life-work in view, would take him around by way of a college course. This was long before a full college training was deemed indispensable to men of his calling; and for certain reasons, chiefly because of the urgent need of preachers in his part of the country, he took the direct road; and thus he early became Reverend John H. Vincent.

The Branching  
of the Ways

At that time many preachers were content with the

knowledge gained from the Bible and a commentary or two, but this young preacher always carried in his saddlebags besides these a few texts which were a part of a college course. Wherever he happened to be, a book was always close at hand, and while other young men in their hours of leisure lounged about without any definite purpose, he was busy getting knowledge. His sermons were carefully prepared and preached with sincerity and fervor. In consequence he rose rapidly in the church and was given responsible positions; at the same time he was laying a firm foundation for broad scholarship.

**Busy Getting  
Knowledge**

Never did he relinquish the idea of getting an education. He believed that while the college was the centre of learning, it did not mean that enlightenment was limited to such institutions. Outside as well were books and real life full of information. It would be an achievement worth while to gain knowledge as he went along and put it to working use. In short, he determined to demonstrate that a man can educate himself when necessary without going to college.

But he did more than study books and preach effective sermons. He questioned conditions which most people take for granted, and he saw how old monotonous ways of working and living could be changed with better results. From first to last his chief interest lay in the welfare of the common people, that large class of whom Lincoln once said that God must love them as He had made so many of them. This young preacher, too, loved them and he longed fervently to see larger interests entering their cramped lives. He believed most thoroughly that everyone needs enlightenment, as he does sunshine and pure air, that the mind to be healthy and happy requires an ever-widening horizon. As his experience grew with years, he saw what narrow lives many lived and how far they were from being what nature had made it possible for them to become, simply because of lack of knowledge and mental training. A plan to meet this

**Interest in the  
Welfare of the  
Common People**



lack of systematic mental training gradually opened up in his mind for others, as it had for himself. His friends became interested in his ideas, and definite courses of home reading and study were planned.

Universal Need  
of Systematic  
Mental Train-  
ing

There were various classes of people to be taken into consideration in providing these courses; for instance, some had enjoyed early advantages, but had allowed the rush and struggle of this work-a-day world to push out of sight the larger interests which they had once enjoyed. With this class the end of school or college days had marked the turning-point, after which had come a gradual slipping away of whatever knowledge had been acquired. Another and larger class of men and women had grown up without opportunity for scholastic training, and all these shared in the common belief that education was to be acquired only within school and college walls. Most of these people were in the habit of picking up detached bits of information from periodicals and other publications, but had no idea of directing such haphazard reading into a definite course for genuine development, such as more fortunate young people were pursuing in institutions of learning.

The World Was  
His Parish

The man who thus led in establishing "a university of the people" became a Bishop in his chosen denomination, and the institution of popular education conceived by him was the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle. Bishop Vincent was eminently fitted for the task he had set himself. In the first place, he was thoroughly democratic, believing with all his might in whatever was for the greatest good to the greatest number. In the second place, he was far more than a great preacher even in a strong denomination. The world was his parish in every sense, and it was natural that his influence should be felt in many departments of life.

Moreover, he possessed wide experience, and came in close touch with a great body of people. He knew many parents who deplored their lack of mental train-

ing and felt keenly that their children were growing away from them, that the time must come when they and their children could no longer see things from the same viewpoint. There was also a large class of shut-ins who needed some interest in common with others. What could be more unifying than to be following the same line of reading and study, to belong to the same circle even though they seldom saw the other members?

Such was the development of Dr. Vincent's idea in a broad way, but at closer range we see the narrower steps leading up to the general movement. With the department of the Sunday School of the church in his special charge, the young divine soon came to see how crude were the methods employed and how inadequate the teaching. There was no system or uniformity; no definite plan of Bible study was followed, and the lesson read in one church or community was not the one considered elsewhere.

**Formulating a  
Definite Plan  
of Bible Study**

This earnest young man saw what a waste of time and thought power this represented. "One lesson ought to lead up to the next," he said to himself and others. "Bible study should be made both interesting and profitable." He insisted on system and uniformity. The lesson of a particular week in the Presbyterian or any other church ought to be the one studied in every other church. Bible study he claimed ought to bring people closer together instead of separating them. When only twenty years of age, he started a class for systematic Bible study called the Palestine Class. He thought and spoke and wrote much on the subject, and the interest quickly spread beyond his own church.

**The Palestine  
Class**

As the study of the Bible progressed, he found that many students were hampered by lack of knowledge in other departments. How could they understand Bible lands and peoples unless they knew something of collateral history? How could they appreciate the ethics taught by Moses and the prophets except in contrast with

the low morals of surrounding idolatrous nations? How could teachers adapt and apply the lessons to modern life unless they knew conditions beyond their own neighborhood? To fill this need, additional studies were added, and the work of the Palestine Class came to represent a brief but definite course of study.

Bible Institute  
at Chautauqua

Later Dr. Vincent conceived the idea of giving the people of these various Bible classes, many of them not trained to study, a chance to meet together for a few weeks each year, where under efficient teachers they could in a profitable way study the Bible and related subjects. The general meeting place selected was Chautauqua, New York. The best teachers and speakers were secured, and the wonderful revelation of the Bible was unfolded to the listening people in a way they had never known. New studies in history and literature were constantly added and the Bible Institute grew in influence and favor. Out of this movement was later evolved the International Sunday School Lesson system of the present.

Conception of  
a Great Idea

The Bible Institute at Chautauqua led to the broader undertaking. Dr. Vincent looked back at his own experience in self-training, and he reasoned that what he and a few others had done, could be done by many others. The idea took possession of him of carrying a college course into the homes of the multitudes, many of whom had not so much as seen the outside of a college building. He thus planned comprehensively for "a world university," and before he was fifty years of age he and his co-worker, Louis Miller, had inaugurated the Chautauqua movement. Dr. Vincent had already achieved international fame as a Sunday School leader, and through this subsequent effort his name became that of a household friend in numberless homes throughout this land and others where Chautauqua courses of study were followed.

When the comprehensive plan took shape, it developed into a course of training for the great body of people, a

series of studies systematically followed at home with graduation and diploma after the four years' course had been completed, and, after that, graduate courses for those who wished to continue. All this was to be accomplished by giving a little leisure time every day without in any way interfering with the regular employment.

To understand what Chautauqua meant to the country more than a quarter of a century ago, one must know what vacant spaces in the average person's life, especially among women, it came to fill. The present day women's club-movement was in its infancy. Lectures and popular entertainments numbered a very few in many towns. Periodicals were limited to a few high-priced standard magazines. Telephones and automobiles were unknown, and even bicycles were something of a novelty. Street cars, where they existed at all, were horse-cars, with a few cable cars in the larger cities; and streets and highways, which were solely of nature's making were usually ankle-deep with mud or fine dust according to the season. Community interests were not what they are at present, and families were more or less isolated. There was need of a unifying, uplifting and spiritualizing movement, broad in its conception and its sympathies and yet adapted to the limited intellectual life of the various classes in a community. All this and more the Chautauqua movement proved to be.

What the Chautauqua Movement Meant to the Country

The most important feature was the Reading Circle. Nearly every town a few years ago had at least one circle, and in the larger towns there were several, while in many country neighborhoods the social centre was represented by the Chautauqua Circle. Social and church lines were lost sight of and all met on an equal footing in this work. The time required for the Chautauqua work amounted to very little per day, so little that it was not missed from the regular pursuits. Many women declared that the systematic reading led them to devise better system in their household duties and thus gained

A College Course at Home



them more time than was spent in reading. Others said that the new interest added such zest to life that they naturally worked faster and more effectively. It was often declared that the new view of the world and life was like an opening of the doors and shutters of mental environment. First came the glimpses here and there of the past and present, then a few connecting links, and finally the students felt themselves stepping out into the open of world-wide humanity. All this was a great stimulus to both mind and body.

**The Local  
Circles**

The weekly or bi-weekly and, in a few cases, monthly meetings of the local circle were more than mere recitation hours. There was the usual exchange of views on those occasions, giving each one the benefit of the thought of others, and the inspiration of united effort was received; but of more value still were the sympathy and spirit of co-operation kindled among the members. They learned to know and appreciate their neighbors, as well as people of former times and distant climes.

**The Annual  
Assembly at  
Chautauqua**

The time to look forward to each year, and to think and talk about after the great event had closed, was the Annual Assembly. The Chautauqua grew to be a large, important association with buildings and grounds, and when the shaded streets were lined with tents, large and small, and the different departments of class work were in the hands of instructors of wide reputation, and the far-famed lecturers or equally noted musicians occupied the platform both afternoon and evening, Chautauqua enthusiasm ran high. In a few years the Assembly became a great reunion, and that individual who did not arrive with a smile of expectation on his face was a hopeless "grouch." The Chautauqua Assembly became an annual outing as well, a vacation spent in the open, to tens of thousands in our country. There was exaltation in the surroundings like worshiping God on the mountain top. Bishop Vincent has expressed this thought in one of his addresses: "Over our heads behold the

sky with its bright vault and sapphire wall—the dome of our university.”

The results of the Chautauqua movement cannot all be gathered up to be weighed or measured; the most we can do is to recognize and give credit for the more obvious ones. Because of it a new interest entered the lives of men and women everywhere, greatly adding to their happiness and usefulness. A new bond grew out of it to unite people of all ranks and of varying religious faith. A strong impetus was given to the great general cause of education. The Chautauqua course directed many young men and women to regular college halls, who left to themselves would not have possessed sufficient ambition or courage; and parents in great numbers have been inspired in the same way to give their children the benefit of a full college course. Another definite gain which has come to the people from the Chautauqua movement, shows the power of inspiration and example. While there were those among university leaders who criticized the Chautauqua course as superficial, forgetting that all it claimed to be was a makeshift for the many who had not time, means or preparation for college work; yet in the university extension and correspondence systems which followed, we can see the direct influence of Chautauqua's plan for popular education.

And does not he who thus popularized education by bringing within the reach of all in the homes opportunities previously enjoyed only by the few within academic walls, deserve a high rank among world benefactors? It required large faith in the ability of the common people to originate and lead in this movement, and it took a heroic spirit to brave criticism. The Chautauqua movement was a splendid undertaking successfully carried out; Bishop Vincent's long life has been devoted also to distinguished service in various other fields for human welfare. Leading educators and universities have honored his broad culture as the highest product of Chris-

Results of the  
Chautauqua  
Movement

A Splendid  
Undertaking  
Successfully  
Carried Out

tian scholarship, and he has the distinction of being the most widely known, the best beloved of university chancellors.

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A Practical  
Idealist

In the latter part of the nineteenth century there lived in Toledo, Ohio, a man who like many others claimed to hold in high esteem the Golden Rule and the Declaration of Independence. Where he differed radically from most of the others, though, was in acting as if he believed these two famous manifestoes mean exactly what they say, and when he took to applying their teachings to everyday life he was considered very peculiar indeed. Now if this man had been poor and unknown or had lived in some quiet corner far removed from the public eye, he might have cherished any kind of an unusual notion without disturbing others, but inasmuch as he was a factory owner employing many men and was four times elected mayor of his city, his odd ways caused all kinds of comments.

"Golden Rule  
Jones"

However, the start in life of Samuel Milton Jones, now known to the nation as "Golden Rule Jones," was of the humblest. And the story of his rise shows how determined and consecrated spirits may reach success with every chance against them. Here was another case of a truly great man making his own way from early boyhood. The family had been among the poorest in Wales, but fortunately for his future, his parents came to this country when he was but a young child, and he was privileged to grow up in a land where opportunity beckons to every wide-awake boy, be he rich or poor.

His school advantages were next to nothing. Altogether he spent only thirty months of his young life as a schoolboy, yet he became educated in a big, broad sense, and business men are rarely as well read as he was. He knew the world's best literature, as many college men and women do not, and he could quote his favorite authors to suit any thought or occasion. From the Bible, the

poets, the philosophers he learned the great and true lessons which he applied to everyday life.

By the time he was fifty years of age wealth began coming his way from a lucky invention he had brought out, a sucker rod used in oil-wells. He was then in a position to retire and spend the rest of his life in ease and comfort. Many men in his place would have dropped back, feeling that they had done their share of the world's work, but he did not look on a living as the chief end of effort. At fifty he was not old but just ready to live, and it was after this age that he carried out all the plans which made him noted.

**A Lucky  
Invention**

His invention led to the establishment of a factory and brought him into close touch with many workmen. He found that not a few men in the city were working for less than one dollar a day. Everywhere he saw an ugly, selfish struggle, big corporations getting the most work possible for the least pay and employees in turn doing the least they could for what they received—two classes as far apart in sympathy as if they had belonged to different worlds.

Jones the employer began to apply the Golden Rule. He looked at his own men and asked himself: "If I were one of them, how would I want to be treated?" Experience quickly answered this question. But another equally insistent arose: "What of the equality of rights, equal chances, in a system which allows a few to pile up more profits than they can possibly make use of by the means of the overworked, underpaid thousands who toil for them?" From the time he began answering these questions to his own satisfaction he became a much-talked-of man, and it was not long before he was known at home and abroad as "Golden Rule Jones."

**Applying the  
Golden Rule  
as an Employer**

Up to that time it had been customary for a workman's day to be at least twelve hours long. "Golden Rule Jones" knew well what a day meant that was all work and no play. At the age of ten he had been in the



employ of a farmer who kept him busy from four in the morning till night, and a few years later he had put in regularly twelve hours a day in a saw-mill. Now when he had power over others he decided that no person in his employ should give him more than eight hours a day.

**An Eight-hour  
Day for His  
Workmen**

When it became known that the sucker rod factory had established the eight-hour day for all workmen, there were employers in the city who were not at all pleased. Naturally they did not relish an example of this kind in plain view of their own men. "Jones is a disturbing element," they said, and predicted bankruptcy. But to the surprise of everyone, after increasing his working force "Golden Rule Jones' " next step was to raise the scale of wages in his factory, and still he prospered. "A living wage for the head of the family and no child-labor," was his position. "The business of this shop is to make men; the making of money is an incidental detail," was his motto.

In his factory he had but one rule and that was painted on a piece of tin and nailed up where all could see it—"Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them." He had no overseer to watch the workmen that they did not shirk, but allowed each one to make his own report. He would have no piecework, and no child was employed in his factory. Every week in the pay envelope of each factory hand he enclosed a letter giving a heart-to-heart talk.

**Kindness to  
Everyone**

His kindness to everyone became proverbial, and the penniless found in him a friend even though he could not give them work. The notice "No more help wanted" was never seen in his factory. He remembered too well how depressing were those placards to him when, as a youth of eighteen, he had landed in a strange oil town with only fifteen cents in his pocket. No, he would see each one who came hunting for work, have a talk with him, keep him from despair and very likely point out something else to him if the factory was full. That any

homeless, penniless man should turn away from his door without a bit of friendly encouragement was not to be thought of.

He believed in equality. "Just folks," he used to say, whether he meant those living in palaces or in crowded tenements along the alleys. All being "just folks," logically there could be no feeling of social inferiority. All were as good as the best if they lived clean, true, useful lives.

With all his generosity, the profits from his invention came in more and more rapidly, and his fortune grew to such size that Mr. Jones would exclaim in comic dismay, "If I don't look out I'll get to be a millionaire after all!" And yet he had been spending money right and left for the good of the people about him. To give his employees and others a general meeting place, a large room in the factory had been fitted up for an audience room and named Golden Rule Hall; here every Sunday afternoon the people crowded in to listen to speaking and music. Sometimes Mr. Jones himself would talk to his people; at other times those in sympathy with his views, speakers having wide reputation, were secured, who told the men, women and children of different classes sitting before them how love and justice would one day usher in world-brotherhood, equal opportunities to all with special privileges to none, and the ideal government where the strongest would help the weakest.

A bright spot for the people who were not near the large city parks was Golden Rule Park, consisting of about an acre of ground adjoining the factory, which Mr. Jones gave to the public. Here men and women in their leisure hours sat under the trees talking peaceably with their neighbors instead of carousing in low drinking-dives as they do in many factory neighborhoods; and the children played there, swinging high in the bright sunshine and digging in sand-piles till their cheeks were the color of the roses.

Applying the  
Golden Rule as  
Mayor

About this time a wonderful thing happened to "Golden Rule Jones." He was made mayor of his city. But what followed after he got into office did not please the politicians much. He carried the Golden Rule with him into politics as he had into business. He still made no arbitrary distinctions between men, and when the "bosses" who, for purposes of their own, had led in his election came for a big share of the spoils, they found themselves received by the new mayor on their own merits as men and citizens, but not as bosses.

When the time came for another election, therefore, Mr. Jones was not nominated by the leaders of his party. Golden Rule politics was not to their taste. But Mr. Jones decided to run as an independent candidate and was elected. A third, and a fourth time, he was elected mayor, and died while in office. The common people had unbounded faith in him. It is said that the Poles would write his name on every ballot they voted whether it was the year he was running or not—"Samuel Milton Jones" must be on their ballot.

Beneficent  
Innovations

Mr. Jones had long dreamed of improvements and changes for the public good that he would make if he had the power, so as soon as he was vested with the mayor's authority he began agitating these questions. Several of his innovations are now common to every city, but only a few years ago they were looked on with suspicion and excited much opposition. He brought about the eight-hour day for all city employees. "Every man who is willing to work, has a right to live. Divide up the day and give him a chance," said the Golden Rule mayor. He worked for free kindergartens, established public playgrounds and golf-links, introduced free concerts in the parks, and pained many good people by insisting on lodging-houses for tramps. Then he won the heart of every fun-loving child in the city by using the park teams in the winter to give the school children free sleigh-rides.

"Golden Rule Jones" was criticized, censured, ma-

ligned by those in high places, as few public men have been. He did not please the politicians, the industrial magnates, or the church leaders; he was far too radical for any of these. But he went on quietly with his work, never showing anger or resentment. The common people, and especially his own employees, loved and trusted him. His words and works became famous all over the country and even in foreign lands. Tolstoi reached out to him a hand of fellowship from Russia; Dr. Edward Everett Hale, Edwin Markham, William Dean Howells, and Thomas Wentworth Higginson were among those in this country who sympathized with his views. The firm belief of all these earnest thinkers was voiced by "Golden Rule Jones" when he said: "I pin my faith to love as the only power to rule the world."

Fame and  
Friends



## CHAPTER IX

### MAKING THE WORLD HOMELIKE

As once He sat over against the treasury, so now Christ sits over against the ballot box to see what His disciples cast therein.—*Mary Allen West.*



IF ALL leaders in reforms the one most generally beloved was Frances E. Willard. So very great was her influence over her associates and so loyal were they to her, that sometimes the world outside accused her of exercising hypnotic power. If so, it was of the involuntary kind, the kind which always goes with large sympathy and strong personality. She was by nature a leader whom many felt proud to follow. It was in her nature also to love humanity and especially those who stood nearest in the battles of life, and they gave her love in return.

The Beloved  
Leader

Her entrance into the life and experiences which seemed designed to fit her for subsequent leadership was when as a child of seven she was introduced to frontier life in Wisconsin. The family traveled all the way from Oberlin, Ohio, to Janesville, Wisconsin, in three "prairie schooners." The long ride of five hundred miles through deep woods and over seemingly interminable prairies must have been tedious at times to the parents, but Frances, her younger sister Mary and the twelve-year-old brother Oliver who rejoiced in the dignity of driving the middle wagon, found the way teeming with new life and interest. After the house aptly named "Forest Home" had been built on their farm and made homelike, the children would not have changed places with the children of the rich in a city mansion. Looking back over the joy of those early experiences, Miss Willard wrote in her

"Forest  
Home"

“Glimpses of Fifty Years”: “There were calves, pigs and chickens to play with, and we children, who had always lived in town, thought there was never anything half so delightful as this new home on the edge of the fine groves of oak and hickory that lined the river, and the prairie that stretched away toward the east until it met the sky.”

In this frontier home free from the restraints of conventional life, Frances and her sister lived out in the open and learned to do the things their brother did, with four exceptions forbidden by their father, hunting, boating, swimming and horseback riding. Frances especially kept pace with her brother, or followed a close second, in skill with carpenter tools, making carts and sleds, cross-guns and ship-handles, in walking on stilts, spinning tops, pitching horseshoes, playing marbles and Prisoners' Base, climbing trees, using a cross-gun, milking cows and harnessing a horse in three minutes. Instead of the horse she was not allowed to ride, Frances appropriated and trained a heifer to take its place. In her reminiscences of those happy days, she related: “With much feeding and caressing and no end of currycombing to make her coat shine, Dime was brought up to a high degree of civilization. She would ‘moo’ whenever I approached and follow me about like a dog. She would submit to being led by a bridle; she was gradually broken to harness and would draw hand-sleds for us girls; but the crowning success was when she ‘got wonted’ (which really meant when she willed) to the saddle, and though I had many an inglorious tumble before the summit of my hopes was reached, I found himself at last in possession of an outlandish steed whose every motion threatened a catastrophe, and whose awkwardness was such that her trainer never gave a public exhibition of the animal's powers, but used to ride out of sight down in the big ravine, and only when the boys were busy in the field.” To offset the trained cow, Mary had a pet goat which was

Formative  
Influences

An Outlandish  
Steed

serviceable as carrier of lunches and sketching material when the girls went on their frequent expeditions to the groves along the river bank. When Frances reached the age of fifteen the father withdrew his objections to horse-back riding and after that their great delight was to gallop up and down the road like wild Indians; and as for Dime she peacefully dropped back into the narrower sphere of activity for which nature had designed her.

It is easy to understand how in this untrammelled life the instinctive love of freedom and independence which early characterized Frances Willard took deep root, and that here was awakened and fostered the love of clean, wholesome surroundings which later led her to oppose all impurity of whatever kind. Here, too, were bred that courage and power of initiative which made her one of the world's greatest leaders.

These varied activities, both of work and play, were in themselves a valuable education, but besides these, the Willard children were fortunate in having parents both educated and refined. The zestful experiences in the outdoor world became the open way to a ready comprehension of thoughts and facts given in the well-worn volumes of their family library. It was really an advanced kindergarten method although no school or teacher in this country at that time knowingly taught by any such method. The mother was always at home to enlighten and direct, and for short periods the living room was converted into a school-room with a private teacher as resident instructor. But by the time Frances was in her sixteenth year, the community decided on a public school.

When the little log schoolhouse, which Miss Willard remembered as resembling "a big ground nut," was ready for use, and a teacher had been secured, and the eventful first day arrived, the enthusiasm of Frank, as she was called, was unbounded. In her journal she wrote that morning: "Mary and I got up long before light and got ready for school. Our tin pail of dinner, satchel of

Training School  
for Life

Wonderful  
Advantages

books, hoods and cloaks are all waiting for us. Not time yet!" Many years later in retrospection she wrote of this first day of her public school life: "At last Professor Hodge appeared. He stood on the steps and rang the bell, long, loud and merrily. My heart bounded and I said inside of it, so that nobody heard, 'At last we are going to school all by ourselves, Mary and I, and are going to have advantages like other folks, just as mother said we should! O! goody, goody, goody!'" She did not yet appreciate how real were the advantages which they had been enjoying, and how well the preparatory course taken in the home and the surroundings of nature had fitted them for the formal school work which appeared so desirable. She knew only that the ten years in Forest Home had been most delightful years, that the instruction given them by their busy mother and an occasional private teacher had whetted their appetite until they were hungry for knowledge.

The First  
School

There were indications in the early life of Frances Willard that her future work would be marked by individuality and independent thought. Glimmerings appeared of her future strong convictions of women's equal rights to higher advantages and her equal responsibility as a citizen, when she cherished a secret protest against her father's prohibition of horseback riding. A more distinct feeling arose in her heart when Oliver was sent to a college where she could not enter, and again when he attended lectures by noted men in a neighboring town while the girls remained at home. In her journal are the following mild symptoms of rebellion against sex discrimination: "Oliver has gone to town to attend Taylor's concert. I'll make up for this hermitacy—*never you mind!*" "Oliver has gone to town to hear John G. Saxe lecture. I'll go sometime, do you hear?"

Hints of  
the Coming  
Woman

When a stray copy of "Una," a woman's rights paper, fell into her hands she read it with avidity without any shock to her sense of propriety.



Perhaps she was all unconsciously absorbing independent ways of thought in the home. Evidently her mother had views of her own on the subject of sex equality of rights which she hid in her heart. One day Mr. Willard upon his return from town related how Maine had passed a temperance law.

"I wonder if poor, rum-cursed Wisconsin will ever get a law like that," was his comment.

A Progressive  
Mother

The mother was silent a moment, evidently weighing the effect of a statement of her own belief. "Yes, Josiah," she replied in her quiet tones, "there'll be such a law all over the land some day, when women shall vote."

When Oliver  
Voted

The surprised father, who did not share in any zeal for woman's suffrage, may quickly have forgotten the incident, but not so Frances. She, too, hid the thought in her heart and said little for many years. When Oliver, after reaching maturity, one day went off with his father to vote, the hidden thought appeared for an instant. Of this incident Miss Willard said: "Standing by the window, a girl of sixteen years, I looked out as they drove, and I felt a strange ache in my heart, and tears sprang to my eyes. Turning to my sister Mary, I saw that the dear little innocent seemed wonderfully sober, too. I said, 'Don't you wish that we could go with them when we are old enough? Don't we love our country just as well as they do?' And her little frightened voice piped out, 'Yes, of course we ought, don't I know that? But you mustn't tell a soul—not Mother even; we should be called strong-minded.' "

It was not just a desire to vote that moved them. It was a critical period when a few votes more or less might determine the extension or suppression of slavery. The question which persisted in rising in the mind of the young patriot was, "If we were old enough why shouldn't we help to save our country?" Years later, the question was uttered boldly and was never again hidden away as something she dared not mention.

Gradually higher educational advantages were accorded women, and Frances Willard was ready for them. In Northwestern Female College in Evanston the girl who had lived ten years in a schoolless Wisconsin community, outshone her classmates in scholarship and became a general leader in literary societies. Her ability was so marked that before long she was elected editor of the college paper, and everyone had her down for the valedictory long before the honor was formally conferred on her.

A Brilliant  
College Girl

A growing ambition to be of some use to the world, to achieve, had followed her through all the years of activity and wonderful dreams in Forest Home. After graduating she insisted on teaching, even against the wishes of her father. Country teaching in that day was a cheerless, poorly paid occupation, but it was about the only field of work open to an educated woman, and Frances Willard knew that she could never be content to spend her days in a haphazard way as many young ladies did after graduation. She must have a definite work which depended on her for the doing. Her attitude towards work may be inferred from the following written in her journal: "When the census-taker wrote 'teacher' opposite my name, I stood up a little straighter and thought to myself, 'You are of the workers now, thank God for it.' "

One of the  
Workers

After years of successful teaching, the field of work opened up to Frances Willard in which she was to reach world distinction. It was the temperance movement derided by many and with comparatively few supporters who dared look forward to any outcome but dismal failure.

The temperance crusade had begun in Ohio where women of all classes in the town of Hillsboro had joined together in marching to the saloons. There they sang temperance songs, and prayed and pleaded with saloon keepers and men who frequented those places. The move-

ment spread from city to city and from State to State. In less than two months two hundred and fifty towns had closed their saloons.

Miss Willard, then a teacher in the Northwestern University, followed closely the accounts appearing in the papers. From childhood she had held temperance views, and had subscribed in early life to the total abstinence pledge:

“To quench our thirst we’ll always bring  
Cold water from the well or spring,  
So here we pledge perpetual hate  
To all that can intoxicate.”

When the sweeping crusade struck Chicago, her interest became intense. Then it was that, as she said, for the first time it occurred to her that she ought to work for the cause *just where she was*. In that method alone she saw the success of temperance work and the downfall of the saloon. When every person in sympathy with the movement would change his attitude from the passive to the active, and begin, just where he was, to work against the liquor power, the combined result would mean success. She herself began by assigning to her classes in English composition subjects on the temperance question instead of war heroes of the past and issues that lived only in history; and the students returned to their homes the following vacation imbued with temperance sentiments.

A company of crusaders in Chicago were insulted and threatened with violence by a crowd of roughs in league with the saloon element. In the intensity of her indignation, after reading about the disgraceful attack, Miss Willard made a forceful temperance speech. She was asked again and again for more speeches, and before long, without any preconceived plan, her reputation as a speaker was established. When for other reasons she resigned her position as dean of the Woman’s College, she was free

Early  
Temperance  
Views

Working for  
the Cause  
Just Where  
She Was

to take more active part in the cause which seemed to her of paramount importance.

It was at this stage that she made an important self-sacrifice. After it became known that she had severed her connections with the Northwestern, many offers of excellent teaching positions came to her. Her friends advised her that, as she had no private means, she could not afford to turn away from assured good salaries to the uncertainties of a new and unpopular cause. By nature and training, too, her place was among the educated and the cultured, and not among the hoodlums of the saloon gutters.

The Cross-roads

Then one day she came to the cross-roads. Two letters arrived, one offering her the head position in a fashionable boarding school at a salary of twenty-four hundred dollars a year, with the privilege of doing as much or as little work as she pleased; the other from the newly organized Woman's Christian Temperance Union of Chicago, begging her to become its head. The letter which conveyed the second offer was not one to inspire her with much confidence in the success of the undertaking from a worldly standpoint. "We are a little band, without money or experience, but with strong faith," it read.

Miss Willard had been waiting for an opportunity of the latter kind, and she took it to be her open door. The principalship in the fashionable school was declined without hesitation, and the leadership of the new movement was accepted. She hastened to Chicago and entered on the work with which her name is inseparably linked.

Her Open Door

If, as Lowell says, "no man is born into this world whose work is not born with him," the work born with Frances Willard was the temperance cause. Not that she was not fitted for leadership in other departments. From her first position as teacher in a country school to that of dean of the Woman's College of Northwestern University, she had met with marked success. But it was the cause of temperance which needed just her leadership.



There was in it a steady demand for all the energy, initiative, courage, and strong independence which her vigorous life in Wisconsin had stored up in her being; there was as great need for her self-sacrificing devotion and the religious faith without which her efforts would often have been paralyzed by discouragements looming mountain high.

The story of her early work in Chicago is of thrilling interest. The beginning was small. In that day, years before the Woman's Temple was thought of, the temperance workers led by Miss Willard ventured on renting a small, dark office room for headquarters. They worked unceasingly in season and out, gradually gaining more of the public attention. Miss Willard, who at first was receiving no remuneration for her whole-hearted work, sometimes lacked the bare necessities of life, but she remained oblivious to the discomforts of hunger and cold. In her autobiography she wrote that there were certain advantages in being nearly destitute. She could get closer to the poor among whom she labored and could gain a clearer appreciation of their hardships and temptations. Those were glorious days, though full of hardships and deprivations, when her exalted faith in the temperance work as her field, and in God as the One able to supply not alone her needs but those of the great cause to insure coming victory, gave her a wonderful sense of freedom.

The first national convention of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, which was held at Cleveland, Ohio, in 1874, was an event never to be forgotten. It was among the new things, a meeting of this kind, and very different from the mapped-out, cut-and-dried, wire-pulling occasions of the present known as conventions. The women, full of the crusade zeal of the previous winter, came as to a consecration service. They had no set form of business, no regular speeches; it was more like a large testimony meeting.

A Story of  
Self-sacrifice

The First  
National  
Convention

Miss Willard, present as a delegate from Illinois, gave a strong impetus to the work. Her devotion, her faith, her simple eloquence and charm of manner brought young courage to the older women. Her hope of success was contagious, and with her in the lead they saw victory ahead.

Miss Willard's  
Charm

There were many who felt fearful of the outcome when women first banded together in the cause of temperance; it quite looked as if they were getting out of their sphere. But there was consternation even in the ranks of the crusaders, when Frances Willard came out for woman suffrage, hesitatingly at first but soon giving her convictions with confidence. It was at a small state convention where she took her first stand by introducing a suffrage resolution.

The first effect was what she had feared—someone moved to lay the resolution on the table. This, however, failed, and a spirited debate followed. Miss Willard with much emotion told the convention how this conviction had come to her from God. “There was borne in upon my mind, as I believe from loftier regions, this declaration, ‘You are to speak for woman’s ballot as a weapon for the protection of her home,’ ” she said with trembling voice. Then gaining confidence, she convinced the half-frightened women that the lack of voting power was the weak point in their movement to protect the home. They might pray and plead, but to the men alone belonged the power of making laws. Wifely devotion, mother love, would remain the same, but armed with the ballot women would change conditions and protect loved ones against their own besetting weakness.

Coming Out  
for Woman  
Suffrage

Her sympathetic reasoning was irresistible, and the resolution was adopted. It was a new note in the temperance world which awakened lively disagreements. With something of the old fear clinging to her which her sister Mary had whispered so many years before, Miss Willard returned to Chicago half-frightened at her own

audacity. But once having committed herself, a sense of freedom followed and from that time on she spoke out in no uncertain way on the subject of the ballot as a protection of the home. Her friends disapproved, and more than anything else she disliked to pain those who loved her. Some of them dropped away from her, and others regarded her with suspicion. In her reminiscences she tells how on one occasion, after she had finished a speech in which she endorsed woman suffrage, "a lady from New York, gray-haired and dignified, who was presiding, said to the audience: 'The National Woman's Christian Temperance Union is not responsible for the utterances of this evening. We have no mind to trail our skirts in the mire of politics!'" And yet after a few short years the National Union adopted a suffrage plank!

Miss Willard grew rapidly in influence and power. The acme was reached when, to the honor of being president of the National W. C. T. U., was added that of president of the World W. C. T. U. The Union had branched out in ever new ways until there was no department of activity which women could enter that was not represented. By 1898, the time of Miss Willard's death, the World Union with its numerous branches had been established in fifty different nations.

By means of the World Union Miss Willard was able to direct two important movements. The first was the petition which she addressed to the "Governments of the World." It was an appeal to the different governments to end the liquor and opium trade. Copies of it were signed by the local unions and presented to the ruling powers. After that they were all sent back to W. C. T. U. headquarters in America with the signatures in over fifty different languages, and were brought to the notice of the President of the United States and later to that of Queen Victoria of England.

The giant petitions containing over two million signatures traveled from place to place to be exhibited in large

convention halls. Their full purpose was accomplished—they served to awaken public attention to the evils of liquor and opium, and became a decided educative agency.

The purpose of the World Christian Temperance Union was to establish a close bond between women of all lands and to make possible a uniting of their forces. The motto, "For God and Home and Native Land," came to mean the native land of all peoples, and everywhere the effort of "organized motherhood" was to protect the sacredness of the home.

Organized  
Motherhood

For many years vague rumors of inhuman persecutions had come from Armenia, the ancient Christian nation held in Turkish bondage. All at once the reports became more definite, full of gruesome details. Then a shipload of Armenians, wounded and maimed, escaped and reached Marseilles, France. The refugees weak from torture and deprivations revealed to the Christian world how the little nation was being slaughtered, fifty thousand men, women and children in a year; how homes were desecrated and every sense of decency was violated.

Miss Willard, who had gone to France for a much needed rest, at once forgot her weariness when she read the story of the refugees. Hastening to Marseilles, she took personal charge of relief work for the strangers. A hospital was equipped for the sick and wounded, and homes found for the weary and heartsick. Then she sailed for America "with a crusader's message in her heart."

Armenian  
Outrages

Her first fervent appeal was to the Government at Washington to join with England in preventing this wholesale destruction of a people. Then she sent out appeals to the many local unions, exhorting them to collect money and supplies for the needs of the desecrated homes in Armenia.

The country was roused as never before by an appeal for a distant people. The topic everywhere was Armenia. Through press and pulpit, Miss Willard's message was sent over the land—the story of the desolation of a peo-



ple and the duty of Christian America. "May God so deal with us at last as we deal with our Armenian sisters and brothers and their little ones in this hour of their overwhelming calamity!" was her call sounded over the land. In answer, money and supplies poured in from every direction, from churches, schools, homes, business institutions; and Clara Barton, the noted Red Cross nurse, was sent to carry our offering to the stricken people.

This work was the crowning success of a life of many noble activities. Miss Willard had justly earned the title often given her, "the queen of the world." She had broken down all selfish barriers and had reached out to the wide world in her effort to protect the home, to inspire women everywhere to guard its sanctity. "The ideal woman," she said, "will make homelike every place she enters, and she will enter every place in this wide world."


"The Queen  
of the  
World"

## CHAPTER X

### THE MAGIC OF HARD WORK

Let a man but have an aim, a purpose, and opportunities to attain his end shall start forth like buds at the kiss of spring.

—*Bishop Spalding.*

NE cold March day a poor newsboy of the Grand Trunk Railroad was thrown out on the platform of a small station and was ignominiously followed by the fragments of his dearest possessions—a crude, antiquated printing press, and odds and ends of the experimental chemical laboratory of a boy of fifteen. But forlorn object as he was, not too well-fed, clad in ill-fitting clothes and with the grime of printer's ink on his hands, this remarkable train boy needs no introduction to the average American audience. For the historic picture of the boy, Thomas Alva Edison, hangs in the mental gallery of all energetic, enterprising American lads. For a year young Edison had been selling papers up and down the Grand Trunk road, and had been allowed a corner in an old freight car for laboratory, shop, and editorial sanctum, from whence was issued the pride of his young heart, the first newspaper ever printed on a train.

Now the boy stood long looking after the train from which he had been ejected with his outfit of cast-off paraphernalia of the "Detroit Free Press," battered and primitive; sheets of metal and tangled wire; bottles and boxes of ill-smelling chemicals, all scornfully denominated as rubbish, but beautiful and inexpressibly dear to the embryo chemist and inventor.

Tears of disappointment, pain and outraged justice filled his eyes, for the brutal conductor had beaten the boy about the head so roughly as to lay the foundation for

A Remarkable  
Newsboy in  
a Dilemma

the deafness which afflicts Thomas A. Edison to this day. The boy had already known the depths of suffering from cold, hunger, and humiliation. Two weeks before, for a boyish impertinence in his tiny newspaper, he had been ducked in the St. Clair River until nearly drowned. But this last misfortune seemed to be the end of all his hopes.

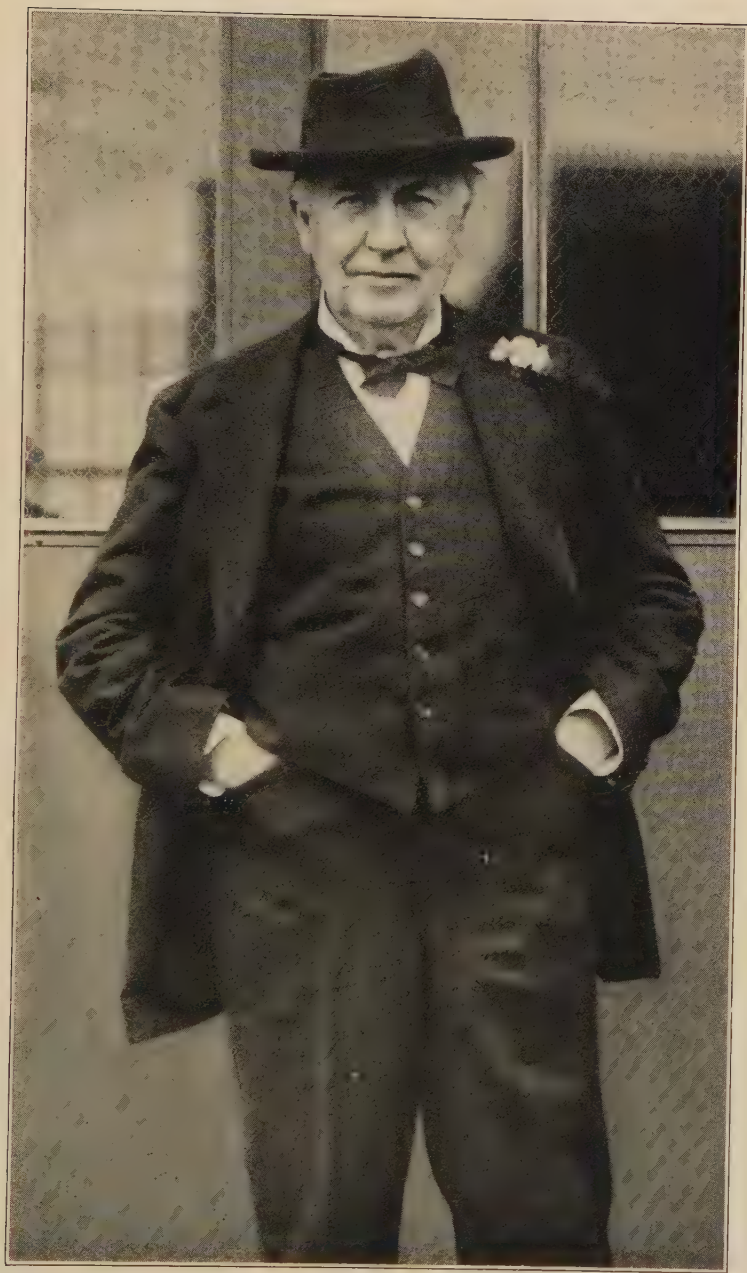
Presently, however, he recovered the buoyant humor that has all his life proved Edison's saving sense, and he laughed as he recalled the grotesque antics of the conductor who had ordered the boy and his "mess" thrown from the car. This conductor had for more than a month fumed and snorted with disapproval at the horrible odors and occasional explosions issuing from the future inventor's workshop. When that day a bottle of phosphorus had been jolted down and had set fire to the rickety car, the limit of the conductor's patience was reached. His wrath was of longer duration than the flames, and it was just as hot.

The combined printing office and experimental plant was afterward set up in the home cellar. From this stronghold experiments of various kinds were carried on, sometimes with doubtful success, but always with the result of learning something new by the hard road of experience. It was nothing uncommon for young Edison to go about with singed eyebrows and burned face and fingers. With the assistance of a boy friend, by means of an old cable rescued from the Detroit River, he rigged up a crude telephone. Tradition also tells of two indignant cats which they attached by wires to their machine, and rubbed violently, securing results that were startling if not illuminating.

Edison's real start in life came with the opportunity to learn telegraphy. So ardently did he strive to master the secrets of that art, that within ten days after he took up the work he had made a complete set of working instruments, small enough to lie on a common envelope, yet perfect in operation.

A Saving  
Sense of  
Humor

Youthful  
Experiments



THOMAS ALVA EDISON.





As telegraph operator he worked for twenty-five dollars a month, until his thirst for invention brought him into disfavor with the management. To make sure that the operators along the line were attending to business, they were required to report to headquarters the word "six" every half-hour during the night. Young Edison's activities during the day and his habit of study in the fore part of the night left him very sleepy from midnight till morning. In order to escape making this half-hourly report to headquarters, he evolved a device, which, attached to the clock, automatically reported "six" at regular intervals. This labor-saving contrivance was discovered by the management, and though sarcastically praised for his ingenuity, he was "let out."

An Ingenious  
Contrivance  
for Sleepy  
Telegraph  
Operators

On his way home from the office after his discharge, a very slight incident brought the young operator into public view, and, he believes, really laid the foundation for his international fame. An unusually cold winter had caused the ice to break the cable between Port Huron and Sarnia on the Canadian side of the river, interrupting all telegraphic communication. Edison saw a way to a makeshift. Jumping on a locomotive, he sent the shrill whistle over the ice-bound waters to the tune of the Morse alphabet. Again and again the toots were shaped into dots and dashes until Sarnia awoke and answered back by like means, communication between the two cities being so carried on until the cable was repaired.

After this Edison filled several positions as operator with credit, though, as one writer says of him at this time, "the ferment of discovery was now working in his brain, and that worked against the steady grind of daily routine." The insatiate desire for invention and discovery and the impetus of ambition came with the sense of conscious power. His energies were bent on improving and mastering the difficulties of what is known as the report wire.

The Ferment  
of Discovery

It was while he was working at Cincinnati as day op-

Faithful  
Work in  
Cincinnati

erator and supplementing his labors by night practice whenever the wire was not in use, that another chance led to further promotion. Chance, it might be called, for Edison's career has had many happy turns which some call luck, but it must be remembered it was ever the knowing how that really served the occasion. A delegation of operators from Cleveland had descended on the Cincinnati office to organize a local board of the Telegraph Union. After the business session the delegates went out to enjoy the gay life, leaving only Edison and the office boy on duty. Demands began coming in from Cleveland for reports, and Edison did the work of all the others as well as his own with skill and speed during the entire night, yet was at his post at eight the next morning. The office boy told the story of the night's doings, which Edison intended to keep to himself, and his employers, who immediately saw his value in a higher position, gave him an important section of Louisville with a salary of one hundred dollars a month.

A Jealous  
Manager

When Edison was only seventeen years old, he perfected at Memphis a repeater which connected Louisville and New Orleans for the first time. But instead of the approval which he naturally expected from those higher up, his achievement changed the manager into a pitiless enemy because that official himself had been working in vain on a similar device. False charges were brought against young Edison and he was dismissed under a cloud. It was the most serious misfortune that had yet befallen him. His money had gone for books, instruments, and to assist his family. He was practically penniless, and his health was suffering from the strain of sleepless nights and days of labor. But his spirit was courageous, and he walked the long distance back to Louisville.

But his next big triumph was not long in coming. The year he reached the age of full manhood he invented a device by which a single telegraph wire could be utilized

for two. It was adopted by the Grand Trunk Railroad, and Edison was called to a position of responsibility in Boston.

He was capable of filling any place in the railroad offices of this city of culture; but because his mind had been too full of great things to leave place for much thought of his personal appearance, he seemed crude and uncouth to some of his fellow workers; his unbounded generosity and unfailing good nature led his associates to see in him an "easy mark" and a regular western "jay." After considerable guying of the new operator, the climax was reached in an incident which Edison himself relates:

Guying a  
Western  
"Jay"

"I had been four days and nights on the road, and, having had little sleep, did not present a very fresh or stylish appearance as compared with the operators of the East, who are more dressy than those in the West. My peculiar appearance caused much mirth, and as I afterwards learned, the night operators planned together to put up a job on the 'jay from the wild and woolly West.' I was given a special table and told to take a special report for the "Boston Herald," the conspirators having arranged for one of the fastest senders in New York to send the dispatch, and 'salt' the new man.

"I sat down unsuspectingly. I had long since perfected myself in a simple and rapid style of handwriting, devoid of flourishes, and capable of being increased from forty-five to fifty-four words a minute by gradually reducing the size of the letters. This was several words faster than any other operator in the United States. Soon the New York operator increased his speed, to which I readily adapted my pace. This put my rival on his mettle and he tried for his best, which was soon reached. At this point I happened to look up and found the operators all looking over my shoulder, their faces shining with fun and excitement. I knew the game then, but went placidly on, even sharpening a pencil at intervals by way of aggra-

New York  
and Boston  
Conspire  
Together



vation. New York then commenced to slur his words, running them together and striking the signals, but I had been used to this style of telegraphy and kept it up. Finally when the fun had gone on long enough, and I had nearly finished the special, I opened the key and remarked: 'Say, young man, change off and send with the other foot awhile.' "

This dazzling feat was the means of securing the respect of Edison's associates, and the "jay from the wild and woolly West" took his place at once and forever as a prominent and esteemed member of the community.

The public library at Boston was a boon to him, bringing him in contact with the master-minds of the age and stimulating his inventive powers. It is doubtful if there has been often his like in a thirst for knowledge. It is told of him that when he first had access to the Detroit library he started in to read the entire contents in sixty days.

Scientific books are expensive, but he bought every book bearing on the subjects interesting him as fast as his means permitted. To-day his library at Orange, New Jersey, is of truly royal dimensions. It is an enormous room lined on every side with volumes of reference from every nation under the sun, on chemistry, physics, mechanical engineering and biology—one of the most remarkable private technical libraries in the world.

And he has read all of these works at one time or another. When an idea comes to him that seems worth while, he says: "I make it my business to find out what has been done before along that line. I tell one of my patent lawyers to get me every patent from Washington that has been issued on the subject. Those that are obviously foolish I throw aside. I try to find out why the others failed. Then I get other patents from Germany, France and England. I order my bookman to get me every book that bears on the problem before me. Sometimes it takes months to read these, and I must often

Edison's  
Insatiate  
Thirst for  
Knowledge

A Truly  
Royal  
Library

make experiments to see if the men before me really knew what they were inventing." He does not say so, but he means that he approaches his discoveries like an expert and wastes no time in repeating the failures of others.

The store room at Orange is no less wonderful than the library. Edison has challenged the skeptical to name a substance, organic or inorganic, not to be found in his unique collection. It embraces not only new products, but specimens of every imaginable human industry. Another writer about this man and his marvelous achievements says: "This collection comprises all the requisites of a drygoods, grocery, drug, ironmongery, glass, chandlery, oil, paper, rubber, leather, hardware, stationery, chemical and feather store, all in one. There is not an article known to civilized man, from a bootjack to a locomotive, the materials of which could not be found in this store."

The Store  
Room at  
Orange

One of Edison's later achievements has been the conquest of the secret of manufacturing carbolic acid, the importation of which from Germany was interrupted by the war. After mature deliberation most of Edison's chemists said it would take at least six months, by the slow process of what is known as the synthetical method, to supply the inventor's many needs. This man whom nothing seems to daunt took three forces of men and worked them by relays day and night in his laboratories, himself sleeping but two hours out of the twenty-four, and the problem was solved in two weeks.

A Late  
Notable  
Achievement

The annals of the hundreds of discoveries and inventions of this modern wizard are spread on the pages of the magazines, newspapers and biographies of the past twenty-five years. Invention really makes the world new every twenty-five years, and in much less time with Edison at the head. But he has not won his laurels easily. Besides the thought and toil, he has many times been compelled to fight for the right to his discoveries. Numbers

All for the  
Good of  
Humanity

of men, shallow scientists, who would never have been willing to submit to the sacrifice and deprivation of his earlier years, have started up here and there to bring in some half-worked-out invention, claiming prior discovery. No man can say truthfully that the master inventor has ever claimed anything that was not his own, or that he has brought out a discovery which was not for the good of humanity. But he has bought his successes with sleepless nights and days of unremitting toil.

Edison has great visions of the future. He thinks it not improbable that the manufacture of gold may come, and then it will be so cheap that it may safely be left out at night. He believes there will be no poverty a hundred years from now, and man will come into his own, the inheritance of the earth, because he will use his brain as well as his hands. In the future he will more and more control the forces of nature, bringing about changes that are yet only dreams.

Edison's  
Deafness

This most unusual of men is a philosopher as well as a scientist. He does not consider his deafness a misfortune. He says it has been the means of sparing him much boredom. But surely, Beethoven playing sonatas that his deaf ears could not hear presented no more pathetic picture than does Edison with his grey head pressed against the machine which his brain has made to talk and sing. Beethoven's deafness cast a dark shadow over his life, while Edison's has never put a wrinkle in his brow or heart.

Then consider the unassuming simplicity and modesty of this great man, which shine through every act and word of his wonderful life. He even disclaims the possession of any unusual gifts, saying "genius is five per cent inspiration and ninety-five per cent perspiration," and he insists that all achievement is won through definiteness of purpose, application and an adherence to high ideals. He repudiates the title "wizard," so often applied to him, declaring he knows no magic but that of hard work.

Edison has been called by the Government to Washington and asked to devise new methods and processes for the nation's defense. With the humility of the lowliest in the land he has pledged his splendid genius to this patriotic undertaking, and has declined to accept any compensation therefor. The knowledge that he is serving his country is to him the highest reward. Thus is one more beautiful sequence added in the life-work of a great American, whose magnificent powers have ever been devoted to the service of the Brotherhood.

Aiding in His  
Country's  
Defense



## CHAPTER XI

### TO BE CONTINUED

We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;  
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.  
We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives  
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.

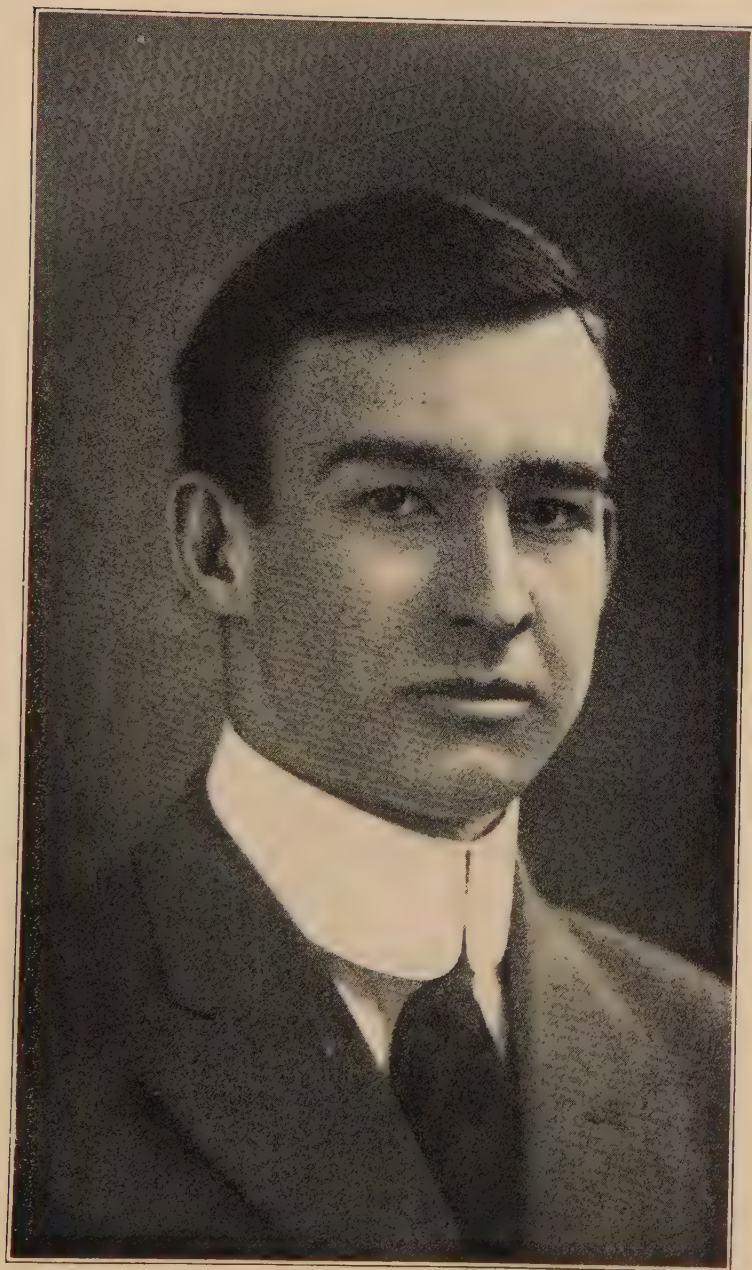
—*Bailey.*

**T**HOUGH a city-bred boy, Rufus Fearing Dawes was fortunate enough to grow up in a place where nature's secrets lie close at hand and call lustily to be found, as if in a game of hide-and-seek. His home was in Evanston, Illinois, a "country city" it may be called, with its urban improvements and rural setting. The natural features of this place are such as must delight every healthy, normal boy. A few years ago there were fringes of woodland running up to the very city limits, and it would be useless to try to mention the many joys they afforded the growing boy. Then there is Lake Michigan at its best with sunny beaches where children play through the long summer days, and farther away the high cliffs better suited to a boy's soaring imagination.

But Rufus Dawes determined that for him life should not be a long holiday. Being the only son of wealthy parents he might have said, as many in like circumstances do, "What is the use of my struggling? I can hire others to work for me. What I want to do is to get ready to enjoy life in a high social position." But the gifts of fortune that unfit so many for serious work were to him only a spur to greater effort, and by the time he was ready to enter college he had a pretty definite idea of what his future usefulness required in the way of preparation outside of book knowledge.

An Ideal  
Home Town

Preparations  
for a Useful  
Life



RUFUS F. DAWES.



He was unusually modest and it was not his way to talk freely of himself and his prospects. Our chief guide in following the development of his life-purpose must be what he did, which, after all, is the only sure way of judging.

As Rufus Dawes looked forward to a business career, he knew that he would have relations with many different individuals of different classes, and so he began early to study men. He felt that the only way to do this was through a close association with them in their work and ways of living. But, besides a business consideration, he had also the growing conviction that as a member of the great human family he owed much to those of his brothers who had not been favored by heredity and ready equipment as he had been. To understand rightly any class of men, he must come to know them in the environment which helped to make them. "How can an employer understand and help those who have pledged him their service unless he can see things from their standpoint?" was his thought.

**Beginning  
Early to  
Study Men**

When a youth of eighteen has put in nine months of work in the final preparation for a college of high requirements, one would think him entitled to a summer's rest and recreation. If he has abundant means at his command there is hardly any limit to the good times he may have in cool summer resorts, at the seashore or in the mountains, without thought of books and school-work till the return of fall days. No one would have condemned Rufus Fearing Dawes as falling short of his highest duty at this time if he had spent the whole summer in yachting, hunting, or fishing. But this "inspired boy" was more exacting with himself than others would have been. In this last vacation before his first year in college it is easy to imagine how many invitations and plans for a delightful summer were open to him; but though extremely fond of outdoor sports and all athletic recreations, he turned from all such allurements and, instead, joined a small

**A Summer in  
a Surveyor's  
Camp**



engineering camp in a remote section of western South Dakota.

Self-discipline  
a Familiar  
Thought  
to Him

Anyone who knows anything about surveying expeditions in the sparsely settled West will appreciate that this was far from being a pleasure jaunt. The hardest will tire of the constant walking up hill and down, over stony places, and through the long slough-grass of the ravines. And added to this is the discomfort of camp life with its canned food and water of indifferent purity. To one fresh from a comfortable, well-ordered home this sort of life is a severe trial.

But young Dawes was not the one to shrink from hardship. Self-discipline had become a familiar thought to him, and he rather welcomed these strenuous experiences as a necessary test of resolution. In his letters, which were eagerly awaited in the Evanston home, were interesting boyish impressions of the new country and ways of life, but no word of complaint.

Self-sacrificing  
Devotion to  
Sick Comrades

Then malignant typhoid broke out in the camp and everyone came down with the disease. Rufus Dawes bore his sufferings patiently, and as soon as he could rally, he became the mainstay in caring for the rest. It seemed that he had passed from boyhood into manhood when, to serve his sick comrades, he arose, weak and emaciated, impelled by the feeling of responsibility for others, the spirit always possessed by the real leaders of men. His self-sacrificing devotion to the interests of his sick and convalescing companions made a deep impression on them. His own critical condition, and the work he had done for others, were not told to the parents for some time and then not by himself; but on his return they saw readily that the summer had given him a new insight into life.

There are certain kinds of acts which, while indicating little of a man's real character, are a good index of a boy's tendencies. The work in surveying which cost Rufus Fearing Dawes so many hardships netted him in

wage just sixty dollars. This sum represented his own labor and was his to spend as he liked. He might have scattered the dollars right and left like a "good fellow," knowing that his father's wealth represented many more; or he might have invested in a diamond stick pin or some other fancy which would be likely to please an eighteen-year-old youth. But even at that early age he gave expression to what promised to become the ruling passion of his life—the desire to help the needy. At holiday time he carefully expended a third of this money in buying twenty well-filled Christmas baskets for poor families he knew. When he presented himself at lowly doorways with his gifts, it was not as a lord or patron but as one who longed to share with fellow-beings some of the necessities and comforts of life. And he was received in the same spirit.

Investing  
His First  
Earnings

An experience such as the first summer's work had brought him would have been sufficient for most young men of wealth, but the close of the first college year found him ready for another venture. His father and uncles had holdings in a gas company in Seattle, and here he took up his next vacation's work. The superintendent, who was a family friend, offered to favor him with a salary large enough to meet the wants of a fastidious young man, knowing that he would accept no help from his father during his summer work. But young Rufus absolutely refused any salary above what he considered himself to be honestly earning, and he lived as the other men did who were doing the same sort of work, spending only twenty-five dollars a month for board and lodging.

A Summer  
in Seattle

The vacation following his sophomore year he worked in a wholesale plumbing establishment in Chicago. With his strong sense of justice he himself fixed the value of his services at the modest price of sixty dollars per month. A year later, when he ranked as senior in Princeton, he spent the hot summer days in a gas house where the thermometer would run up to 110 degrees Fahren-

heit. Here he learned to make gas and mastered gas-analysis, doing his work so well that during the last week of his stay he was given charge of the entire plant.

Alas, a few weeks later this promising life was cut short. While away for a brief vacation Rufus Dawes was drowned in the waters of Lake Geneva. But his life work, so carefully prepared for and so vigorously and conscientiously entered on, is still going on.

The keynote of his life was service, regarded not as a forced duty which he could not shirk, but as a work which it was natural to want to do. In fact, with him service was not so much a duty as a privilege. He did not lay stress on distinctions of money and social position or even intellectual superiority, as many do who are possessed of those advantages. Above all these minor differences of accident and fortune he felt the higher value of men as men. His father has said of him in this connection: "I have taken him with me among the greatest in the nation and looked in vain for any evidence in him of awe, or even of curiosity. He has taken me, asking me to help them, among the poor and lowly of earth. . . . He was absolutely natural in any environment, great or humble." This attitude, this rating a human being high above mere outward distinctions or even intellectual culture, is the strongest proof of his true sense of values.

One thought which had come to the young man again and again was: "What can a homeless man do when stranded in a big city in the winter with an empty pocket-book and no work in sight?" He talked it over with his father and finally suggested: "Why not build a large hotel in the thick of Chicago where for a nominal price the down-and-out can get a warm meal and a comfortable bed while hunting for employment? How better could money be spent to help the needy?"

Plans for an enterprise of this nature were beginning to take on shape when the stricken father was left to complete them alone. To-day we may see the first tangi-

The Keynote  
of His Life—  
Service

A Hotel for  
the Down-  
and-out

ble results of the young man's high dream of service in such a large hotel as he proposed, in the west part of Chicago within easy reach of those for whom it was designed. It was built by the father as a monument to the memory of the noble son who suggested it. And the result of the experiment has proved that the high dream was true inspiration, not mere idle fancy; the report of the first year's work shows this in convincing facts and figures.

**The High  
Dream  
Was True  
Inspiration**

The Rufus F. Dawes Hotel, built at a cost of one hundred thousand dollars, had, in the first twelve months, one hundred and seventy-nine thousand guests to whom were served fifty-nine thousand meals. Every night throughout the year nearly all of the five hundred and eleven beds were occupied. Each guest is given, with the lodging, a shower bath with plenty of soap and the use of a razor, slippers and a nightgown. Every man's clothing when taken off is put into a separate locker and is thoroughly fumigated by the time he is ready for it in the morning. The daily charge for a bed is five cents, except for a few private bedrooms which are ten cents. For a few cents additional a warm, substantial breakfast is given.

The first annual report was supplemented with a statement by Mr. Charles G. Dawes which indicates the success of the venture in another way. "It is not different from any other hotel except that its charges are lower. It assumes that its guests are gentlemen. The Rufus F. Dawes Hotel management, proceeding on the idea that its guests are not to be considered as a class or species or anything but American citizens, has succeeded beyond our best expectations. I make the assertion that there is no hotel in the country, accommodating anything like an equal number of guests, that has as little trouble with its patrons as ourselves. In fact, we have no trouble at all."

**Success of the  
Rufus F.  
Dawes Hotel**

Can we picture what a haven this hotel is to the hundreds of idle men driven to a discouraged, daily tramp of



the streets in a vain search for work? It is in winter especially that the hospitable, homelike place opens like a promise of heaven to the cold and despondent men.

But the inspiration of the short life of Rufus Fearing Dawes is not to find expression merely in this one hotel. The success of this experiment in Chicago has led to the formation of a Rufus Fearing Dawes Hotel Association whose purpose it is to establish similar hotels, with perhaps slightly advanced charges, in other leading cities of our country. It has been demonstrated by the Rufus F. Dawes Hotel in Chicago that with a charge of only fourteen or fifteen cents for lodging and a meal, careful management can make it a safe business venture.

But this is not all. With Mr. Dawes' report on the two years' work of the Chicago hotel comes the splendid announcement of a new hotel exactly like the first, but this one for women. In this report Mr. Dawes says:

"In the hope of demonstrating that what we are doing for men can be done for women, I shall build in Chicago this summer a hotel for women at the same cost and on the same general plan as the Chicago men's hotel.

"Such a place, managed by women, and open to all women—appealing to self-respect—in which all are regarded and treated as equal, will prove, as our men's hotel has proved, that all the higher qualities of human nature respond to a sincere belief in their existence and a proper recognition of them."

No magnificent mausoleum that ever was constructed to perpetuate the memory of a great human being or a dearly loved one, can compare as an inspiration with this work which is continuing the life of Rufus Fearing Dawes. And, in addition, the enthusiasm for service expressed by his young life, out of which grew such faith in humanity, has filled thousands of young men with a zeal for truer living, as the purity of his character and his devotion to humanity have become known all over our country. A life like this will ever be continued.

A Chain of  
Dawes Hotels

The Life of  
Rufus F.  
Dawes Is  
Continued



DAWES HOTEL—A HAVEN FOR THE HOMELESS AND HUNGRY.




## CHAPTER XII

### TRUSTING GOD'S MAN

I like the man who has deep faith in men,  
Who has abiding trust in each and all,  
Who doubts not one, nor hesitates to call  
The least or lowliest his brother. Ten,  
Yea, and a hundred times he pardons, when,  
Forgetful of their higher selves, they fall;  
Who leads them, as did David hapless Saul,  
Back to the thought of healing Good again.  
But, more than this, I like the man who goes  
Not songless to the common tasks of life,  
But twines a flower round his tools of trade;  
Who boasts not what he does nor what he knows;  
Who brings no sword but Love to conquer strife,  
And, king of self, of nothing is afraid.

—*Frederick Oakes Sylvester.*

 ONE day a little boy followed a party of sight-seers through the prison at Auburn, New York. Unwise as it may seem to us now, it was no unusual occurrence for children to pass along the dark galleries and through the work-rooms with their elders; and if the prisoners noticed at all this particular boy it was perhaps only to be reminded of their own boyhood or of little sons at home who were suffering the disgrace of having convict fathers.

A Child's  
Vivid  
Impressions

But if few observed him, this child gazed at many with wide eyes full of pain and horror. He felt for them the humiliation of it all—the heavy bars and iron gratings, the close-cropped heads and striped dress which branded them with shame, the lock-step walk giving them the convict mark, and the scowling faces with no gleam of interest in their work and surroundings.



**A Growing  
Conviction**

This boy, to whom that hour's impression became a spectre of terror to haunt him by day and night, bore a name now widely known, Thomas Mott Osborne; and he has since become an intrepid leader in bringing about some degree of prison reform. For years after that first visit he avoided the gloomy pile of stone and iron not far from his home, but he could not help thinking about it and imagining what must be the tortures of confinement in such a place. As a young man he became officially connected with the Junior Republic, an organization much interested in the reformation of wayward boys, and in this capacity he came in close touch with the prison system.

With maturity he developed a growing conviction that punishment should be for reformation and not as an expression of revenge; that unruly members of society should be confined in a safe place where they could not harm their fellows, but only long enough to change their viewpoint. The course of treatment and training ought to be such as would turn them to right living and educate them in citizenship.

**A Barbarous  
Penal System**

But when he studied conditions as they were in prisons and penitentiaries, the whole penal system appeared barbarous. Not only the hopelessly criminal, if such are to be found, but persons guilty of only minor offenses were being punished in a way to harden them and hasten them downwards, even to capital crime and punishment. If any left prison with a resolution to become law-abiding, it could not be due to prison discipline but to innate worth or to chance circumstances.

One day when confined to his home by a slight illness, Mr. Osborne happened to read a book which fanned his smoldering interest in prison reform to a bright flame. It was "My Life in Prison," by Donald Lowrie, a convict. Mr. Osborne was roused to a sense of personal responsibility and he resolved that he would do his share "to remove the foulest blot on our social system." With his

mind full of this thought he naturally talked much about it, and often the subject was brought up in his public speeches. He thus succeeded in interesting others, and when later the Governor appointed a State Commission on Prison Reform, Mr. Osborne was made a member and afterwards elected chairman of the Commission.

It was then he proceeded to carry out a plan which had been cherished in his thought for several years. It had impressed him that to deal intelligently and sympathetically with prisoners one must have experienced the hardships and the terrible isolation of the penitentiary. For the purpose of obtaining this experience he proposed to enter Auburn Prison as a convict and learn for himself what the life meant. The authorities consented to the undertaking, even though they doubted that any good would come from it. The prevailing opinion then was that only the severest treatment would keep criminals in subjection, and as for any reform, that could only be brought about under the goad of fear.

**A Voluntary  
Prisoner at  
Auburn**

The day came when Thomas Mott Osborne went to Auburn to become a voluntary prisoner. There was a decided break in the monotony of prison life the morning when this new prisoner spoke in chapel, giving the inmates full knowledge of his purpose to become one of them. He told his audience that he wanted to be able to refute the "false and cruel assumption that the prisoner is not a human being like the rest of us, but a strange sort of an animal called a 'criminal' wholly different in his instincts, feelings and actions from the rest of mankind." In this undertaking he asked the help of both officers and prisoners. "I have put myself on trial," he said, "in the court of conscience and a verdict has been rendered of 'guilty'—guilty of having lived for many years of my life indifferent to and ignorant of what has been going on behind these walls. For this crime I have sentenced myself to a short term at hard labor in Auburn Prison. I expect to begin serving my

**Convicted in  
the Court of  
Conscience**

sentence this week. I am coming here to live your life, to be housed, clothed, fed, treated in all respects like one of you. I want to see for myself exactly what your life is, not as viewed from the outside looking in, but from the inside looking out. Deep down, I have the feeling that after I have lived among you, marched in your lines, shared your food, gone to the same cells at night, and in the morning looked out at the patches of God's sunlight through the same iron bars—that then and not till then, can I feel the knowledge which will break down the barriers between my soul and the souls of my brothers."

Sharing the  
Convict's Lot

Having been put through the regular series of questions and his thumb marks taken, he was dressed in prison garb and double-locked in a cell, four feet by seven and a half. The first real fellow-feeling for the convict came to him with the resentment which swept through him as the iron-grated door swung to and was double-locked. "I can perfectly imagine," he says, alluding to this occasion, "a high-strung man battering himself against it in sheer nervousness." A few minutes of this personal experience threw more light on prison psychology than the careful reading of a learned treatise on the subject could have done.

Treated  
According to  
the Rules

In every way the prisoner, Osborne, was treated according to the rules. He marched in line to meals and work, he ate prison food, he was rebuked by an officer for turning his head around at the table, he worked all day with others at basket making, he lent a hand in shoveling coal and unloading lumber, he let down his narrow iron couch at night and put it up in the morning, and he swept his own cell daily as did the rest.

The first thing he learned was that no person who is free can appreciate how sweet is liberty unless he has been imprisoned at some time. He saw, too, how unnecessarily hard the life was made by many restrictions which nagged the inmates to bitterness of heart and desperate deeds when opportunity came. They were not to

communicate with each other on the line of march, at the table, nor at their work. Mr. Osborne, or "Tom Brown," which was his prison name, soon learned that, acting on the natural impulse to communicate with their fellows, the inmates of the penitentiary resorted to ticks and taps, and a remarkable sort of talking without moving lips or muscles of the face, so that a keeper standing a few feet away was unable to detect any sign of communication. This restriction of communication did little in preventing the forming of plots among the prisoners, but much in deepening angry resentment.

Communication  
Between  
Prisoners

The first evening after his first day in the work room, Mr. Osborne wrote in his diary: "I am again double-locked in my cell, this time for the night—fourteen mortal hours. For me there is plenty to do, to write, to read, to think about. But how about those who do not care for reading, who write with difficulty, or who can neither read nor write? And then again I look forward to only six nights in this stone vault; but how about those who must look forward to an endless series of nights, month after month, year after year, five, ten, fifteen, twenty years—life?"

"My God! How do they ever stand it?"

Another discovery which he had made during the day and which he reflected on through that first long night was the likableness of many of the men he had met. Jack Murphy, his partner in work, had a good face, a genial manner, and showed by his every act that he wanted to do the square thing in their joint work. There were many who had given him a smile and an encouraging nod when they could do so unobserved, and they appeared as frank and companionable as are men in general. The gallery boy was as obliging as circumstances would permit, as were all the men he had come close to; and the chaplain's assistant, a clean-cut, fine-looking convict with not a single trace of the criminal about him, like any other proud husband and father, showed

Likableness  
of Many  
Convicts



Mr. Osborne pictures of his wife and three charming children, who were eagerly waiting to welcome him home at the expiration of his sentence. It was evident that the term "criminal class," often heard in the free world as if conviction of crime and prison sentence changed a man's nature and put him in a distinct category, was an absurdity. Mr. Osborne at once was confirmed in his previous belief that persons thrust into confinement carry with them the same nature they had possessed while free; and that any set of ironclad rules generally applied were as much a misfit in prison as outside.

No Exercise  
nor Recreation

The inmates were given no room for any exercise worth mentioning. The short lock-step march in single file under the close watch of guards, back and forth to meals and to work, was as lacking in exhilaration to send the blood bounding through the veins as anything could be imagined. To reform men by putting a clamp on all natural expression is an impossibility, Mr. Osborne reasoned. Discipline resulting in improved conduct must come through the right kind of activity. He himself had the impulse to walk round and round in his cell as caged animals do, but when he got up from his bed or chair, there was room for nothing but to hang at his grated door and look out aimlessly; and the narrow routine of the morrow gave promise of no more occasion for initiative or inspiration.

The Solitary  
Dark Cell

The climax of horrors in Auburn Prison was the few hours he spent in one of the dark cells or punishment cells, as they were called. Against the protest of both keepers and fellow prisoners, he insisted on entering this dreaded place. By refusing to work longer with poor basket-weaving material, he made himself guilty of a misdemeanor which sent him to the dark cell. He found it a fit place to break a man's spirit or unhinge his reason. Each of these dark cells was a solid sheet of iron, floor, sides, back, roof, studded with rivets projecting a quarter of an inch, and devoid of furniture of any kind.

To sleep on the riveted iron floor was out of the question to one not literally worn out with fatigue.

In fact, every day of that memorable week in Auburn Prison demonstrated more fully to Mr. Osborne the evils of our penal system. The theory put into thorough-going practice was that the suffering in prison must be so intense that the criminally inclined would shrink from crime because of the horrible punishment. This sounded pretty well as a theory, but Mr. Osborne found that it failed in practice. The average prisoner, embittered by tyranny and cruel punishment, turned in hatred against civil and social institutions and plotted day and night how he might express his outraged feelings in worse crimes when he should again be free. It was a training for outlawry instead of training for regeneration and citizenship.

**A Training  
for Outlawry**

Mr. Osborne's way of getting knowledge was highly intensive. He learned more from his brief personal experience of the effect on the man of inhuman punishments than a volume of psychological reasoning could have imparted to him. His sincere interest in the inmates inspired them with such confidence that they readily gave him their inmost thoughts and feelings. After six days he knew those men better than he could have known them after years of ordinary association in the conventional world outside. Under the unusual stimulus, too, his mind like a strong searchlight penetrated to the remote corners of the prison problem, and by the time he was ready to report to his Commission, he had practically formulated a new prison system.

**Formulating  
a New  
Prison System**

The views of Mr. Osborne were strongly humanitarian. The law must decree, not punishment, but temporary exile from society until the offender has proved by his conduct that he is fit to return. Society must brand no man as a criminal, but aim solely to change the mental conditions under which a criminal act has been committed. The prison must be an institution where every in-

mate is allowed the largest practicable amount of individual freedom, because it is liberty alone that fits men for liberty. The prison should be a school where abnormal individuals are to be trained by normal methods for reinstatement in normal life.

Of the reforms he proposed, which were instituted first in Auburn Prison and later in Sing Sing when Mr. Osborne was made superintendent there, the basic thought was co-operation and self-government. An organization, which the prisoners called the Mutual Welfare League, pledged the members not to abuse any new privileges granted them and to do all in their power to prevent others from doing so. Under the new system, persons in good health are not forced to live in close contact with the diseased; young boys are not thrown in with the worst criminals. The unnatural conditions—silence, isolation, brutal punishment, the long confinement in the narrow cell without occupation of any kind—have been relegated to the past. Prisoners were at once given the privilege of conversing when, where, and on any subject they pleased. Instead of the monthly letter, unlimited correspondence became the rule, and instead of the one visitor in two months one a week is now allowed.

The Mutual Welfare League provides different kinds of recreation, team games being the favorite ones among the young men, and quiet games among the older. In Sing Sing to-day there are courses offered in languages and literature, history, science, manual training; two lectures are given a week, two moving picture shows and one concert. As one prisoner put it, "The old Sing Sing was an inferno turning men into demons; the new Sing Sing is changing criminals into citizens."

The work of Mr. Osborne is producing wonderful results. The prison discipline has been much improved. With the greater freedom granted the prisoners one would naturally expect to hear of frequent escapes, but the opposite seems to be the result. A short time ago the

Co-operation  
and Self-  
government  
of Prisoners

Recreation  
and Courses  
of Study

warden invited fifty-four convicts to his home after midnight. They were then outside of the walls and there were no armed guards to watch them. When they had partaken of the lunch served them, they returned to their cells as quietly as people go to their homes. Such freedom is safe because the prisoners watch each other. When one of them is accused of an offense against discipline he is tried in a court in which both judge and jury are of the prison body. When one escapes, other prisoners are sent out to search for him, and it is a sincere search, as their own privileges and welfare depend on the general good behavior.

Wonderful  
Changes at  
Sing Sing

It was soon demonstrated also that prison reform pays financially. The output of prison products has been much increased, while the number of guards necessary for discipline and safe-keeping is materially less.

But the great gain is in favor of the prisoners themselves. Comparatively few become diseased under the new order, as the danger of contagion is provided against. The more normal life, companionship, exercise, recreation, chances for development, better food, sanitary surroundings, all tend to much improved physical health. They also tend to mental and moral health. According to the testimony of thirty-three prisoners, their attitude has undergone a complete change. Before the reform they entertained hatred for the social system outside with a determination when once they were free to get even for what they were suffering in prison; now they have a feeling of duty to the social system both inside the prison walls and in the world outside.

Tending to  
Mental and  
Moral Health

Besides benefiting the prison world as no other one individual has, Mr. Osborne has performed a great service to humanity in that he has awakened the public conscience to the monstrous evils and injustices of our penal system. Prison reform is now being considered on every hand. The police departments of our largest cities are establishing laboratories for the purpose of examining



criminals to determine whether or not they are mentally defective.

Scientific men are advocating certain advanced views which Mr. Osborne has held for years. One of these is against the common custom of fixing the sentence for a certain length of time. The criminal, they claim, is morally sick and to shut him up for a definite time is as absurd as it would be to send one physically ill to the hospital for a fixed period. The latter remains only long enough to get started on the road to health of body, and the criminal's term in confinement should be determined in the same way. Neither doctor nor judge can tell beforehand how long it will take to effect a cure. The definite sentence determined by the seriousness of the crime may discharge a prisoner while still morally sick or may keep him in confinement many years after he has recovered. And as the physician watches over the patient in hospital or sanitarium, so should the judge competent to pass sentence follow the culprit with his vigilance and be competent to determine when he can be discharged.

To fall in line with noble work after it has received general recognition is to be commended; but the great honor belongs to him who, after perceiving injustice, dares proclaim it and takes the risk of leading in reform. His reward is criticism and ill will from those who stand on the profit side of injustice and from the thoughtless who have no faith in reform. Mr. Osborne did not escape persecution for venturing to uncover wrong and taking sides with the helpless. But complete vindication followed swift and sure, placing him only higher among humanity's heroes and benefactors. Because of his pioneer work in prison reform and his devotion to the cause, human beings convicted of crime will never again be subjected to the former ineffective cruelties.

Against the  
Sentence for a  
Fixed Time

Persecution  
and  
Vindication



THOMAS MOTT OSBORNE.



## CHAPTER XIII

### LOVE'S REWARD

Service brings to men happiness that rises above comfort or discomfort, happiness that triumphs over physical pain, happiness that is the food of the soul.—*William Allen White.*



MUST teach, Mother. Yes, I know no one would employ me, but if you will let me use our front room, I'll have a school of my own."

It was a tiny, crippled girl of fourteen encased in a steel harness and walking with a crutch, who thus declared her calling. Her large, serious eyes betokened years of suffering, but they also showed the purpose and decision which many do not gain in the experiences of a lifetime. The doubtful mother looked in pity at the little white face and hesitatingly gave her consent.

This was the beginning of the remarkable career of Sophie Wright, "the First Citizen of the Southland," whose devotion to the needy around her has hardly been equaled and never surpassed. She was the daughter of a good family of New Orleans impoverished by the Civil War. At the age of three she had a fall which resulted in her being kept in a plaster cast and strapped to a chair for seven long years, and while other children of her age were growing in strength and activities, she remained in this helpless state.

When she was ten years old, with the aid of crutches she managed to make her way to school, and, strange to say, in a very short time she had caught up with children of her age. By the time she was fourteen she had finished the grades, and then she felt she must no longer be a burden to her mother.

A Tiny Cripple  
with an In-  
domitable Pur-  
pose



The front room was quickly converted into a school-room with the aid of borrowed benches and a few desks for the more advanced of the prospective pupils. Then she put up the sign "School for Girls," and when the girls did not appear at once, she took her crutch and started out to find them.

**A Pathetic Little Teacher**

It must have seemed a pathetic little teacher who presented herself to mothers of young daughters. But she had an earnest way with her and what she lacked in size was more than offset by her mature face and talk. After many efforts she succeeded in convincing a few mothers of her teaching ability, and by the end of the first year she had twenty pupils, who brought her an income of ten dollars a month.

Sophie Wright had made no mistake when she said she must teach. She had the true teacher's skill in imparting knowledge, and her enthusiasm called forth the zeal of her pupils. Her work was constantly convincing an ever-increasing patronage of her ability to give thorough instruction, and her school continued to grow.

**She Gains Normal Training**

But there was one drawback. The teacher herself had enjoyed very meagre training, and soon some of her girls would have to stop school or go elsewhere, unless she could do some advance studying. Already she had spent the night hours in self-preparation, but there is a limit to what one can do unaided. She heard of a normal school in the city, and at once made her way to the principal. She had started out to call on him with the grim determination to find some way by which she could pay her tuition, and the return home was made with a smiling face. The agreement entered into was that she should spend the afternoons in the normal, instructing in mathematics to pay for tuition in other branches. Her own school from the first had been confined to the forenoon.

After two years of this teaching and studying, her school had grown beyond the capacity of her mother's front room and she was obliged to look for something

larger. When she found what would answer her purpose, she took it although the price was one hundred dollars a month, and she had to borrow the first month's rent at twelve per cent a month. After that her school grew and prospered so well that she was able to meet rent-paying day without any more borrowing.

She was now a young lady of eighteen, a teacher with four years' experience. Her school was on a paying basis, and with the two years of normal training and the constant putting into practice of what she had learned, her mind had developed by leaps. She was just in a position to take life less strenuously when a call came to larger service and greater effort. It happened in this way:

Success at  
Eighteen

The schools of New Orleans at that time were of an inferior grade, and night schools had not been thought of. One day a young man came to her door in search of a teacher. In his embarrassment he could hardly make clear what he wanted, and when Miss Wright pointed to the sign "School for Girls," he blushing admitted that it had not escaped his notice, but that he did not know of any other school to which he could apply.

Miss Wright met him with her ever-ready sympathy, and with her womanly tact she drew his story from him. He was far from home, stranded in the city without means or employment. There were prospects, though, of getting a good position if he could pass the civil service examination to be held in a short time. But to do this he must study and he needed a teacher. Could she help him?

A Young Man  
Seeking Educa-  
tion

Miss Wright was already doing double work and every hour of the day was taken, but the case appealed to her strongly. To prepare this young man to fill a good position in the busy world outside was an exhilarating prospect. Would he come to her in the evening, the only time at her disposal?

But that meant private instruction and he was penniless. "Never mind about pay," she said, extending the

little hand which was destined so to greet thousands of his kind.

**A Night School  
and How It  
Grew**

He came, and others began to come with him, and they kept on coming, until every available seat and corner were taken. They were boys who had left school early to work in the mills and factories, and boys of foreign birth who had no other chance to learn to read the language of the new world. Miss Wright welcomed them all. The evening school became a fixed institution, where no tuition was paid and the only entrance test was inability to pay tuition and a determination to persevere. She would not tolerate intermittent attendance, and she could be firm as well as sympathetic.

Many kept on coming because of their ambition to learn and because of the magnetic enthusiasm of the teacher. Others continued because they had started and Miss Wright put them under obligations to keep on. How she managed to do this perhaps even she could not have explained. It shows the wonderful will power of this little woman, which abashed and controlled even rowdies. She had even to resort to corporal punishment at times. That tiny crippled woman, scarcely larger than a child, disciplining a burly young man must have been an edifying sight.

**The Call for  
Volunteers**

Boys and men who were honestly seeking to learn came in ever greater numbers. Miss Wright could no longer do the work unaided. She called for volunteers, and many noble women, the greater number of them teaching through the day, came to help her. The night school which started by mere chance with one embarrassed pupil, grew till it became Sophie Wright's main work, her day school yielding enough income to pay her expenses.

Then like everything growing, the school required a larger home, and Miss Wright decided to risk purchasing a building instead of assuming a larger rent. She found what she liked close to a park, but better than all, it was

not far from the mills and factories where boys and men needing training were employed. She borrowed the money at eight per cent compound interest and made the purchase. It was a heavy burden financially, and if Miss Wright did not feel uneasy under it, it was because her mind was so filled with work and plans for her many pupils that there was no room for worry.

Several years passed and the night school had grown to the number of three hundred pupils. But with all she could do, only half the indebtedness had been met. Then the yellow fever epidemic of 1897 swept over the city of New Orleans, and her school was closed. The interest on the debt, however, was growing fast. A less courageous person would have given up the big undertaking; but not so Miss Wright. Without stopping to consider that business depression would continue even after the plague was conquered, and release from debt would be pushed far into the unknown future, she promptly met the needs of the hour by turning her school into a bureau of supplies.

The Yellow  
Fever Epidemic

It seems incredible that a woman so crippled and weak that she had constantly to wear a steel harness to support her body, could work as she did. Every day she was out collecting supplies from those who could spare something and distributing them among the many who were in want. She continued with untiring energy and by her side went her faithful teachers. Back and forth she passed like an angel of mercy, and people who had not before known her, ceased to wonder at the familiar sight of the diminutive figure hurrying along with a crutch. For weeks and weeks her marvelous endurance kept up until the frosts of fall checked the fever.

An Angel of  
Mercy

Ordinarily this would have been the time for a reaction and collapse. The unusual stimulus of urgent need was gone, the debt on the building had assumed alarming proportions, and the school would have to be built up anew. But what seemed a calamity to the school was really the turning-point to better things, resulting in such a



large and prosperous school, as the devoted teacher had never dared hope for.

Before that terrible summer, Sophie Wright had been known to very few of the leading men of the city. If they heard about her flourishing night school, they naturally believed that she was receiving a comfortable income from it. But the yellow fever was a wide-spread calamity, and the whole city joined in the measures to bring relief. Miss Wright's activities became generally known, and a warm interest was taken in the fate of her school. And so it happened that when at last the money-lender thought it an opportune time to foreclose the mortgage on the building, a banker came forward, paid the interest, and assumed the mortgage himself at a lower rate.

He did not stop with this but offered an additional loan of ten thousand dollars with which to refit the school. Then came in other help. The business men of New Orleans began to appreciate how much her work meant to the city, and two of them promised her two thousand dollars annually towards running expenses.

The strain and struggle of the summer months were forgotten, and Sophie Wright went to work with joy to refit her school according to a plan she had long held in mind, though without any prospect of ever carrying it out. The change was striking. The soap box seats were carried out, and in their places appeared real seats with desks. The room became resplendent with books, charts, maps, globes and the various contrivances which transform a bare shelter into a well-equipped centre of education.

It was a glad day when she could again open the doors of her night school to the waiting boys. Perhaps for some time the wonderful improvements had a compelling power to draw the general attention from study. If so, Miss Wright knew that to awaken a love of beauty is a part of education as well as to store up information and to develop the reasoning faculties. The new equipment

Help from the  
Rich and In-  
fluential

Refitting the  
School

became an additional magnet. The enrollment of three hundred on the first evening grew rapidly until by the close of the first year it had reached one thousand. In the following fall when the school opened there were twelve hundred standing ready to enter, which number rose rapidly to fifteen hundred. That was as many as the school could well accommodate, but more men and boys kept begging for admission, and in 1907, ten years after the epidemic, the school numbered seventeen hundred.

It was no longer composed only of men and boys, however. Girls, too, had felt the need of an education, and as there was no other night school, they appealed to Miss Wright. She took them in, two hundred the first year, for whom separate classes were opened. All available space was again utilized, for Miss Wright could not find it in her heart to refuse anyone who was in search of education, as long as there was a place for a soap box or a little keg where another pupil could be seated.

Girls Admitted  
to the Night  
School

The city of New Orleans became convinced of the good work of Miss Wright. In her school over fifteen hundred employed persons were always in training, becoming more efficient workmen and better citizens; and as the student-body changed at short intervals, the school grew to be a strong factor in the social uplift of the city. The leading citizens, those who thought of the general welfare, became more and more interested in the famous night school, with the satisfactory result that sufficient funds were provided to meet the running expenses of her enterprise.

Twenty-five years after Sophie Wright's night school opened with one pupil, it was discontinued because it was no longer needed. The city had been roused by her splendid work to establish free night schools. But before this took place, an incident brought another great interest into the life of Miss Wright.

Free City  
Night Schools

One day a crippled orphan boy was brought to her and it became a serious question how he was to be cared for, as the State had no place provided for such as he. At

once she asked permission to build a cottage for Crippled Children, as an annex to the Home for Incurables. With her old-time courage she borrowed and raised the ten thousand dollars which was necessary to build and equip such a cottage, although still owing as much on her school building.

Building a  
Home for Crip-  
pled Children

To raise this money Miss Wright appealed to the public. By this time she had become very much of a general, and was fully aware that the individual can be multiplied many times by enlisting the aid of others. She called on the leading organizations to help her and made a strong appeal through the city papers. It happened at the time that the National Convention of Lumbermen was being held in the city. The president told the Convention the story of Miss Wright's work, and four thousand dollars was raised with little effort. The wives of the members gave a reception to which Miss Wright was summoned. The president presented the contribution with a glowing tribute. In her amazement and joy, the heroic woman who had borne the burden of debt and worked unceasingly without a murmur, broke down in tears. The city soon came forward and in a short time the entire sum was raised.

The "Pica-  
yune" Loving  
Cup of Silver

Miss Wright was now thoroughly known throughout the city, which took as keen a pride in her achievements as if she had been its protégé from the beginning. The "New Orleans Picayune" had made it an annual or biennial custom to present a loving cup to the citizen who had done some signal service for the city in the preceding year or two. When it became known that this cup was to be presented to Miss Wright, the working classes of the city, many of whom had been Miss Wright's pupils, asked that the ceremony be held at a time when they could attend, and it was decided to hold it in Audubon Park in the afternoon and evening.

While preparations for the celebration had been made with the greatest enthusiasm, at the same time another

plan was quietly carried out to raise the ten thousand dollars still due on the school building, and present the check to Miss Wright on the day of the celebration. The women of the city took charge of the raising of the money, and so quickly and quietly was it done that in three days the whole sum was collected without a word appearing in the papers.

The Southland is more given to municipal festivals and general gala days perhaps than the sober North. New Orleans has many times put on holiday attire, but never has there been an occasion of heartier rejoicing than the day when Miss Sophie Wright was given the "Picayune" loving cup. Over twenty thousand of her night-school boys participated, ranging in age from youth to middle age, and even older. In some cases fathers and sons stood side by side sharing the honor of being her boys. Many of her pupils had reached the higher plane of social standing and were ranked among the representative citizens, while many more were equally necessary to the world as common workmen. The great majority were useful citizens in one way or another, who freely admitted that Miss Wright and her school had opened up to them new possibilities in life. To few in this world is it vouchsafed to behold in such tangible and concrete form the results of the good they have tried to do. As Miss Wright's physical affliction was great, so her reward was correspondingly soul-satisfying.

**Twenty Thou  
sand Night  
School Boys  
Participate**

The loving cup, made of heavy silver and beautifully inscribed, was presented with a eulogy which her friends rejoiced to hear. They knew she merited every word of praise that could be given her. Then another loving cup was lifted up to her, one of flowers from her boys. There was no speech this time and none was needed. For a moment there was the eloquence of silence, and then the crowd broke into cheers.

**The Loving  
Cup of Flowers**

At that moment someone in plain sight of the people handed her a sealed envelope. She slipped it inside her



dress and thought no more about it—the people claimed her attention. That night after returning home she opened this envelope and out fell a check for ten thousand dollars, releasing her from a life of indebtedness. It was a beautiful climax to a wonderful day.

“The First  
Citizen of the  
Southland”

After that Miss Wright never lacked recognition and appreciation. Not only the city of New Orleans, but the whole South, and organizations of national importance, delighted in honoring her. In one short lifetime a little cripple, without money or friends to back her, had become widely known as “the First Citizen of the Southland.”

## CHAPTER XIV

### AGAINST WIND AND TIDE

There is no field so small, no cranny so contracted, but that a great spirit can house and manifest itself therein.—*Ruskin.*

**I**'LL SIT heah till they takes me in or tells me to go," decided an unkempt, forlorn-looking colored youth who was waiting his turn to be called into the office and admitted to Hampton Institute. He had been sitting there on the same bench for several hours, meanwhile seeing many sleek-looking boys of his race pleasantly greeted and taken in, while only looks of suspicion had been bestowed on him by the féw who had noticed him at all.

He felt no resentment at this partiality. He was well used to all kinds of ill-treatment, and, besides, when he contrasted his own disheveled appearance with the neatness of the other applicants, his only wonder was that he was allowed to remain there at all. The one comfort left him was that the fault was not his. When a nearly penniless boy had traveled alone hundreds of miles, walking most of the way, and sleeping anywhere along the road where sleeping was free, with no chance for removing the stains of such travel, he could not be expected to rival in tidiness the appearance of the more fortunate lads who came direct from a vigorous toilet under the searching eyes of an ambitious mother.

A Patient  
Stranger at  
Hampton

If this patient boy had been of a self-pitying turn of mind he would have had ample opportunity during the long wait to condole with himself on his hard lot, for his life from the first had been an uphill road. Shortly before the Civil War he had been born a slave on a plantation in Franklin County, Virginia. His mother was

cook for the family who owned her and lived in the little cook-house of the plantation. She already had one son and when this second dark-skinned baby came he appeared no different from the other pickaninnies on the plantation. No one then could have foretold that he would be numbered among the world's heroes and benefactors.

Emancipated  
from Slavery

Later his mother married a negro belonging to a neighboring plantation who, during the war, ran away from his master and was seen there no more. After the emancipation he sent for his family to join him in a mining town in West Virginia. It was a long, laborious journey over mountainous roads for the woman and three young children. They walked the greater part of the way, though the distance was some five hundred miles, sleeping in the open and cooking their scanty meals over a bonfire. The journey took weeks and weeks to accomplish, but eventually they reached the little town of Malden where the two boys of the family at once joined their stepfather in his work in a salt-mine.

Longing for an  
Education

Now the younger of the boys, the one whom we have left waiting in the outer office of Hampton Institute, had an intense desire to learn to read. While they were in slavery his nearest approach to school-life was his occasional trips to the village school to carry the books of his master's little daughter. At such times he would linger to peep into the schoolroom, and years afterward he said that it had seemed to him like a glimpse of heaven.

His mother sympathized with him in his ambition for knowledge, and after they were settled in a little cabin at Malden, she somehow procured for him an old copy of Webster's spelling-book. There was not a negro in the neighborhood who could help him, so he set to work to learn by himself the meaningless combinations "ab," "ba," "ca," "da," etc., but with no idea how to use them. When he had become familiar with the whole contents of the book he knew little more than he did before.

One day a colored soldier stopped in the village who straightway became a marvel because he could read. The colored people had been agitating the question of a school, and now the problem of a teacher was solved. The soldier opened a school, and this was our hero's first step along the wilderness-way that was to lead him to the promised land of knowledge. Every minute which he could take from his daily work in the salt-furnace he gave to study, and it was not long before he had learned all that his soldier-teacher had to give.

It was in this school that he claimed for himself a full name. Before this he had done very well with only Booker. When it was necessary to give the teacher a surname, on the impulse of the moment he called himself Booker Washington. Later his mother told him that she had already named him Booker Taliaferro, and thus it happened that he became Booker T. Washington.

He Takes a  
Name

His next effort in his struggles for an education was to enter a night-school kept by a more advanced teacher in a town several miles away. There was not a day's work so hard that evening did not find Booker ready to walk the long distance to this school. But this rare opportunity was soon cut short by his stepfather, who put him to work in a coal-mine and continued to claim his meagre wages as belonging to the head of the family.

Perhaps this was the darkest period of Booker's early life in more senses than one. The work was hard, the surroundings depressing in the extreme. There was constant danger of being crushed by falling slate or being blown to pieces by premature explosions of powder, as in those days mine precautions were of the crudest. The boy was often lost in the passageway which was a mile long from the opening of the mine to the face of the coal. In these caverns of midnight darkness his light would sometimes go out, and he could only grope around in fear until he made his way out.

At Work in a  
Coal-mine

One memorable day while working in this dark mine,



Booker overheard two miners talking about a great school for colored people. One related to the other that in this school colored boys were taught to read and all that goes with reading, and also were taught to do things. But, added to that, was the information which filled young Booker's heart with hope and joy—they were given a chance to work for a part of their expenses!

The knowledge-famished lad was fired with new ambition. We may be sure that he drew from the miners all they knew about this wonderful place, and he began at once to lay plans for starting there. What was a distance of a few hundred miles to a colored boy inured to all kinds of hardships?

But a new delay came. His mother, who had not favored the rough, dangerous mine-work, secured for him what she considered a fine position as house-boy in the home of the owner of the salt-mine. Booker was undoubtedly deeply disappointed, but still he hugged the hope that in this new place he might be able to save nearly all of the five dollars a month which he would earn.

His stepfather, however, did not see it in that way, and the rosy visions of Hampton Institute receded into the dim future. But Booker never relinquished his final purpose. Some day, in some way, he would attend that school or another as good. What he did not then know was that his heroic persistence strengthened his character and the great purpose growing in his heart to obtain knowledge, to better himself and thus be ready to open the way to better things for his race.

All this, then, that seemed like an obstruction in his path, was really a preparatory school to fit him for entrance to Hampton Institute. In the year and a half term as house-boy in the home of the mine-owner, he received his first training, and it was a thorough one, in the proper care of a house and yard. And now as he sat in the ante-room of the great school, this skill as house-boy was to open the way to his boyish heaven.

The Wonderful  
School for Col-  
ored People

His Great Pur-  
pose Grows

"Take this broom and sweep that room clean!" said the head teacher who had kept an eye on the patient stranger. Of course a boy looking as he did could not do it, but it would be the test on which he could be dismissed. Hampton Institute in that day was fairly overrun with applicants for admission, and only the more promising could be entered.

Booker jumped up with alacrity, for here was just his chance. Whatever his appearance might say, he knew how to make a room clean, and in his heart he thanked the strict housekeeper of the salt-mine owner in Malden. Three times he swept that recitation room, moving every movable piece of furniture. Then he found a cloth and carefully dusted everything four times. When he was sure that every speck of dust was removed he reported to the head teacher.

The Test at  
Hampton

She inspected the room carefully, rubbing her handkerchief over the table, benches, woodwork. Then she said, "I guess you will do to enter this institution." He was at once given a janitor position which he held until he graduated. Booker had learned a great lesson. No matter what his ambition might have been, if he had not paved the way to a better future by doing thoroughly the humble work of house-boy, he could not have entered the great school.

After three years of continuous struggling against well-nigh overwhelming difficulties, Booker T. Washington graduated from Hampton Institute with the highest honors. He was fortunate in having received in this institution the very training he was to need in his future work, and the school was as fortunate in having for a graduate one who could so well appreciate this training and could pass it on, enriching thousands of lives of his race.

Admitted to  
the Great  
School

The colored people of that day, in common with many not colored, had the idea that education meant a pompous show of learning such as would secure for those possess-

ing it the awe and respect of their community, in addition to an easy living. All one needed was an acquaintance with Latin, Greek, astronomy, and some others of the lofty branches of learning of which the common people knew nothing, and one's name written boldly across a diploma, to be able to loll back in ease and security for the rest of one's life.

Industrial and  
Domestic  
Training at  
Hampton

But the education given at Hampton Institute was modeled on an entirely different plan. It purposed the training of head, heart, and hand, to fit the colored people for the common duties of every-day life. It did not require the understanding of Latin, Greek, or astronomy, but did demand that the students know the proper care of their person, and learn how to build and repair fences, hang gates, make and mend things about the house; how to sweep, scrub, make up beds, cook, set the table, sew, and carry on an orderly routine of daily life. The first lessons given the pupils were along these lines. A considerable number of those going out from Hampton were to become teachers and would, in turn, teach these useful accomplishments to boys and girls in many smaller schools of the big Southland.

Called to  
Tuskegee

After a few years of ordinary teaching routine, Booker T. Washington was called to take charge of an institution to be modeled on the plan of Hampton, and to be located at Tuskegee, Alabama, in "The Black Belt" of the South. He welcomed this offer as the opportunity to begin his life-work in earnest, and he accepted with a backing of strong recommendations from Hampton.

In assuming his new charge, he had expected to find school buildings and some provision for meeting running expenses. What he did find, however, on his arrival in Tuskegee, was unbounded enthusiasm for the school, any number of prospective pupils, and a promised appropriation by the legislature of two thousand dollars, annually, to be used in paying teachers' salaries. But there were no buildings nor any provisions to secure them.

His first task was then to find a building in which the opening could be made, not an easy task under the circumstances. The best he could do was to accept the offer of the colored Methodist church for the assembly room and a tumble-down shanty near it for a class-room. And such was the opening of the Tuskegee Normal Institute, as many pupils being admitted as the one teacher thought he could manage. The buildings were so dilapidated that during a rainstorm one of the pupils would hold an umbrella over Mr. Washington while he heard the recitations.

**Humble Begin-  
nings**

Though the school had opened with but thirty pupils, before the month was up fifty were enrolled, and at the end of six weeks an assistant teacher had to be secured. The school continued to grow, and when three months had passed it was found necessary to plan for things on a much larger scale.

This school was located in an agricultural country, the rich, black soil having first given rise to the name "The Black Belt." Later, during slavery days, slave labor in tilling the fertile soil was found to be highly profitable and "The Black Belt" came to refer to the dense negro population.

Mr. Washington saw clearly that what was most needed was a farm on which the school could give agricultural training. What this people were in want of was not book knowledge so much as a practical knowledge of industry with which to make a respectable living after leaving school. They needed to be given new ideas and more energy in this fertile country, where only the crudest methods of farming were employed.

**Need of Agri-  
cultural Train-  
ing**

With this need absorbing his attention, Mr. Washington made frequent trips to an old, abandoned plantation, one mile from Tuskegee. The place could be bought for the small sum of five hundred dollars, a sum, however, which did not seem trifling to a man who did not have so much as one dollar to spare and who had never pos-



sessed so much as one hundred dollars at any one time in his life. For the love of his school he ventured to ask a friend in Hampton for a loan of two hundred and fifty dollars to be paid down to hold the plantation. To his surprise and joy the money was sent him, and he bought the property, giving his note for the remaining two hundred and fifty.

A Site Secured  
for Tuskegee  
Institute

The "big house," or family mansion of the plantation, had been burned, leaving only an old log cabin, formerly used as a dining-hall, a cook-house, a stable and a hen-house. The fact that there was no money for new buildings did not keep Mr. Washington from immediately moving his school out to the farm. The stable was repaired and used as a recitation room, and the hen-house was cleaned to be used for the same purpose.

A New Sort of  
School

Here, on the roomy plantation, the school could introduce the industrial training for which it stood. Nearly all the work of getting the new place ready for occupancy was done by the students themselves. At first some who had come with big text-books and bigger notions of how grandly they would get through them in order to graduate, did not take kindly to this new sort of school. But when Mr. Washington, the head teacher, took his axe and led in the work of clearing the land for farming, they all fell in with his plan. When they had cleared twenty acres and planted the first crop they had taken the first step toward a self-supporting school.

From these small beginnings, the school advanced with surprising rapidity. The pupils were taught in a practical way the dignity of labor. They learned that only the knowledge which can be made useful in some way is worth possessing; that information acquired for show or stored away as a miser hides his gold, is only a collection of dead facts, a heavy, useless burden. They learned the lesson Mr. Washington had learned in Hampton, that the happiest people are those who are the most useful. "No race can prosper," he taught them, "till it learns

that there is as much dignity in tilling a field as in writing a poem. It is at the bottom of life we must begin, and not at the top."

After the farm had been paid for, the constantly growing school demanded a new building. At the time the plan was drawn for a structure to cost six thousand dollars, there was not a dollar in the treasury which could be applied towards the enterprise. The students began the work by digging out the earth for the foundation. This they did after the regular class hours. The owner of a saw-mill nearby insisted on delivering all the lumber necessary for the new building with no other security than Mr. Washington's promise to pay when he could. In many ways that would seem wonderful to us, Mr. Washington planned and managed until the building was completed and the bills paid.

**New Buildings**

About this time this enlightened educator introduced what was to become a leading industry in Tuskegee Institute, brick-making. But before he made a final success of it he met with failures which would have overwhelmed one with a weaker purpose. After continual disappointments, as when the kiln burned down time after time, or something else as disheartening happened, he made one last effort, pawning his watch to secure the means for it. The last trial was a success.

The launching of brick-manufacture was a long step forward. Not only did the school secure a building material with which to construct the buildings needed in its work, but as the excellent brick grew in demand with the citizens of Tuskegee, Mr. Washington felt that brick-making had become a means of building up friendly relations between town and school.

**Students  
Manufacture  
Brick**

The students were also taught to make wagons and other vehicles. In fact not only all the vehicles that were used on the school farm were built by students, but enough more to supply part of the local trade. And these goods were much in demand when it was found that every-

thing which came from the school had been honestly and durably constructed. All this commercial activity helped to establish the school as part of the community. Mr. Washington said: "The individual who can do something that the world wants done, will, in the end, make his way regardless of race."

Making  
Wagons and  
Furniture

The men and boys at Tuskegee not only erected the necessary school buildings, but they were taught to make the furniture they needed. This manufacture at first was crude and unsatisfactory, but it was not long before necessity and competition, together with pride in their own workmanship, brought out some very creditable furniture. To-day furniture and mattress-making have become important departments of Tuskegee Institute.

Remarkable  
Growth of  
Tuskegee

The growth of this institution has been marvelous. Twenty years after the opening in an old shanty and a hen-house on mortgaged land, the school owned twenty-five hundred acres of land, several hundred of which were cultivated by the students. Booker T. Washington himself can best tell of this increase in his own words: "There are now upon the grounds, counting large and small, forty buildings, and all except four have been almost wholly erected by the labor of our students. While the students are at work upon the land and in erecting buildings, they are taught, by competent instructors, the latest methods of agriculture and the trades connected with building.

"There are in constant operation at the school, in connection with thorough academic and religious training, twenty-eight industrial departments. With the training received in these departments, the student can go out as soon as graduated and secure employment. And the demand for these graduates far exceeds the supply."

The value of the total property at the present time runs up into the millions, and all free from mortgage. There are now nearly two thousand students coming from every State to attend this school. The practical plan is contin-

ued and with the best results. Commencement exercises there are not a display of rhetoric but demonstrations of applied knowledge. On the stage may be seen a stove, a dining table, and a girl graduate preparing a meal; following her, a young man, a dairy cow, and a horse fill the commencement platform, and the graduate illustrates the things he has learned regarding the care of horses and cows, by actual demonstration; and again, a young architect, as his most eloquent commencement oration, exhibits a house which he has designed.

Booker T. Washington worked hard for the good of his race and did much to break down race prejudice. He taught the negro to be useful, to spend his time and thought in developing self instead of resenting his treatment by others. With the white people he pleaded for justice and co-operation in behalf of the less favored of humanity.

For the Good  
of His Race

“There is no defense or security for any of us except in the highest intelligence and development of all,” he said. “If anywhere there are efforts tending to curtail the fullest growth of the negro, let these efforts be turned into stimulating encouragement, and making him a useful and intelligent citizen. Efforts or means so invested will pay a thousand per cent interest. These efforts will be twice blessed—‘blessing him that gives and him that receives.’”

It was with an eye single to the welfare of others that this great man labored. If ever in early life he had a thought of honor it was as of something for others more fortunate in birth and position but not within the range of possibility in his own case. And yet this man, born a slave, and reared in abject poverty, came to be honored in ways that would be a joy to anyone, no matter what his position. Dr. Washington was always in demand as a speaker at great assemblies, and his speeches have been praised by the press of the whole country. Among his friends he numbered several of our Presidents and others

Extraordinary  
Career of  
Booker T.  
Washington



of national authority and of European nobility. Harvard and Yale have both conferred degrees on him. At the Yale Bi-Centennial in 1901, seated on the platform among representatives of every large university of the world, was Booker T. Washington. President Hadley, conferring on him the honorary degree, said: "We congratulate ourselves on living in a country where the name of Washington is honored whether the first name is George or Booker T."

When the death of Dr. Washington left a place hard to fill, the world was reminded what the work and life of this wonderful man had been. And that life is not closed, but will go on and on with endless power to inspire others to noble deeds. In every newspaper and literary magazine in the land appeared eulogies of Booker T. Washington, a name once known only to a few colored persons in a miserable mining community. Already several memorial projects have been started to honor this truly great man and to benefit his race. In contemplating such a life, it is safe to say that opportunity for true service is within the reach of anyone.

True Service  
Within the  
Reach of Any  
One

## CHAPTER XV

### IN FREEDOM'S CAUSE

There was but one Moses to the thousands of Israel who entered Jordan.—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

**I**T STANDS written in the history of progress that when the world is ready for a new movement, the strong leader appears. Not so much, however, is said about the voice of the forerunner raised afar off in the wilderness, though this voice is always as necessary as the one sounding the loud note of victory in the thick of public life. But occasionally the two voices have been the same. Such is the distinction belonging to Susan B. Anthony. As a young woman she joined in the first feeble protest against woman's narrow opportunities, and later she led in the broad propaganda for complete emancipation. Whatever may be one's attitude toward the question of Woman Suffrage, there can be but one opinion as to Miss Anthony's rightful place among world workers. Over half a century's undivided devotion to one cause, and that a most unpopular one, places her high in the ranks of heroism. By sacrificing everything in life which the average woman holds most dear, she carried the cause from the depths of ridicule and ignominy to the point of gaining recognition as an important national issue.

**In the Ranks  
of Heroism**

Her early life was a fit preparation for a heroic career. She belonged to an old-time Quaker family of the large mentality, moral integrity and strong sense of justice characteristic of this early American people. Such men as Garrison, Wendell Phillips, Channing, and other leaders of radical views and broad vision, were welcome guests in her father's home. The democratic conversa-

**Early Prep-  
aration**

tions around the hospitable table and fireplace, conversations in which Miss Susan was free to join and which she did enter into with spirit, emphasized the bent of her nature, when thoughts of justice and human freedom were entering and determining the course of her future activities. Life thus naturally opened up as a field of manifold work where wrongs were to be righted; and to her courageous soul, the finger of duty had but to point the way to find her ready for any undertaking.

The comprehensive plan of equal suffrage, like other great movements, had small beginnings. Miss Anthony's first experience in unjust sex-discrimination came when, as a young lady of seventeen, she asserted her right of being self-supporting by securing a country school and entering on what proved to be a fifteen years' career of teaching. Her mental ability was unusual, her education the best that was afforded her sex in that day, but the remuneration for that first term was only one dollar a week besides board; and, according to her biographer, she never received for teaching more than one-fourth the salary which a male teacher could easily have commanded.

Little by little the fact was borne in on her that woman was not generally rated as her father and his friends had held her, but that the position of the sex was practically what it had been in primitive times. Educational provisions for girls were of the simplest kind, as their domestic duties were not supposed to call for anything but the most elementary education. Not a high school in the land was open to them, and colleges for women did not exist even as a possibility in the minds of advanced thinkers.

Socially and legally woman's status differed so widely then from what it is at present that this former position to us now seems preposterous and ludicrous. She had no authority outside of the home and in it only so much as her male protector saw fit to grant her. To speak in public was regarded as being contrary both to the law of nature and to the commands of God, and the few women

The Thin  
Wedge

Woman's  
Status in Miss  
Anthony's  
Early Youth

who were bold enough to violate law and propriety in this respect were made to feel how quickly punishment can follow offense. One such lesson was sufficient to intimidate most women, but Miss Anthony belonged among the very few who refuse to take any rebuke to heart when they feel themselves on the side of right. For example, after Miss Anthony had dared to make an excellent speech at an educational convention, the chairman as a reprimand declared that he would rather see his "women folks" dead before him than to know them guilty of such an unwomanly act as speaking before a public audience.

Rebuked for  
Speaking in  
Public

To write for publication was almost as grave a violation of good taste and decorum, especially if the subject of the writing was a question of public interest. The danger of committing this offense, however, was very slight, as few editors cared to brave public opinion by publishing anything over a woman's signature. In short, a woman engaging in anything outside of home duties put a stigma on herself and family and was very likely to be punished by social ostracism.

A married woman had absolutely no legal identity. No property was under her control, not even what she brought her husband in marriage, and any wages she might earn belonged to him as well. Thus, "she could neither buy nor sell, sue nor be sued, nor make a contract nor testify in court." Children were entirely under the control of the father, who could apprentice them without the mother's consent, and could dispose of them by will at his death, even to willing away from the mother her unborn child. There was only one cause for divorce; and the husband, even though he was the guilty party, could retain possession of both children and property. In the census woman figured as a human being and in public places as the daughter, sister or wife of some man.

A Married  
Woman Had  
No Legal  
Identity

As late as 1848, when Miss Anthony had reached the mature age of twenty-eight, the English Common Law



was in force practically everywhere in our country. In harmony with it, the position of the wife was thus stated by Blackstone: "By marriage, the husband and wife are one person in law; that is, the legal existence of the wife is merged in that of her husband. He is her baron or lord, bound to supply her with shelter, food, clothing and medicine, and is entitled to her earnings and the use and custody of her person, which he may seize wherever he may find it.

As Stated by  
Blackstone

"The husband being bound to provide for his wife the necessities of life, and being responsible for her morals and the good order of the household, may choose and govern the domicile, select her associates, separate her from her relatives, restrain her religious and personal freedom, correct her faults by mild means, and, if necessary, chastise her with moderation, as though she was his apprentice or child. This is in respect to the terms of the marriage contract and the infirmity of the sex."

Miss Anthony's  
Vision

When Miss Anthony, strong, independent, fearless, with mental ability measuring up to that of men of marked intellectuality and with her inherited and educated sense of justice, came face to face with such conditions in the world outside of her Quaker associations, it is not surprising that her whole being was agitated. The wonder, however, remains that, against all opposition and many discouragements, she never wavered nor lost sight of that day in the calendar of the future when this main line in the many unnecessary cleavages of society would be seen no more, and woman would take her place as man's equal in personal rights.

At that time two great questions were slowly but surely rising to claim American action. One had to do with slavery, the other with the liquor traffic. Miss Anthony's interest in both, dating back to her childhood years, was to lead her on to her own peculiar life-work, a life-long battle for woman's emancipation.

With the purpose of extending temperance sentiment,

a body of men called "The Sons of Temperance" had invited the women to organize as an annex under the name "Daughters' Union." Later when the Sons planned a convention the Daughters were invited to send delegates. It could hardly have happened otherwise than that Miss Anthony with her interest in temperance and her advanced ideas of woman's mission should be present as a delegate. The unexpected, though, took place when in her zeal she arose to speak to a motion exactly as if she had been a man. At once she was stopped by the surprised chairman who hurriedly told her that "the sisters were not invited there to speak but to listen and learn." Without doubt most of the men there present could with good results have sat under the instruction of a woman of her ability, and the injustice of this sweeping sex-discrimination did not fail to leave its impress on more than one present.

Women Should  
"Listen and  
Learn"

Later, as secretary of the New York temperance society, Miss Anthony did strenuous work in canvassing the State for signers to a petition for the then called "Maine Law." It was when the monster petition was presented to the Legislature that her eyes were opened to woman's real status.

"Who are all those signers?" was the question asked.

"Chiefly women and children," said other members with a laugh and sneer, and the petition fell through.

This experience was the pivot on which Miss Anthony's life-work turned into full view. "The lack on the side of woman," she said, "is that her vote has not contributed to man's election." Then and there she registered a vow to begin at the bottom by working for woman's enfranchisement, being convinced that the quickest way to bring about other reforms was to give woman the ballot. "In the ballot lies the supreme source of power," she was wont to say before quoting from Sumner's speech on "Equal Rights to All." "To him who has the ballot all other things shall be given. The ballot is like the

Her Life-  
work Looms  
into View

horn of abundance out of which flow rights of every kind. Or, better still, it is like the hand of the body, without which man, who is now only a little lower than the angels, must have continued only a little above the brute. As the hand is in civilization, so is the ballot in government. Give me the ballot and I can rule the world."

When petitions were to be circulated throughout the country in the interests of negro emancipation, Miss Anthony, because of her splendid managing and organizing ability, and Elizabeth Cady Stanton, because of her wonderful persuasive gifts, were appealed to for help. These two leaders, with other royal-minded women, worked valiantly for fifteen months securing four hundred thousand signatures. Their successful work was highly appreciated and praised in the North, Charles Sumner and Henry Wilson repeatedly declaring that those petitions formed the bulwark of their demand for Congressional action to abolish slavery.

Miss Anthony did not make her effort in behalf of the black man as a distinct digression from the straight path she had marked out as her way through life's many vocations. With the appeal for the emancipation of slaves she had enclosed an appeal to Americans in general in behalf of her sex, with the hope that the sentiment awakened for one kind of freedom would extend to a general emancipation. Then came the agitation over the Fourteenth Amendment when she had need to redouble her energies.

The proposed amendment had been the hope of the woman's cause. When the negro, who was then but a short remove from barbarism, should be admitted to citizenship, the white woman who had done her full share in establishing the nation, could hardly be refused, the leaders fondly reasoned. But the impossible came to pass. The insertion of the short word "male" in the Fourteenth Amendment, and the omission of the shorter word "sex" from the Fifteenth which quickly followed, became the

Work for  
Negro  
Emancipation

Thwarted  
Hopes

talisman to admit the black man and exclude the white woman. The women of the land responded quickly to the call of Miss Anthony when the wording of the amendments became known, but to no avail. Not only was woman not admitted, but it seemed that by the Federal Constitution itself she was forever barred from participating in governmental affairs.

The general effect, however, was not exactly what the framers of the amendments had in view. Instead of their work being a master stroke in checking the woman movement, there appeared a result not at all taken into their calculations. When every colored man, however ignorant, was created woman's political superior, as well as every naturalized foreigner, many intelligent persons who had hitherto been indifferent became active in woman's behalf, or were brought to the point where they questioned the wisdom of the amendment itself.

An Unexpected  
After-effect

Out of the experience came a valuable lesson for Miss Anthony and her associates. Up to that time their plan of work had been to direct their efforts toward changing the constitution in each State so as to include Woman Suffrage, but the recent demonstration of enfranchising a whole race by an addition to the Federal Constitution gave them a new idea. The method by States is slow, laborious, expensive, and since then the short-cut way to full citizenship opened to the Freedmen has been diligently sought by the woman's party.

Discarding the  
Method by  
States

Susan B. Anthony, whose name has become a synonym for Woman Suffrage, did not in early life insist on her right to the ballot. This may be explained by the fact that many Quaker men were rather indifferent to politics and so often failed to exercise their right to vote. It was after she had entered actively into public reforms and had to contend with the disadvantages of being a mere woman without voting power that her eyes were opened to the importance of the ballot.

When she read that remarkable document, the "Decla-



The First  
Woman's Con-  
vention

ration of Sentiments," endorsed by the first woman's convention called together by Elizabeth Cady Stanton and Lucretia Mott, in 1848, Susan B. Anthony's whole being quivered in harmony with the movement. It is interesting to recall that the only prominent editor who reported the convention without ridicule, in many cases of the coarsest kind and with much falsifying, was Horace Greeley of the "New York Tribune." It was his report Miss Anthony, then a school teacher, read, and after considering the "Declaration of Sentiments," she finally concluded that it was as just and noble as the Declaration of Independence itself. When later she met Elizabeth Cady Stanton she was ready to join forces with her in a life-long struggle for woman's enfranchisement.

Then began a remarkable career of fifty-five years devoted to one cause, an undivided allegiance save for the partial digression mentioned, at the time of the Civil War when she worked for the abolition of negro slavery. At the outset she mapped out the plan from which she never departed. It was a broad, educational campaign she had in mind. "We shall employ agents, circulate tracts, petition legislatures, and endeavor to enlist pulpit and press in our behalf," she said, as she outlined in simple terms what was to become a life-long programme. From that time to the close of her life she had only one thought—how woman may be enfranchised.

Her Efforts  
Secure Prop-  
erty Rights for  
Women

The extent of Susan B. Anthony's activities is almost past belief. With an iron constitution and a spirit which was never dismayed by opposition either intelligent or brutal, her efforts for the amelioration of woman never abated. During one winter she held over fifty conventions in the State of New York in the interests of two petitions to be presented to the Legislature, the first asking for equal property rights for woman, and the second for the one cause most sacred in her eyes, woman's enfranchisement. It was only after years of repeated effort that the Legislature responded with action on the first

petition, passing a law which granted to woman modified property rights.

It was in large measure due to her efforts that in 1869 the National Woman's Suffrage Association was organized. The movement was yet in the uncertain stage when a very few entered the work with a fixed determination to go on to victory, a rather larger number manifested a lukewarm interest in the cause, while the great body of people were still bitterly, or humorously, opposing it.

The First National Organization

There were thoughtful and good men and women on both sides of the question. What deterred many from extending sympathy was the dread of well-settled relations between the sexes becoming disturbed by new ideas of woman's larger sphere. Horace Bushnell wrote what was considered then a strong treatise on the danger of a reform which went against nature. In answer Miss Anthony and her associates declared it was not nature but man that had fixed woman's status. Richard Dana with the best intentions, deploring the restless ambition of his countrywomen, held up for them as models to pattern after the womanly sweetness and beautiful devotion to man immortalized in the Shakespearean heroines, Desdemona, Ophelia and Juliet. The suffrage advocates, on the other hand, claimed that while those qualities served the purpose in the drama and were illustrative of types of character, these heroines themselves would fit but poorly in the present economic system, and in that environment would suffer by comparison with such women as Lucretia Mott, Lydia Maria Child, Harriet Martineau, Margaret Fuller and others.

Comparison with Shakespearean Heroines

Miss Anthony's self-forgetful readiness to assume any financial obligation which promised to further the cause sometimes brought her heavy burdens. One ill-fated venture was a periodical called "The Revolution" started as the organ of Woman Suffrage. Its motto was: "Principle, not policy; justice, not favor; men, their rights and nothing more; women, their rights and nothing less."

Assuming the  
Debts of the  
Cause

In harmony with its capable editors, its name and motto, it put forth strong, wholesome reading which required thought to controvert, and it fairly shone with enthusiasm of a noble kind; but the cause was not by any means popular and money was scarce. After two and a half years the publication was discontinued with an indebtedness of ten thousand dollars. This liability Miss Anthony assumed and paid off as fast as the returns from her lecture work permitted.

Miss Anthony  
Votes and Is  
Fined Therefor

In 1872 Miss Anthony came into public attention as never before. Her purpose was to put to a legal test Section I of Amendment XIV, which many intelligent persons held as giving woman the right to vote. The clause reads as follows: "No State shall make or enforce any law which shall abridge the privileges or immunities of citizens of the United States." Acting under legal advice, Miss Anthony registered and voted the full ticket, on the claim that she was a citizen. The arrest and trial on a criminal charge of this noted woman created a national sensation. To those in sympathy with her cause the trial and conviction appeared as a travesty on justice, while some on the opposite side declared that the end of suppressing a feminine uprising justified any means. The fact, though, stands on record that the presiding justice without deliberation or delay directed the jury to bring in a verdict of guilty, and fined the intrepid culprit the sum of one hundred dollars and costs. This she told him she would not pay, which she never did. The publicity given the occurrence deepened public interest in the question of Woman Suffrage and called closer attention to the clause in question and its interpretation. As for Miss Anthony and her friends, instead of being cast down at the outcome, they renewed their resolve to "agitate, agitate, agitate," as Miss Anthony continued to exhort on every occasion.

The idea of sex equality gradually entered all departments of industry and grew in political importance. The

movement had spread in foreign countries as well, in some of which woman had gained a political recognition considerably above that accorded her in our land. The time had come for international alliance, and after several years of preparation with Miss Anthony in the lead, the International Council of Women was organized at Washington in 1888. This Council, with its national auxiliaries in nearly all civilized countries, already has demonstrated to women of different lands that in union lie both hope and strength.

The complete devotion of Miss Anthony to the cause of her sex stands unparalleled in the records of public service. "I know only woman and her disfranchised," was the goad to tireless effort. She conducted campaigns from ocean to ocean, always raising means for her expenses and putting into the suffrage treasury whatever surplus she earned. To her unworldly mind, money had but one use—to hasten the full emancipation of woman. To deepen the general interest, she sent out millions of documents for the enlightenment of the public and encouragement of fellow-workers.

Complete and  
Tireless De-  
votion

Slowly but surely the attitude of thinking people towards the question of Woman Suffrage was changing, and the leaders came in for some share of commendation. All at once it dawned on Miss Anthony that former foes were presenting overtures of peace. She hardly knew what to make of the new relations. An occasion which brought the blush of shame to many who had thoughtlessly ridiculed and defamed her, was when at a public gathering she was presented with an armful of roses. "The grand old woman" who had endured so many attacks by tongue and pen, stood in pathetic helplessness before these new attentions. "I don't know how to behave," she said with perfect truthfulness. "Had you thrown stones at me or called me names I should have known how to answer, but now I do not."

Roses Instead  
of Stones

By 1893 her fame had reached many lands as was



World-wide  
Fame Comes  
to Susan B.  
Anthony

demonstrated at the World's Congress of Representative Women held at the World's Fair in Chicago. Even more marked were the honors bestowed on her at the International Council of Women which met in London in 1899 and in Berlin five years later. The foremost women of the world, of noble and even royal rank, women gifted in varied ways, who had achieved and done large service for different classes, all had in mind the story of her wonderful courage and her life-long devotion to the cause of woman, and they counted it a privilege to honor her. The appearance on the platform of this tall, serene woman who had borne the brunt of battle for half a century, was always a signal for an ovation.

Celebration of  
Her Eightieth  
Birthday

The crowning homage of her long life was perhaps the occasion of her eightieth birthday. Those who saw her at that celebration can picture her as she was seated in the centre of the stage of the largest opera house of the capital of our country. She was attired in the rich and appropriate dress which she wore for many years on all state occasions. This was a wine-colored velvet made with full straight lines, demi-train and finished at the neck and wrists with exquisite collar and cuffs of point lace. The spacious house was filled with men and women of distinction at home and abroad and some of the most noted made short addresses eulogistic of Miss Anthony and her remarkable career. This demonstration of love and appreciation she received with the same childlike simplicity and utter lack of self-consciousness that were among her strongest characteristics.

The climax of the day's exercises was reached when eighty small boys and girls dressed in white filed past Miss Anthony in a march across the stage and each one left on her lap an American Beauty rose. It was a wonderful scene. The great woman, with the smooth bands of iron grey hair framing her strong, sweet old face, the roses filling her lap and trailing down the folds of her velvet gown and on the floor beside her, made a

picture so beautiful and impressive that it was perpetuated by a woman artist present, who later made a worthy life-size portrait in oil. Scarcely an eye of that vast audience was dry, and those present will never forget this heart-stirring occasion.

A few years before this a public demonstration of honor was accorded her on a smaller scale which took place in her own home city, Rochester, New York. The club and society women of that city rebuked by honors bestowed on their noted townswoman by many other cities at home and abroad, decided it was about time for Rochester to pay public homage to Miss Anthony. It had been a case of a prophet not being without honor save in his own country, and the absurdity of the situation had been realized with amusement by many of Miss Anthony's co-workers who had witnessed the attentions bestowed upon her from coast to coast by the most distinguished and even by royalty itself.

Honor in the  
Home Town

At the Rochester reception Miss Anthony stood in line for hours with many representative women while she received the felicitations and expressions of love of her fellow citizens, who evidently had not remained silent so long entirely because of indifference, but because she was with them always as a familiar townswoman.

This demonstration was even more gratifying and touched her more deeply than almost any other event in her eventful life. It was on such occasions that the woman who had shown herself a heroine in the hardest battles, never losing courage even when deserted by friends, revealed her true self, proving that she was not masculine in nature, as had been said, nor self-sufficient, but that she was a very womanly woman with a heart craving affection.

A Womanly  
Woman

On her eighty-sixth and last birthday celebration congratulations were read from the President of the United States, senators, representatives, and other leading men


**The Final  
Verdict**

and women from all over our land as well as from foreign lands. By that time Miss Anthony, the ridiculed, the disdained, the persecuted, had become accustomed to the admiration and good will of the world. In the past there had been times of terrible desolation when she had stood all but alone at the front, and all efforts had seemed futile to overcome the prejudice of past ages. But at last with the change in public sentiment success was in sight. Not to many reformers is given so serene a retrospection of the long, hard battle leading to certain victory.

## CHAPTER XVI

### THE PLANT WIZARD

All things are possible to him that believeth.—*Bible.*

 HE children of men, both big and little, have always delighted in tales of magic. The common, everyday ways of bringing things to pass are often tedious and hard, and any means that gratify wishes in a new and surprising manner are hailed with joy. Aladdin and his marvelous lamp please the fancy long after we are obliged to admit that no such lamp ever existed.

But there is a real magic-worker to-day in the world and he produces more wonderful results than the famous lamp ever did—results which do not vanish when rising day puts dreams to flight. This modern magician is the man of active mind who searches out the secrets of nature and uses them for the good of humanity. The great difference, though, in this modern wonder-working, is that instead of only the word of command so agreeable to natural indolence, the closest concentration is necessary and work, work, work is the price of success.

A Real Magic-worker

Because of his extraordinary achievements in the world of fruits and flowers Luther Burbank has been called the "plant wizard." A world benefactor he has proved himself to be, and yet there was a time when his friends were few, when he was called a visionary and even his sanity was questioned. More than one declared that to tamper, as Burbank did, with the plant-order established by the Creator was outright irreverence. It is easy now to smile at such foolish criticism, but it was not so easy for a young man who had yet to convince the

Once Called a Visionary



world and who sorely needed the good will of his fellow men.

Burbank's introduction to California was discouraging. From boyhood his chief interest had been in agriculture, and the change from Massachusetts to California was made for a climate more favorable both to health and to plant experiments. But he had no sooner reached Santa Rosa than sickness seized him. When he was able to leave his bed he found that his small savings as well as his strength were gone, and that he was a penniless weakling in a strange land.

But a young man of twenty-six with such dreams and ambitions as filled Burbank's mind is not long kept down. When he could do no better he took up his residence in an empty chicken house and eagerly did the jobs which he could find. These, however, were scarce and the pay was poor. Burbank's life is so full of work and plans for further developments that he has little place for personal reminiscences. One incident, however, which he tells on rare occasions gives us a glimpse of these early experiences and of the strong will and lofty purpose which saved him from despair and a commonplace future.

"One day," he says, "I heard of a man who was building a house. I went to him and asked him for the job of shingling it. He asked me what I would do it for. The regular price was two dollars and a half a thousand, but I was so anxious for the work that I offered to do it for one dollar and seventy-five cents. 'All right,' he said, 'come and begin to-morrow.' But I had no shingling hammer and all the cash I had in the world was seventy-five cents, which I at once expended in purchasing the necessary hammer. Next morning when I reached my job, my new hammer in hand, all ready to go to work, I was surprised and—what shall I say—dismayed to find another man already at work, while the owner calmly came to me and said: 'I guess you'll have to let that job go, as this man here has undertaken to do it for one dol-

Ill Luck at  
Santa Rosa

Hunting a Job



LUTHER BURBANK.



lar a thousand.' How disappointed I was! I had spent my last cent, had a hammer that was no use to me now, and no job. But I kept a stiff upper lip and work soon came, and I've never been quite so hard up since."

It was a glad day to Luther Burbank when he secured a plot of ground where he could become a developer and creator. To this young man the seed and soil were full of fascinating potential results. The mystery of it all, of seed, plant, flower, fruit, and of the warm, nourishing earth, did not lose its charm with greater knowledge and deeper insight. Always his poet soul has echoed the words of Tennyson:

The Fascination of Seed and Soil

"Flower in the crannied wall,  
I pluck you out of the crannies,  
I hold you here, root and all, in my hand;  
Little flower—but *if* I could understand  
What you are, root and all, and all in all,  
I should know what God and man is."

There is a vast difference, though, between the methods of Tennyson and Burbank. Both take up the flower reverently thrilled with the mystery of life, but the poet extracts the lesson and the flower must wither, while the naturalist with a scientific insight into the possibilities of the plant transplants it carefully in a more favorable spot and directs it towards a fuller expression of its little flower-life. Both are needed, the poet and the naturalist, to point out the wonders surrounding us.

Tennyson and Burbank

Mr. Burbank rose rapidly in the world's estimation when he sent out his first catalogue to all the large horticultural firms in the world after twenty years of quiet work as a developer. This catalogue brought him immediate recognition even from those who had scoffed at his efforts and denounced him in severe terms. Acknowledgments came first from European scientists, but the approval of his own country followed speedily.

Visitors began to invade his large Santa Rosa farm.



Overwhelmed  
with Visitors

Mr. Burbank could not afford to devote any time to the curious or the casual observer, and he put up a sign reading, "Each visitor limited to five minutes unless special arrangement is made." Even this did not adequately safeguard him from continual interruption when his visitors became many thousands in number during the year, and other means had to be devised to protect him. He has always been glad to have the public understand and enjoy his work, but it would be foolish to give his time to contribute to their entertainment, nor could the world afford to have him do so. Besides the thousands of visitors, tens of thousands of letters are received by him every year.

His work is often on a big scale such as appeals to the imagination, and is dispatched with such speed as to show that he has secured a hold on the secret forces of nature. Harwood, one of his biographers, has told how Burbank in a wonderful way once filled an order for twenty thousand young prune trees in nine months.

A Huge Hurry-  
up Order for  
Prune Trees

"It would take, in the ordinary course of events, from two and a half to three years for a nurseryman to raise the trees, but this was a hurry-up order; if it was to be filled, it must be filled in nine months. He took the order. With all haste he scoured the country for men and boys to plant almonds. It was late in the season and the almond seed was the only one which would sprout at that time, among all the trees that were suitable for his plans. It grows very rapidly, too, and this was taken into account. In a comparatively short time the young shoots were big enough for budding. Twenty thousand prune buds were in readiness, were budded into the growing almonds, and the young trees were started forward in their race for the prize. When the nine months were up, the twenty thousand prune trees were ready. Nature had been outwitted, or, better put, had been led to outdo herself; the fruit-grower was delighted; the young nurseryman was a good many dollars in pocket. To-day, twenty years

afterward, one of the finest prune orchards in California or the world is growing from these trees."

If Burbank were not scrupulously honest and did not care vastly more for results as perfect as possible than he does for money, he might be ranked among the wealthy of our land. When it comes to developing he never stops for considerations of expense and loss. "The best attainable" is his motto. Think of burning hundreds of thousands of plum trees in developing the Burbank plum.

Burning Thou-  
sands of Plum  
Trees

Another writer relates how Mr. Burbank goes about his process of selecting and discarding: "Out of a thousand trees examined this month, a hundred may be retained, the others destroyed. Of this hundred, the weeding out process next year may leave only ten, and the year later, only one, or perhaps not even one. Two assistants followed us, as we passed down the row. Before we began, he rapidly suggested to me what he was aiming at. First of all the tree as a whole must be shapely—it must look well. Its leaves must be possessed of certain qualities, for thus he determined its climatic hardihood. The skin of the fruit must be of good color, perfect and suitable shape, and of the proper strength. The inside of the fruit must be firm, juicy, sweet and of good flavor.

"One glance, and all the first requirements were examined into. A representative plum was plucked, perhaps two or three, and while I was tasting, Mr. Burbank had decided all he wanted to know. One glance determined the skin qualities, a feel and a taste determined the interior fruit qualities, and almost as quickly as I can write it, he passed the trees one after another testing the fruit. A white string tied to the tree by the assistant signified 'Keep,' a black one 'Kill.' "

How Burbank  
Tests Fruit

Luther Burbank's ambition has been twofold—to contribute to the welfare of the race by producing better food at lower cost, and to multiply the joy of life for all by producing beautiful, inexpensive flowers and plants for private gardens. He looks forward to the time when it

will be possible for the poor to adorn their homes with a profusion of flowers which shall be larger and more beautiful than those now in the conservatories of the rich. In both of these high aspirations he has succeeded.

His achievements date back to his boyhood home in Lancaster, Massachusetts. While there he succeeded in producing new varieties of potatoes which he sold only to seedsmen. One seedsman paid him one hundred and twenty-five dollars for his whole stock of one variety. The official report of the United States Department of Agriculture at Washington a few years ago gave the information that the Burbank potato was adding about seventeen million dollars to the annual agricultural productivity of the country.

The Wonderful  
Burbank Po-  
tato

Mr. Burbank has two collectors always traveling around the world for him to obtain seeds, plants, bulbs, etc., and a multitude of correspondents send him specimens. Near the beginning of his work a Japanese agent sent him some plum pits. From these he developed two varieties, now known as the Burbank and the Satsuma plums. The Satsuma is commonly cultivated in California and is valued as a most delicious preserve, on account of its sweet flesh and small pits. The Burbank is one of the best and most popular plums in the United States. It is early, heavy-bearing, large, beautiful in color, and free from insects and diseases.

The Crimson  
Rhubarb

The crimson rhubarb, or mammoth pieplant, is one of the triumphs of the Burbank farm. It is grown on a large scale around Los Angeles and is shipped to the great markets throughout the country. It bears continuously through a large part of the year and has a particularly delicate flavor. It, too, is the product of careful selection and cultivation. A supply of rhubarb seeds was sent to Mr. Burbank from New Zealand in 1893. He sowed the seeds on a large scale and selected the best type for reproduction. He increased the size and hastened the development by grafting seedlings into older plants.

He has originated many new plants and flowers and various kinds of fruits, nuts, berries, grains, and vegetables. One of his amazing successes was with the walnut. In 1891 he grafted the English walnut on the California black walnut, planting a row of six trees before his own house. Quite contrary to the habit of the black walnut, these trees grew rapidly and in a few years it was necessary to cut out three of them. In 1906 the remaining three trees were eighty feet high and two feet in diameter.

In the western part of the United States there are thousands of acres of arid land which yield nothing but a scant growth of prickly cactus. If cattle are allowed to wander into these deserts they do themselves great harm and sometimes die from eating the thorn-covered cactus. Mr. Burbank conceived the idea of developing a cactus which should be thornless, and so would provide good food for cattle at times when other food is scarce. For ten years he worked with the greatest patience and perseverance, and has finally succeeded in producing a cactus minus the thorns. This achievement made Mr. Burbank very happy and in talking it over with a friend, he quoted with glowing face: "The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them; and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose."

Developing a  
Thornless  
Cactus

The literal fulfilment of Isaiah's prophecy has indeed been made possible, for Mr. Burbank's tireless effort has converted the scourge of the desert into a food which will furnish nourishment for man and beast. He has succeeded also in removing, with the thorns, the hard, fibrous substance of the cactus leaves. This plant proves adaptable to any climate, and while it grows best in rich soil provided with moisture, it can be raised also in the hot, dry desert. Mr. Burbank estimates that if the unused deserts of the world were cultivated sufficiently for the cactus to flourish, the plant would supply all of the necessary food for twice as many people as are now in the

The Scourge of  
the Desert Con-  
verted into  
Food



world, or millions of animals could be raised either to furnish food for mankind or to become the burden-bearers of the race. And he has facts on which to base his claim. A highly developed cactus plant on one of Mr. Burbank's own farms grew in three years to a gigantic stature and contained over six hundred pounds of nutritious food.

The characterization of Burbank by the poet, Edwin Markham, tells the secret of his wonderful success in plant development: "Under three counts I find our Luther Burbank a genius in dealing with plants. First, he has the power to take a hint. With sight, touch and smell all keenly alert, he watches and waits upon the mood of Nature. He catches her purpose, anticipates her will, betters her environment, augments her power.

"Second, he has immense capacity for taking pains. With unwearying patience, with countless experiments, with eternal vigilance, he observes, directs, controls and establishes dominion over the deed and destiny of his plants.

"Third, he has transcendent sympathy. He seems to know that the plant has its own mysterious personality—has its emotions, its hopes, its dreams. Man and tree spring from the One Life: hence there is a living unity between them, a mystic bond. So we find Burbank saying: 'There is a magnetism, a life principle, not yet understood, which plays under sympathetic conditions between human and human, between human and animal, between human and plant. The common carrier of this magnetism may be electricity.'

"Burbank works for beauty, but also for utility. He not only builds up new plants and fruits and flowers; but he also reforms old ones that have fallen into evil habits. He is a man of imagination as well as a practical scientist. He sees the life of the plant as a long drama. Taking Nature's variations as his cue, feeling that every seed has the potentiality of a new race, Burbank has experi-

Edwin Mark-  
ham Analyzes  
Burbank's  
Genius

A Man of  
Imagination

mented in pollination with plants of every species, urging Nature to new variations, creating new combinations and characteristics. The efforts of his forty years of this loving work have ennobled not only the plebeian potato, but also the bright races of fruit and flower.

“Working in the path of the creative law, Burbank has transformed a frowsy weed into the Shasta daisy; has given the calla lily the final grace of fragrance; has made the blackberry white and thornless; has married the plum to the apricot, bringing forth the plumcot; has flavored the quince with the pineapple; has taken the stones out of plums; has redeemed the pariah cactus to a kindly, useful life.”

Wonderful  
Transforma-  
tions

Hardly too much can be said for the self-sacrifices which Luther Burbank has practiced in his work. When his nursery business was yielding him a good income he sold out in order to devote his time and energy to the cause of developing. And this not with a view to greater gain for himself, but to surround other lives with better conditions. One writer says of him that he would have all men enjoy all there is to enjoy, know all there is to know, and be all that man can be.

For many years Luther Burbank seemed to be intent on nothing but plant development and no one but himself knew that a higher purpose was gradually forming in his mind. All at once he announced to the world that from his experiments in the plant world the conviction had come to him of the far more wonderful possibilities in the human world; that what he had learned in many years of careful, painstaking observation and experiment in plant life, he believed could be applied to child life.

Burbank De-  
clares for  
Scientific Hu-  
man Develop-  
ment

He had demonstrated how intelligent cultivation can bring out thwarted tendencies towards something more useful and beautiful in the neglected plant. The famous white blackberry was an excellent illustration. On the root-stem of a little cinnamon-colored berry which he found, he grafted the choicest blackberry. After several

generations, during which the berry departed farther and farther from the blackberry, it became a large white berry of the finest flavor. The possibility had lain dormant in the little cinnamon-brown berry of unpleasant taste and all it needed to come forth was encouragement.

The same possibilities for better things are in the being of every neglected child, and what it wants is the right chance. "A child absorbs environment," says Burbank. "It is the most susceptible thing in the world to influence, and if that force be applied rightly and constantly when the child is in its most receptive condition, the effect will be pronounced, immediate, permanent."

It is hard to do anything with the diseased or weakly plant. In the child, health of body and mind is just as necessary. He should live in conditions that tend to growth and symmetrical development. But most important is it that the child-life unfolds in an atmosphere of love. Even a plant fails to thrive under the care of one who dislikes it, or is indifferent to it. It requires one who anticipates its real wants and meets them in a heart-felt way. The child is only more dependent. "Love must be at the basis of all our work for the race. . . . You can never bring up a child to its best estate without love," says Burbank.

He pleads for varied play activities, demanding freedom for the child in following play-impulses. To the ideal playground, of nature's own making, the child should have access whenever possible. It is a complex creation which he ought to get acquainted with through the medium of play, and he cannot begin too early or have too wide an opportunity. "Every child," Mr. Burbank says, "should have mud pies, grasshoppers, water-bugs, tadpoles, frogs, mud-turtles, elderberries, wild strawberries, acorns, chestnuts, trees to climb, brooks to wade in, water-lilies, woodchucks, bats, bees, butterflies, various animals to pet, hay-fields, pine-cones, rocks to roll, sand, snakes, huckleberries and hornets; and any

The Child and  
Its Environ-  
ment

Ideal Play-  
ground of Na-  
ture's Making

child who has been deprived of these has been deprived of the best part of his education."

As the plant unfolds with promise and develops, or is delayed and stunted by its environment, so the human plant. "Pick out any trait you want in your child," says this master of development, "granted that he is a normal child . . . be it honesty, fairness, purity, lovable-ness, industry, thrift, what not. By surrounding this child with sunshine from the sky and your own heart, by giving him the closest communion with nature, by feeding this child well-balanced, nutritious food, by giving him all that is implied in healthful environmental influences, and by doing all in love, you can thus cultivate in the child and fix there for all his life all of these traits." The authority with which he can speak has given a great impetus to child-study.

A Great Im-  
petus to Child-  
study

Burbank has always been recognized as the most modest of men of achievement. As a child he was diffident, but with conscious power came confidence. Deep interest in his work gives him no time to dwell on his own worth. He has demonstrated to himself and the world what he can do, but he does not discount his fellow workers' ideas and methods because they differ from his. His marvelous success and the honors shown him have awakened envy in some not so fortunate, but their sharpest thrusts have not been met with counter-thrusts. The great and powerful of the whole world have honored him in many ways, but while appreciative he has never shown a proud spirit. As he accepted trials when they came, so he has taken honors with the same calm, contained spirit. No greater praise can be bestowed on a man than one writer gives Burbank when speaking of his early struggles: "His resolution was of iron; his will of steel; his heart of gold; he was fighting in the splendid armor of a clean life."

The Splendid  
Armor of a  
Clean Life



## CHAPTER XVII

### OBEYING THE VOICE

The end of society is to produce the largest number of free human spirits, of generous human hearts, of strong human hands, of pure human homes, of noble human lives.—*Outlook*.



DON QUIXOTE in Petticoats!" "Meddlesome Young Female!" Such were the titles of ridicule, displayed in prominent newspaper headlines, which were applied to a certain young girl in Oklahoma several years ago. She was thus singled out as a suitable target because she refused to look with indifference upon evil and injustice that brought suffering to the helpless and dependent; because she obeyed the call to her spirit to meet life's battles bravely, and strike blow for blow, even when it seemed to avail nothing and brought her only ridicule and misunderstanding among both friends and foes.

Carrying the  
Shield of Con-  
viction and the  
Lance of Pub-  
lic Opinion

They were far from being only windmills which this young woman attacked, but real giants of tyranny and oppression. Like the visionary Don Quixote, though, this maid carried both lance and shield, as her opposers finally learned to their sorrow. The shield was her strong conviction which warded off the most hostile attack, and the lance was public opinion which brave Kate Barnard succeeded in arousing all over Oklahoma.

At the outset her foes had been distinctly amused at the notion of a mere woman, and a young and very small one at that, making war upon an organized body of political grafters, and even her ardent well-wishers could see but one outcome to the unequal contest. But the amusement of her adversaries quickly changed from surprise to chagrin and then to bitter opposition. The "feminine

Don Quixote" had suddenly become a little David facing Goliath, to the people of Oklahoma City, of the State, and even to national spectators and sympathizers.

The first vision of the purpose of life came to Kate Barnard early, when, a motherless little girl, she was installed as her father's housekeeper on an Oklahoma claim. He was a man of unusual qualities of mind who longed to give his only daughter the advantages of a college education. Having lost his fortune, he was not able to do this, but he bequeathed to her two qualities that have made her of more value to the world than mere book knowledge ever could have done—a keen sense of justice and a warm-hearted democratic nature. Theirs was a close companionship, and it is no wonder that she absorbed his ideals as fast as she could understand them and began early to see life's relations through his eyes. It was a high tribute she paid him when later she said: "Let those who benefit by my work remember it is the strength of character inherited from that great pioneer which enables me to forego love, home, and other material pleasures and become a voice to those who suffer in the gutter of human life. If you would trace the origin of the moral strength behind every sacrifice for principle, every struggle for liberty, every conflict and every achievement recorded in the history of man, you will find that Divinity has placed it in parenthood like this."

The Father of  
a Heroine

Kate Barnard's first effort at self-support was by teaching, but teachers were plentiful at that time and she turned aside to stenography which was much more in demand in rapidly growing Oklahoma City whither her father had moved. As in everything else she has undertaken, she was not satisfied with just enough skill to secure a position, but persisted in her endeavors until she was an acknowledged expert. Later she won the place of senate reporter. In this new work, with every sense alert, she acquired such an intimate knowledge of the new Territory that when the time came to appoint a man-

An Ambitious  
Stenographer

ager of the Oklahoma exhibits for the World's Fair at St. Louis, she was chosen out of five hundred applicants.

The experience at the Fair was a broad education to the young woman. She was a close listener and observer at the world conventions, and her active mind got more than the usual surface view of the varied civilizations there represented, while at the same time she found time to look into the social conditions of the city itself. Like Jane Addams, she was drawn to the crowded, unsightly sections rather than to the boulevards and the stately mansions on the hills. The misery she saw among the poor seemed to be calling to her, as the deep chasm which separated want from opulence became painfully evident to her democratic mind. It was hard for her to see unjust conditions without doing something to help correct them, and when she turned her face homewards it was with gratitude that the new Territory of Oklahoma had not yet developed the evils of an older civilization.

She returned with keener sight and quickened perceptions only to find that new conditions had brought some of the same distress to Oklahoma City which had impressed her in St. Louis. Settlers who had come into the new country by the thousands, many of them poorly equipped for the hardships of a pioneer country, had poured into the larger towns when their money was gone and crops had failed. The phenomenal building activity of the city had slackened, too, and many jobless workmen were facing a hard winter.

This was Kate Barnard's chance to obey the summons to service. She found destitute families living in tents or unplastered shacks with little food and clothing. The women and children who were suffering for the commonest necessities were especially appealing to her. She worked among her young friends until she had them filled with something of her own zeal. Then she called them together and organized a temporary relief society. In the meantime she succeeded in doing what she has been

Pity for the  
Poor of St.  
Louis

Conditions in  
Oklahoma

doing ever since, bringing the comfortable, well-fed public face to face with "the other half" and rousing general sympathy for the poor. Her eloquent appeal met with a hearty response. Clothing and food came in by the cart load, "ten thousand garments, besides stacks of furniture," reported the papers. When the supply was exhausted she renewed her appeal. In the course of three years as many as three thousand destitute families had been helped through her.

The Poor  
Clothed and  
Fed

The children were her special care. Because of her own lonely childhood, perhaps, the distress of a child has always gone straight to her heart. To the many unfortunate little ones, she became a foster mother, feeding and clothing them and providing the books they needed to attend school. During three years, several hundred children were helped in this way by her to attend in school; and the heads of the families, many of whom had been working for the lowest wages, she organized into a Federal Union, thus enabling them to secure a living wage. All this made her very popular with the laboring classes; to the children she appeared to be a fairy god-mother, and to the parents, she was the kindest and most sympathetic of friends.

In her own opinion, however, there was no special credit due her for all this. Like the famous bishop who in presenting infants at the baptismal font always said, "A beautiful bundle of possibilities called a babe," she held that the real wealth of a nation must be figured in terms of child life. It is a general duty, as well as the special business of the state and nation, to care for the best interests of the country's future citizens.

The Children  
Her Special  
Care

If Kate Barnard had been a shrewd politician, scheming for personal profit, instead of the warm-hearted humanitarian that she is, her plan of controlling the people could not have been more skilful. The men she had helped in poverty and sickness and organized into bands for self-preservation were ever ready to vote as she in-



structed them. One example will illustrate the use she made of her power. On one occasion a system of water supply which could not possibly insure pure water for the city, was to be voted upon. Miss Barnard protested, but the promoters who would make a big profit by the proposed system, feeling that she was helpless to interfere, regarded her opposition with contempt. Then the plucky little woman at her own expense posted placards everywhere throughout the city, telling the voters just what the politicians were trying to do. When the vote was counted it was found that this modern Joan of Arc had routed a formidable foe.

Defeat of  
Water System  
Grafters

When Oklahoma reached the stage in her development where she could withdraw from the dwindling number of Territories and unite with the compact body of States, the all-important question to be settled was the character of the new Constitution. Then Kate Barnard showed herself to be the woman for the hour. She believed that, with the help of lessons learned by older States, Oklahoma should start right at the very outset, making thereafter steady upward progress instead of the usual round of mistakes by trying this and that before just laws could be devised and enforced.

The Woman for  
the Hour

The activities of this little woman, then yet in her twenties, are almost incredible. She had already investigated social conditions in some of the larger cities. In and near Chicago she had lived two months with women and children employed in mills and mines, in order to learn what such living meant. Later she wrote to leading social workers and humanitarians telling the situation in Oklahoma and asking their advice. If they would help plan a Constitution for the new State, she could get it through the Legislature.

Planning for  
Oklahoma's  
Constitution

Her appeals awakened interest and all her letters were answered. Edwin Markham, poet and humanitarian, wrote a poem for her; Luther Burbank, scientist and humanitarian, wrote an essay, "Training Little Human

Plants''; Judge Lindsey drafted a juvenile court law; the Russell Sage Foundation sent a specialist to Oklahoma to help frame just prison laws. She received articles by experts on the care of the feeble-minded, on orphan asylums, and on child labor. All these she printed in her Press Campaign and scattered broadcast over the Territory.

Not only was she tireless in her individual efforts, but she showed herself a most skilful general. She appeared before a convention of the farmers and laborers of Oklahoma who had met to protect their own interests in the forthcoming Constitution, and pledged her influence in behalf of their measures if they would stand by her three demands. After two days of hard work she left the convention with the pledge of the sixty-five thousand voters which this convention represented. Next she conferred with the chairman of the State Democratic Campaign Committee, who agreed to incorporate her three demands in the Democratic platform.

The Farmers  
and Laborers  
Help

Her efforts met with fierce opposition from those who wished to profit by loose and unjust laws. She was ridiculed in every possible way when she took the stump and talked to people everywhere throughout the State. The records show that at this time she delivered forty-four speeches within three weeks. In the face of the tireless abuse to which she was subjected by her foes, she convinced the large body of the people that she was working for them and against corrupt politicians.

When it came to drafting the State Constitution, she succeeded in inserting three planks, "Kate's planks," they were generally called. If some smiled at the name, she smiled, too, because she knew that the new State could safely proceed on such planks as Prohibition of Child Labor, Compulsory Education, and a Department of Corrections and Charities. Out of one hundred and twelve votes at the Constitutional Convention, she secured ninety-seven for her "planks."

"Kate's  
Planks"

Before the time of statehood, the children of Oklahoma had been allowed to labor when, where, and as many hours a day as employers saw fit to make them work. The day the Governor signed the Child Labor Law, many hundreds of children were brought up out of black mines, and many more even younger in years came out of laundries and other industries. To-day no child in Oklahoma of school age is openly spending his days as a wage-earner when he ought to be in the schoolroom.

Child Conserva-  
tion in Okla-  
homa

One law which Kate Barnard brought about has helped materially in enforcing compulsory education. Where a mother is dependent on the earnings of her child for family support, the State pays her the equivalent for a certain length of time every year while the child is attending school. Thousands of Oklahoma children have received a common school education in this way at the expense of the State, which Miss Barnard declares is the highest type of economy. The children of to-day, she says, will be producers or mere consumers, the support or a dead-weight burden of the nation in the future, and to spend a few hundred dollars on each in the morning of life will often prevent the necessity of an outlay of thousands later to keep them in poor houses, asylums and penitentiaries.

Creation of a  
New State De-  
partment

Her success in instituting a Department of Charities and Corrections marks her as the first woman to create a new state department. Then because of her thorough knowledge of social conditions and the interest she had shown in public welfare, she was twice elected to office and led her ticket by six thousand votes. A. J. McKedway, of the National Child Labor Committee, in explaining the cause of her victory, said: "She was thoroughly trusted by the two largest classes of voters, the farmers and the labor union men, and she was the favorite speaker on the Democratic side. Slender, graceful, petite, with dark hair and skin and flashing eyes, and a rapid-fire articulation that was the despair of reporters,

she painted pictures of the wrongs of childhood, of the sufferings of minors without the protection of law, of the needs of orphans, and of the iniquity of sending juvenile criminals to jails, thrilling her vast audiences with her earnest eloquence."

In her call for the First State Conference of Charities and Corrections in Oklahoma, she said: "The greatest purpose of life is service, and that man is most useful who renders the best service to the greatest cause which enters into the public life of his time. The highest form of creation being human life, the greatest problem must be the human problem. It is these problems which are confronting us to-day, problems which if unwisely solved will curse posterity and render us odious who live to-day, problems which if solved wisely will mark us as empire-builders, whose humanity made our life work an epoch in human progress and the social uplift of our age." Then she goes on to say: "This convention is not for the sake of theorizing on the want, and misery, and vice, and hunger of the under-half of society; it is for the purpose of ascertaining the underlying causes and of adopting practical means for the solution and prevention of these problems in Oklahoma."

**The Greatest  
Problem the  
Human Prob-  
lem**

Prison reforms in several States stand as enduring evidence of the value of Kate Barnard's unselfish efforts. The chief sensation resulting from her work centred in Kansas. A few years ago Oklahoma, having no penitentiary of her own, arranged to send her prisoners to the Kansas stronghold. For the "board and keep" of each convict Oklahoma paid a few cents a day, besides giving Kansas the privilege of making what she could out of the labor of such convicts.

**Dark Rumors  
from the Peni-  
tentiary in  
Kansas**

To the public it seemed a very satisfactory arrangement for both sides. But dark rumors came back from Kansas now and then of inhuman treatment in the prisons similar to the torture of the Inquisition ages. They were based on the reports of convicts who had served their



sentence and returned with the sting of cruelty in their hearts. Many persons doubted these reports because they came from convicts; a few thought there might be something in them, but promptly forgot all about them; it remained for Kate Barnard to proceed to investigate them.

Kate Barnard  
Investigates

When she appeared at the Kansas penitentiary, she was taken through the show rooms with other visitors who went away well pleased with the penal system of advanced civilization. But Miss Kate, like the few travelers who leave the beaten track of tourists for the byways, asked permission to go through the obscure places which she knew existed. When she met with a curt refusal, she produced her card, "Kate Barnard, Oklahoma State Commissioner of Charities and Corrections," and repeated her request. "Who gave you the right to come here and spy on us?" was the angry question. "A million and a half citizens of Oklahoma," said the little woman, drawing herself up with dignity to her full height of five feet. "You may either show me through or show me out, whichever you please." She was reluctantly permitted to continue her investigations.

Tortures of  
Oklahoma Con-  
victs

In a few short hours she learned more about the Kansas convict system than was known throughout the whole State of Oklahoma, whose citizens were worked and tortured in the fashion of galley-slave times. The word spread rapidly among the despairing convicts that "Oklahoma Kate" was among them on a mission of investigation, and something like hope awoke in their breasts.

In her annual report as Charity Commissioner she told how she crept and crawled through mines of inky darkness with passages so narrow that with the least sagging of a roof a large man would be held as in a vise. She told of seeing boys there who were subjected to inhuman punishment unless they could dig out a quantity of coal equaling that required of older ones. None of the prisoners dared converse with her, but in the dark places

someone would come close to her and whisper hurriedly of the odious places she must not overlook, "Look for the water-hole, girl!" and "Don't go away without seeing the crib and the dungeon!"

The immediate result of her report was a joint commission of the two States which met to investigate conditions. There were disagreements and denials, but the accusations of the brave woman could not be disproved. Oklahoma called her prisoners home and set them to work to build their own prison. A large number of boys were removed from confinement with hardened criminals in the penitentiary and placed in industrial schools where the purpose is correction and training rather than punishment. Kansas started a thorough renovation and reform by throwing out the whole prison staff.

Prison Reforms  
Follow

Kate Barnard has done similar work for Arkansas and Arizona, and the publicity attending her disclosures have led to needed prison inspection in other States. In Oklahoma she has led the public mind to the real object of prison discipline—correction and not revenge. To demonstrate her belief in the value of wholesome work as a builder of character, and to encourage ex-convicts to return to normal life, she donated one hundred and sixty acres of land for a prison-farm to receive the homeless and friendless men who have served their sentence.

This earnest young woman, always on the watch to protect the helpless, was early moved by the injustice inflicted on the Indian. It was generally suspected that the wards of the nation were being defrauded in a shameless way, but no one made it his business to procure evidence and interfere. Kate Barnard stepped into the midst of political intrigue, and when her investigations were completed and she had delivered convincing speeches before Washington committees on Indian affairs, and the government had acted on her reports, two million dollars were restored to the Indians of Oklahoma, one-half of which belonged to orphans under dishonest

Aiding the In-  
dians of Okla-  
homa

guardians. Kate Barnard will go down in history by the side of that other woman-champion for Indian rights and justice, Helen Hunt Jackson.

**Her Eloquence  
and Glowing  
Imagination**

Although she has not yet reached what is called the prime of life, this indefatigable young woman has for many years been a prominent figure in large conventions held in the interests of human welfare. Her addresses are of the kind to hold audiences spellbound, but there is more than oratorical fire in them; back of the glowing imagination which can make pictures of wretched human conditions real to her listeners and under her eloquent flow of language are solid statistics. Besides, her hearers are convinced because of the imperishable records of her own courage and unselfish efforts for others from the days of young girlhood. She speaks with the direct simplicity of a child, not with the skill of a rhetorician, but she is persuasive and convincing. When she pleaded before the two houses of the Arizona Legislature for the miserable convicts, she was in poor health and too weak to stand while delivering her appeal. Every corner of the large audience room, and even the halls and doorways, were crowded to hear the famous friend of the oppressed and suffering plead for the wards of the State. "Our bodies are only the wrappings for our souls," she said quietly to the law makers. "Our souls belong to Almighty God—and you better be careful how you deal with God's property."

**Her Day of  
Illumination**

This Oklahoma Joan of Arc had her day of illumination, as did the French heroine. In recounting the experiences of her early life she says: "Then came the glorious inspiration that my life was a splendid gift from the Giver of all good things that I might pass it on to others." She had a vision of the ideal state, the original plan, when she declared: "Sorrow and misery and want have no place in God's plan at all. Ignorance, poverty, crime, disease, neglected childhood exist solely because of our own indifference and criminal selfishness."

The results of this unusual woman's efforts must be measured in terms of human welfare. The departments of her service are many and the success in each would stand as a credit to any public benefactor. But the most definite steps in human progress resulting from her work are: the three great planks in Oklahoma's Constitution, and eight important state laws growing out of them; the standardizing upon a semi-scientific basis of the care of the insane, the criminal and other defectives, dependents and delinquents. Her humanitarian work has made Oklahoma a centre of sociological effort and has given impetus to like work in the whole Southwest. An ever-growing circle is influenced by her philosophy of life which may be summed up thus: Life is a moment of time loaned by the Creator in which to serve human progress; we live by what we give, not by what we acquire; service as taught by Jesus Christ is the key-note of all true normal life.

“Oklahoma  
Kate's”  
Philosophy  
of Life



## CHAPTER XVIII

### REACHING THE HEIGHTS

The heights by great men reached and kept  
Were not attained by sudden flight;  
But they, while their companions slept,  
Were toiling upward in the night.

—*Longfellow.*



HE great naturalist, John Muir, made his way up many steep places, but no mountain climbing ever called for greater effort on his part than he put forth as a boy and young man to reach a height where he could live a broader life with a wider outlook than his birthright seemed to promise him. He had occasion to learn early what he often observed in practice, that if a difficult place cannot be scaled directly, there is always a round-about way by which one can reach his destination. There is loss of time to be sure, but on the other hand, greater strength and stamina developed may offset that loss. In short, John Muir demonstrated that a country boy with health and good will-power can become what he earnestly desires to be.

From babyhood his life was strenuous, as is often the case with Scotch boys of the humbler classes. He entered school at the early age of three, and it was far from being a kindergarten adapted to his tender years. Those were the days of pride in brute strength when a sturdy lad's chief glory lay in being a "gude fichter." Little John Muir was no exception, and by the time he had reached the age of seven the pitched battle was often of daily occurrence in which he eagerly matched his muscle and brawn sometimes with older boys. But his chief ambition was to stand high in his classes.

Early Lessons

A. "Gude  
Fichter"

At the age of eight he entered grammar school, where he "had an enormous amount of fighting to do," as he said, before his rank was established. But he had also to prepare three lessons a day in Latin, three in French, and three in English, besides spelling, history, arithmetic and geography. Punishment of the corporal kind was quick and sure for lapses from perfection.

He developed a remarkable memory. His father compelled him to learn by heart many Bible verses until by the time he was eleven years old he could recite all of the New Testament and three-fourths of the Old Testament. He tells us that he could repeat the New Testament from beginning to end without a break or prompting. This to us seems impossible, but such feats of memory were in more than one case exhibited by the Scotch schoolboy.

Learning the  
Bible by Heart

His parents were of the hard, stern, religious Scotch type who did not believe in humoring their children. He says that the receiving of a penny on one memorable occasion and the spending of it meant more to him than a dollar can to the poorest American schoolboy.

Superstition had a strong hold on people in those days, and most gruesome stories were told children to insure good behavior. Frightful descriptions of "the bad place" were graphically given to the Muir children by a servant girl when she had them to herself. With wide eyes they all hung on her words, paralyzed by terror at her pictures of the "deep, sooty pit," as she described the place of punishment—all but John. With the climbing instinct strong in him even then, he believed that he could make his way up and out of any kind of a pit. He shared with the others, though, in the common fear of ghosts, particularly graveyard ones. It was a custom then for the boys to take long runs into the country to get in condition to outrun any possible witch, at least as far as the bridge across a stream—a superstition they learned from Burns' "Tam o'Shanter."

The Climbing  
Instinct Is  
Strong in Him

The life of the Scotch was hard and it seemed instinctive for children to prepare for it. Games were not only strenuous but painful as well. Boys were given to thrashing each other's legs with braided whips, the loser being the one who first succumbed to the pain. Also, pupils of one school would take up arms against another school, and fierce battles were fought on convenient Saturdays.

John Muir's  
Ruling Passion

What became the ruling passion of John Muir's life early manifested itself—a love of nature and wild life. Much as he enjoyed active sports, a greater delight was to slip away with his brother David to some secluded country place where they could watch the ways of birds and beasts. A bird's song came as the voice of a woodland friend to these boys who, though they never shrank from a rough and tumble combat, were heart-broken when a soldier of the celebrated "Scottish Grays" once rifled a robin's nest in an elm tree in their back yard.

Emigration to  
America

A great change came suddenly into the home of the Muir family. For some time they had listened to tempting stories of the wonderful opportunities in America, and one day without warning the father announced to the boys, "Bairns, you needna learn your lessons this nicht, for we're gan to America the morn." The two boys, John and David, and an older sister who were to accompany the father were wild with delight. Two prospects had fired their imagination—that wonderful land grew sugar maples, and besides, just by digging in the ground one could find gold. It was soon after the discovery of gold in California, fabulous stories of which had reached every part of the civilized world. But above every other attraction, John had in mind the bird and beast life of America, snatches of which he had gleaned from his school reader. The country was a wilderness to his imagination, affording unlimited opportunity for watching wild life.

After a voyage of over six weeks in a sailing vessel they reached the new world, but their final destination

was changed from West Canada to Wisconsin. Here the father selected his land, and with the help of the neighbors got a house up in less than a day. The boys reveled in the free life opened to them. New chances to gain rugged strength were found close at hand. They were given free rein for a few weeks, the father, to their surprise, even encouraging their swimming. "Learn to swim by swimming," he told them briefly, and they carried out his instructions with enthusiasm.

One day John got entangled in weeds in the lake, and losing his presence of mind nearly lost his life as well. A terror of the water seized him which he set about at once to conquer. The next day he repaired to the same spot, rowing out alone, and dived to the bottom of the lake. Several times he did this on different occasions, and so mastered his fear and gained such confidence that he felt he could be thrown in the water even when sleeping and still be able to right himself and take the best measures to save his life.

Learning to  
Swim

After the first few weeks, however, the unlimited play-time was over, and the boys were set to work. Burning brush was great sport, but other tasks followed which had no hint of play about them. Still in spite of the long and hard work-days the boys found many interests around them and they were always learning something new about birds and animals as well as other interesting features of the new country.

John was eleven when he left Scotland and his school days were supposed to be over. But he was hungry for knowledge and read everything he could find in the home or could borrow from the neighbors. Much of this reading had to be done secretly, as his father disapproved of reading anything except the Bible, believing that it contained all the knowledge needed to get through life and that it was the only book worth reading. Even a book called "The Christian Philosopher" was forbidden because of the term "philosopher." When John was about

Hungry for  
Knowledge



fifteen he managed to buy an arithmetic, algebra, geometry and trigonometry, which he studied at odd moments by himself.

**He Rises Early  
to Study and  
Experiment**

He used to steal about five minutes or so at bedtime for study before his father noticed the light and ordered him to bed. Finally the father said that he might get up as early as he liked in the morning. He felt safe in this promise, trusting to the sleepiness of a hard-working, growing boy to make the promise harmless. But John surprised both his father and himself by getting up at one o'clock the next morning. It was too cold without a fire to read, and so he started to work on a model of a sawmill he had invented. All that winter he kept up this early rising, modeling and making other experimental inventions, chiefly timepieces, with the temperature in his cellar workshop far from comfortable. His father was annoyed by the boy's early rising, but after giving permission his Scotch integrity would not allow him to recall it. From early morning till late evening the farm-work lasted, with but two annual holidays, New Year's Day and the Fourth of July. On Sunday only the most necessary duties were performed, for that day was devoted entirely to religious services.

**Remarkable  
Inventive  
Genius**

The boy's inventions were truly remarkable. If he had not become our country's leading nature scientist it is likely that he would have been Edison's running mate in invention. One unique clock which indicated the day of the week and the month as well as the time of the day, he was urged by his neighbors to take with some other inventions to the state fair at Madison. His father, who had no faith in such work, refused to aid him in the undertaking, but nothing daunted, the youth started for Madison with about fifteen dollars in his pocket and three wooden machines in a bundle. However, he found a friend in the man at the throttle and so was allowed to ride in the locomotive.

At the fair he easily secured a booth, even being invited

to pick out the best available. His machines excited wonder and helped him along everywhere. While in the city his ambition to enter the university received a new stimulus. A former student who took an interest in him encouraged him by stating that some students boarded themselves on a bread-and-milk diet at a cost of one dollar a week.

On the strength of this he entered college for a four years' course. A part of the time he had to cut his board bill to fifty cents a week in order to meet other college expenses. Every summer he worked in the harvest fields, which was the best paying summer work, and gave him a chance to do some botanizing as well. One winter he was compelled to teach a school ten miles from Madison, keeping up his college work at night. One of his novel inventions, a fire-building clock, was used in starting his school-house fire in the morning before he arrived. He laid the fuel ready in the evening and set the clock machinery to start the fire at the right time.

In his room in the university dormitory he slept in a bed of his own invention, so constructed that at the minute he wanted to waken, the bed, moved by the wonderful clock, would turn up from the head, thus putting him in a nearly standing position. In summer he sometimes used sunbeams instead of a clock to start the mechanism. Another contrivance of his was a desk which placed before him his school books and after a certain period removed them to make way for others, all on schedule time as he had arranged his study periods. His room at the university used to be a show-room for visitors on account of the unique contrivances of his own invention.

His college experiences were followed by mechanical work of different kinds, until one day an accident in a carriage factory threatened the loss of one eye. This started John Muir out on the next stage of preparation for the life-work on which he had decided, travel in order to see as much as possible while his eyesight lasted. The

College Days

A Unique Room  
at the University

world of wild nature had always been calling and now he hastened to answer that call before blindness should make him unresponsive to its manifold interests. It was not diversion or culture he went out to find, but fellowship with different forms of life in the wilderness. For such a pilgrimage he did not feel his lack of money, and instead of a traveler's check book, in the bag slung over his shoulders were copies of the New Testament, Burns' poems and "Paradise Lost."

On his first trip he walked from Louisville to Florida, sleeping out in the open both from choice and lack of means to pay for a room, and later proceeded to Cuba, exploring as he went. Then he turned to San Francisco by way of the Isthmus, and on into the Sierras, studying botany along the way. When he reached the Yosemite, the marvels and infinite variety in plant life led him to renounce invention and resolve to devote himself to nature, so completely did he lose his heart to the Sierra Nevadas and the valleys which he called "The Garden of God."

This was the opening of the door into his life-work, the entrance into his kingdom. All that had gone before, his strenuous boyhood in Scotland and America, his struggle for an education, the hardiness of body and mind as a result, all were a preparation for life's real adventure.

This lover of nature had a distinct mission. He was to show a money-mad world that its boasted civilization is losing a large measure of life when it confines itself to man-made habitations and activities. He was to call tired city-dwellers to the unfailing joys of God's great out-of-doors.

It was at a time when building railroads and cities, digging oil-wells and piling up fortunes were considered the sum total of progress. The utilitarian spirit was rising high at the time when John Muir began to translate the message he was receiving from nature. The result of his endeavors was a broadening of sympathies, a mul-

Travel and  
Study

His Life's Real  
Adventure

tipling of unselfish interests for all who would spend at least a part of the time in the haunts of the wilderness.

Occasionally the great naturalist had to turn aside from his nature studies to machinery in order to earn even the little it took to meet his living expenses. At one place in the Yosemite he stopped to start a sawmill for a mountaineer. It was during his stay there of a few months that he entertained Ralph Waldo Emerson, who wrote back to the East after seeing Muir at work among the glaciers of the Sierras, "This is a more wonderful man than Thoreau."

A More Wonderful Man  
Than Thoreau

In 1876 he joined the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey and worked three years in this connection, chiefly in Nevada and Utah. This he did to secure an intimate knowledge of the Great Basin. Next he went to Alaska to study glaciers, where he discovered the celebrated Muir Glacier and the body of water now known as Glacier Bay. Two years later, as a member of the Arctic relief expedition to search for the explorer De Long, he studied glaciers up in the Bering Sea and on the coast of Siberia. Then on he went to Norway and later to Switzerland to see the fiords and mountains for comparison with western America.

He became a leading authority on glaciers, and was the first to refute the common theory that the great gorges, like the Yosemite, were formed by terrific natural upheavals. He discovered that all those stupendous features of the earth's surface are the result of the grinding of glaciers through thousands of years.

A Leading Authority on  
Glaciers

As an authority on botany he also stands high. While so intimate with glaciers as to speak of them as friends, the world of flowers and trees was still dearer to him, and he felt a deep sympathy for all animate nature. He spent years in the Yosemite Valley and more years in Arizona deserts, studying nature at first hand. It is said that he would sleep with a flower and under a tree to get a closer acquaintance with them. In all his wilderness



wanderings and lone living he never carried a gun nor in any way harmed his animal neighbors.

**A Fight for  
Conservation**

He did much to awaken and deepen interest in wild life, and to preserve sections of wilderness for the delight of future generations when the rest of the country has fallen under the cultivating hand of man. He fought long and hard to save the giant trees which are now the pride of the land. For the preservation of Yosemite Park in its native state of wildness we are indebted to John Muir. After it had been set aside as a national preserve, it was he who discovered that the care-takers were diligently converting it into a neat, conventional park by pruning trees and cutting away undergrowth, and it was Muir's quick interference which saved the native wildness of the park.

In a most beautiful location in the Contra Costa hills about thirty miles from San Francisco is the picturesque residence where his wife and two daughters have lived. But this man of the open found it hard to live as others do. "A house," he said, "is the most dangerous place I ever go to. As long as I camp out in the mountains without hut or blanket, I get along very well; but the minute I get into a warm house and begin to live on fine food, I get into a draft and the first thing I know I am coughing and sneezing and threatened with pneumonia, and altogether miserable. Outdoors is the natural place for man."

**The Wilderness  
His Home**

A place better suited to his style of life was a hut built by his own hands and known as "The Lost Cabin," in the most inaccessible depths of the Yosemite. More "lost" still and therefore correspondingly dear to his heart was another hut of his at the edge of Muir Glacier in Alaska. But wherever he found a lonely place to lay his head, that spot became home to him.

He was a poet, a philosopher, a scientist, rich in experience, rich in the honor of his fellow men and the consciousness of having been useful to the world; and all



A PRIMITIVE PINE FOREST IN FLORIDA.



this he achieved by his own effort without outside help. The poor, unknown Scotch boy learned that there is always a way to reach the top and that there is always room there, whether it be on a mountain or in the midst of life's activities and usefulness. Thinking of John Muir's work, one may easily echo Charles Mackay's well-known lines:

“Blessings on Science! When the earth seemed old,  
When Faith grew doting, and the Reason cold,  
'Twas she discover'd that the world was young,  
And taught a language to its lisping tongue:  
'Twas she disclosed a future to its view,  
And made old knowledge pale before the new.”



## CHAPTER XIX

### A REAL AMERICAN

Do you deserve to enter? Pass. Do you ask to be the companion of nobles? Make yourself noble and you shall be.

—*Ruskin.*



Visions Afloat

LARGE ocean liner was ploughing its way through the waves which rose in endless succession as far as the eye could reach. Among the multitude of humanity in the steerage of this particular boat was a little Jewish girl of twelve, an undersized, thin, big-eyed child she was who saw everything and everybody and yet found time to look searchingly far ahead in the direction in which they were going. There were all sorts of beautiful visions flitting before her mind, more entrancing even than the new sights and experiences around her. She spent the days of this long journey in picturing the new home awaiting them at the end of their way and in writing the incidents of the journey back to the relatives in the old world.

A Little Pilgrim from Russia

We cannot wonder that she was not the least bit homesick for Polotzk, Russia, where she had lived. Only a life of great poverty and hardship was possible there, and her family had been among the poorest of the poor since reverses had swept away all their possessions. Besides, there was the constant dread among the Jews that the ruling class would afflict them with some new and still more dreadful oppression. Then, too, the child's family were all on board the ship except the father, and he was in the new land waiting to give them a welcome.

If this girl with the little body and big imagination had known Mrs. Hemans' poem, "The Landing of the

Pilgrim Fathers," she could have answered for her whole family the line which questions:

"What sought they thus afar?"

They, too, were seeking freedom from oppression, but the thought uppermost was that in America were free schools and libraries, where everyone could get the best instruction regardless of wealth or poverty. It was the land of enlightenment and opportunity they were seeking.

The mind of the girl was as hungry as her body looked to be. While in Polotzk she had readily absorbed everything in sight in the way of knowledge, which was little enough in a place so impoverished that the children had access to no books except a few heavy religious works in Hebrew and Yiddish. But now they were on their way to a country where books were to be had for the asking at the public libraries and where schools and teachers stood ready and more than willing to show one how to use them. The father had been in Boston three years and he had written glowing accounts of the wonderful privileges of America. It was a splendid prospect for the immigrants, and as the promised land appeared and the shore grew more and more distinct and the tall buildings of Boston loomed higher and higher, they felt that the reality promised to surpass their anticipations. They were full of a solemn joy.

A Hungry  
Mind

If we had entered the West End of Boston nearly twenty years ago we would have thought it anything but imposing, in fact we would have called it a slum section. But to this immigrant family accustomed to the low, straggling houses of Polotzk, the narrow alley with its two rows of three-story tenements where their new home was located, seemed magnificent indeed.

A Home in the  
Slums of  
Boston

The changing of names to harmonize with the country of their adoption we may be sure was a stirring event to the children of this family. With new names and new

Mashke Be-  
comes Mary  
Antin

machine-made clothes instead of the foreign dress which marked them as aliens, the delightful strangeness made more real to them that they were well-started towards citizenship in this glorious land of freedom, as they always spoke of it. Our little heroine, who had never been called anything but Mashke, all at once rejoiced in the name of Mary Antin, and by this she has become known to the world.

The first disappointment came when they learned that, as it was then May, it would not be worth while to enter school till fall. After coming thousands of miles to go to school, to be told to wait from May till September before beginning was a hard trial for young ambition. But as sometimes happens, the inevitable was the best. There was the big outdoor school to get started in, and when it turned out that much of the summer was spent on the seashore where all day they could revel in clean sand, glowing sunshine and the wonderful winds and waves of the edge of the sea, the delay was seen to be a decided advantage.

Entering  
School

But the day of all days came at last when the Antin children entered school. The father himself conducted them there. "He would not have delegated that mission to the President of the United States," his daughter wrote years later, "this foreigner who brought his children to school as if it were an act of consecration, who regarded the teacher of the primer class with reverence, who spoke of visions like a man inspired, in a common schoolroom." And this daughter shared his enthusiasm with the same swelling heart in the presence of the great common privilege of education.

Then began a vigorous conquest of the mysteries of knowledge. In a week Mary Antin was advanced to the second grade; as fast as her knowledge of English permitted she was promoted from grade to grade. The following, taken from an old copy of an educational publication, will show the progress she made:

“Editor ‘Primary Education’:

“This is the uncorrected paper of a Russian child twelve years old, who had studied English only four months. She had never, until September, been to school even in her own country and has heard English spoken *only* at school. I shall be glad if the paper of my pupil and the above explanation may appear in your paper.

Extraordinary  
Progress

Chelsea, Mass.

M. S. DILLINGHAM.”

#### SNOW

Snow is frozen moisture which comes from the clouds. Now the snow is coming down in feather-flakes, which makes nice snow-balls. But there is still one kind of snow more. This kind of snow is called snow-crystals, for it comes down in little curly balls. These snow-crystals aren't quite as good for snow-balls as feather-flakes, for they (the snow-crystals) are dry, so they can't keep together as feather-flakes do.

The snow is dear to some children, for they like sleighing.

As I said at the top, the snow comes from the clouds.

Now the trees are bare, and no flowers are to see in the fields and garden (we all know why), and the whole world seems like asleep without the happy birds' songs which left us till spring. But the snows which drove away all these pretty and happy things, try (as I think) not to make us at all unhappy; they covered up the branches of the trees, the fields, the gardens and houses, and the whole world looks like dressed in a beautiful white—instead of green—dress, with the sky looking down on it with a pale face.

Poetic  
Thoughts

And so the people can find some joy in it, too, without the happy summer.

MARY ANTIN.

We can readily believe her when she says, “I read each lesson with the heart, which gave me an inkling of what was coming next, and so carried me along by leaps and bounds.”



## Her Ideal Hero

At this time the larger meaning of citizenship and patriotism came over her with illuminating power. The study of the life of Washington, giving a summary of the Revolution and the early years of the new republic, took captive her imagination and heart. George Washington at once became her ideal hero. She says that the teachings of prophets and church leaders had never convicted her of her shortcomings as did the simple story of the hatchet and the cherry tree. She tells us that in the common exercises of the classroom she could not speak the name "Washington" without pausing to recover and steady her voice.

Her Poem on  
George Wash-  
ington

A new humility took possession of her. What had she done for others that she should merit praise? She felt ashamed of her foolish pride in being considered "smart." She, too, must do something for her country, something worth while. But an added dignity as well came with the thought that she was a fellow citizen of this noble patriot, Washington. She owed him a tribute; she wanted others to know how she revered the father of her country. *Her* country! What mattered it that he had lived generations before she was born? He had made it possible for her to have a country. Under the stress of this duty she composed a poem on George Washington, a heavy, labored production, full of high-sounding words, but very remarkable, too, considering that this was only her second year in school. It was read before several classes and published in the "Boston Herald." Her father, who had such high ambitions for his children's education, was so elated at the sight of the verses over the name of his little daughter in a real newspaper which was sold by newsboys and read by thousands in Boston, that he emptied the money drawer of their little shop and bought up as many copies as he could to be circulated among his friends.

To this girl who had almost reached her teens before she dared use the word "freedom," the free institutions

of our land were a never-failing source of inspiration. She exulted in the opportunities that came to her. It was a delight to her to get up on the flat roof of their slum tenement and look towards the centres of enlightenment. The splendid public library of Boston which she called "my palace" was her chief pride. In her book "The Promised Land," she says of her early experiences: "It was my habit to go very slowly up the low, broad steps to the palace entrance, pleasing my eyes with the majestic lines of the building, and lingering to read again the carved inscriptions: *Public Library—Built by the People—Free to All.*" "My Palace"

"Did I not say it was my palace? Mine, because I was a citizen; mine, though I was born an alien; mine, though I lived on Dover Street. My palace—*mine!*" Farther along she adds: "And I loved to stand in the midst of all this, and remind myself that I was there, that I had a right to be there, that I was at home there. All these eager children, all these fine-browed women, all these scholars going home to write learned books—I and they had this glorious thing in common, this noble treasure-house of learning. It was wonderful to say, '*This is mine*'; it was thrilling to say, '*This is ours*.' That I," she continues, "who was born in the prison of the Pale\* should roam at will in the land of freedom was a marvel that it did me good to realize. That I who was brought up to my teens almost without a book should be set down in the midst of all the books that were ever written, was a miracle as great as any on record. That an outcast should become a privileged citizen, that a beggar should dwell in a palace—this was a romance more thrilling than poet ever sang!"

Ecstasies Over  
the Boston  
Public Library

This Jewish girl, who looked to be nine or ten when she was fifteen, was living the life which fitted her for the special work she was to do. Those early experiences

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\*The section indicated by the Czar to which the Jews must confine themselves.

were not all pleasant ones. With the best intentions in the world the father did not succeed always in keeping his family supplied with the necessities of life, and sometimes they were in such straitened circumstances that Mary had to go to school breakfastless and was often so weak from lack of nourishing food that her voice was faint and unsteady.

Sympathy for  
the Immigrant

She early learned at what disadvantages the foreigner worked with his old world customs clinging to him. On every hand she saw the heavy faces that told of badly fed bodies and clouded intellects. But she knew those glum and disreputable-looking neighbors, and had learned that under the immigrant rags and ill-smelling cast-off clothing picked up in second-hand stores were real men and women. As she grew older she wanted to plead for those who could not speak for themselves. She wanted to explain to generous America that these miserable, sordid-appearing foreigners had never been given a fair chance, but that the possibilities of better things were in them and their children.

Mary Antin  
Goes to College

It is an interesting story, the account of how Mary Antin made her way through the grammar school and then, because of the great promise and purpose of her life, was allowed to go on to the Latin School. It required no little courage and a genuine self-respect for this girl with her one, or at most two, cheap dresses a year to sit in the classroom with the daughters of wealth in their modish garb. But she did it and won the respect and admiration of teachers and schoolmates. Later she made her way through college, as she had meant to do. In every way she prepared herself for a noble life-work; and to-day, though but little past thirty years of age, she holds a high place in the literary world as a valuable contributor to our leading magazines.

Her chief interest still lies in the immigrant problem, and her literary subjects and characters are the aliens who come to our land, many of whom find their first home

here in the city slums. Her mother-nature yearns over the many children there, who under better circumstances would be as promising as the best in the land. "Not a child in the slums is born to be lost. They are all born to be saved, and the raft that carries them unharmed through the perilous torrent of tenement life is the child's unconscious aspiration for the best. But there must be lighthouses to guide him midstream." So she makes her plea for settlement houses where the social nature can find safer outlet than on the slum streets. It is safe to say that, because of her writings, a greater responsibility for "the stranger at our gates" has been awakened in the people of our country.

**A Plea for Settlement Houses in the Slums**

When little Mary Antin first stepped ashore of this land, it would have required a seer to behold in her a future citizen of unusual worth. Yet for every advantage she found here she has repaid us many times. In the first place her rich appreciation of the benefits she has received has awakened our own sense of their value. Our free institutions are doubly cherished when she so graphically relates what life is without them. Yet perhaps the greatest blessing she has bestowed on the beloved country of her adoption is the shining example she is herself of how loyal an American a little alien may become.

**A Little Alien Becomes a Loyal American**



## CHAPTER XX

### FRIENDS OF THE CHILD

All are better off than if he had not lived; and the betterness is for always, it does not die with him—that is the true estimate of a great life.—*Florence Nightingale.*



HE writer, Jacob A. Riis, of whom Colonel Roosevelt once said, "I never knew a more useful or a stauncher citizen," had a very vague idea of many-sided America when at the age of twenty he stepped ashore at Castle Garden.

He had seen pictures of a California mining town where every man went heavily armed, and believing this to represent a national custom, his first act after securing a temporary lodging-place was to invest half of his capital in a navy revolver of the largest size. With this strapped on the outside of his coat in the most conspicuous way, he sallied forth up Broadway in search of employment. He had not proceeded far before he met a kindly policeman who in a jovial way set him right on the arms question; the young Danish immigrant, always blest with keen perception and a rich humor, laughed heartily at the joke on himself and gladly left off the cumbersome weapon.

It was this happy disposition of his which later was to help him through many hard places in this very city. It did not take him long to learn that not only was New York different from everything he had heard about California, but even in the various sections of the city itself conditions were as different as if they had belonged on opposite sides of the earth.

Fortunately Jacob Riis did not that first day see the

“Arms and  
the Man”

hardships lying in wait for him, but he did see the evidences of prosperity on every hand. The thrill of city life set his pulses into quicker action, and the push and bustle made him eager to lend a hand. There was plenty of work and a place for him, he felt sure. It was all so different from the old town of Ribe in northern Denmark where he had always lived. The ancient customs and slow-going ways were dear to him, but how he would enjoy being in the swing and enterprise of this big city of the new world.

The Thrill  
of City Life

The hurry and commotion, however, did not mean work for everyone, as he soon learned. It happened to be a time of low ebb in business life when many experienced workmen were discharged and few new ones taken on. A foreigner who did not know the ways of the land could hardly have found a worse time. This youth hunted far and wide for work and to keep from starving was glad to take up with anything that was honest. He became coal-miner, railroad digger, farmer, lumber-yard hand, traveling salesman, newspaper man, and literally jack-of-all-trades to earn a meal. And yet there were times when he was only a penniless tramp nearly starved.

It was a discouraging life, but when it was over with he looked back at those experiences as a most thorough apprenticeship to fit him for the work he felt called to do. He saw then that it was better for him that he had had to fight through difficulties than if he had been shoved through them. As he said later, "I was out to twist the wheel of fortune my way when I could get my hands upon it. I never doubted that I should do this sooner or later, if only I kept on doing things." Perhaps that was the secret of his success—*he kept on doing things*.

The Appren-  
ticeship for  
His Future  
Career

He was finally "shaken into the corner where he belonged"—journalism. He was glad to get into newspaper work because he believed as a reporter he could do more good by calling public attention to the evils which he had seen on every hand in lower New York, than in

any other work. But the way to journalism did not open without a struggle on his part. When at last the chance came to report for a paper at a salary of ten dollars a week, he had gone so long without food that he fainted on the stairway of a boarding-house.

His position was a commonplace one, but it was not long before his work made a stir in political newspaperdom. He uncovered crime and injustice of whatever sort and called them by name before the public. Politicians and their friends hurried to him with threats and bribes, but they found that the young Dane had fighting blood in his veins. Poor and friendless as he was, the only use he made of their approaches was as additional weapons to turn on crime and the conditions leading to crime. His enemies were furious when they found him fearless and above bribery, and that what they said and did in a crooked way to stop his work he gave them back in his paper the next morning in clear, straight print for all the world to read.

The conditions surrounding the poor of our largest cities are bad enough to-day, but they were so much worse a few years ago before such men as Jacob Riis and women just as royal-hearted went to work, that only those who saw things as they were can fully appreciate the changes. One of the worst sections in New York was Mulberry Street and to this Jacob Riis was assigned as reporter. The most crowded part of this street, as bad as vice and poverty could make it, was Mulberry Bend, and here his strongest work centred.

The many reforms that have been brought about by the reporter's pen in the hand of this "big-hearted Danish-American" did not come about all at once and as by magic. For years he made little headway apparently but to stir up the hatred of those who profited by the wretched conditions he attacked. Every effort was made to throw him and his work into disrepute. Other reporters wrote up the same situations and tried to show

The Right  
Work at Last

The Reporter  
of Mulberry  
Street

how Mr. Riis had misrepresented, how he prowled around dark alleys late at night and early in the morning just to get something sensational for his page.

The true reason for his lonely investigations when all the rest of the world was asleep, was that he could catch vice easiest when it was tired out and off-guard. Before illustrated journalism was common he resorted to the plan of using a camera to show what conditions were found on Mulberry Street in the small hours of the morning, and those who had discredited the work of his pen could not protest against the showings of his camera. He had now two ways of telling the comfortable part of the city "how the other half lives."

With Pen  
and Camera

The police lodging-house was an institution against which he had stored up all the indignation of his honest Danish nature, never tolerant of injustice and uncleanness. In his early years when he had tramped the streets a homeless youth, he had been obliged to lodge there, and the experience rankled in his memory. It was a place where the hopeless vagabond, the criminal and the unfortunate were housed together without any regard for decency or safety to health and morals. With the aid of the camera he showed to the public what those conditions were and also how, in the equally bad and more crowded private lodging-houses, people were huddled together in unventilated rooms as many as the floor-space would accommodate, at five cents a spot. He told how young babies were virtually smothered among the rum-soaked sleepers, how every sanitary rule was disregarded, and policemen whose duty it was to prevent such congestion were sometimes sleeping in some quiet corner instead of walking their beats.

Exposing  
Police  
Lodging-  
house Evils

The city was gradually convinced of the facts as they were, but Mr. Riis had a long, lonely fight before anything was done to better them. Then he secured a powerful ally for decency and better city government in Theodore Roosevelt who came as President of the Police



Commission. Side by side they made investigations early in the morning when conditions could be seen as they really existed. When Mr. Riis related his experiences in the police lodging-house and showed him the very same conditions still existing, the man of authority clenched his fist and said, "I'll clean them out to-morrow," and the police lodging-houses were done away with.

A discovery made by Mr. Riis which concerned not only the poor of Mulberry Street but every person in the city, had to do with the water supply. One day while in the health department offices, with eyes and ears open for anything which concerned the city's welfare, he chanced to see an analysis of the city water which indicated pollution at some time. It was the year of the cholera scourge in Europe and our country was guarding against the plague. At once the warning was given through the paper, and people were counseled to boil the water till further investigations could be made. Then, armed with a camera, Mr. Riis set out on what became a week's job, to trace to its source every stream which entered the river of the city water supply.

The report of his discoveries was a shock to the city. At last it was thoroughly awake to danger. The health department then went over the same ground and reported conditions as being even worse than he had represented them to be. The city hastened to buy a strip of land along those streams wide enough to insure against direct pollution.

The tearing down of the insanitary group of tipsy-looking buildings which made up Mulberry Bend and the transforming of the place into Mulberry Park was a glad experience to Mr. Riis. It took years of agitation to bring this about, but he persisted for the sake of the men, women and especially the children who had been so long defrauded of their right to an open place where the sun could shine down from the blue sky on trees and

He Protects  
the City  
Against a  
Polluted  
Water Supply

Mulberry  
Park

grass and blossoming plants, and could bring a smile to their own pale faces.

First and last, the chief concern of Mr. Riis was the children. His own little family he had moved to Rochester Hill where in a pleasant cottage they lived out of sight and sound of the city. He wished that he could do the same with every child in the city. As this was impossible, he worked that bits of the country might be brought within reach of the dismal sections which stood to them for home. "Many small parks for the slum sections," became his slogan.

One day his children on Rochester Hill gathered armfuls of daisies for him to take to "the poors," as they said. He did, but he found so many pleading hands reached up for them that they were gone before he had proceeded a square. His little ones gathered more and others helped them, but still the demand far exceeded the supply. Through his paper he asked the public to help.

Carrying  
Daisies to  
the Slums

The response was overwhelming. In relating this novel experience he says: "Flowers came pouring in from every corner of the compass. They came in boxes, in barrels, and in bunches, from field and garden, from town and country. Express wagons carrying flowers journeyed to Mulberry Street, and the police came out to marvel at the row. The office was fairly smothered in fragrance. A howling mob of children besieged it. The reporters forgot their rivalries and lent a hand with enthusiasm in giving out the flowers. The superintendent of the police detailed five stout patrolmen to help carry the abundance to points of convenient distribution. Wherever we went, fretful babies stopped crying and smiled as the messengers of love were laid against their wan cheeks. Slovenly women courtesied and made way. . . . The Italians in the Barracks stopped quarreling to help keep order. The worst street suddenly became good and neighborly."

A Famous  
Flower  
Mission

This was the beginning of an organized flower mission

in charge of the King's Daughters. Out of it grew the settlement house bearing the name of Jacob Riis, which is the headquarters for all kinds of community welfare-work.

Sympathy for  
the Truants

Mr. Riis had a long and hard fight to bring about three great blessings for the school children of lower New York—decent school-buildings and plenty of them, outdoor playgrounds, and truant schools instead of jails for children who played hooky. For the truants he had the liveliest sympathy when he saw the dark, ill-smelling schoolrooms where children were packed in so tight that, to let him pass into the next room when he was visiting the school, the children on the front bench had to rise and stand! And then he went to watch the children at play in a dark basement of thirty to fifty feet, full of rats, the only playground for a thousand children! This was the way our boasted civilization was training its future citizens.

The Truant  
School and  
Outdoor Play-  
ground at Last

But what roused him to the highest indignation was to see, behind the bars in the jail for criminals, the boy who had done no worse thing than to play hooky on a bright spring day. "If he had patiently preferred some of the schools I knew to a day of freedom out in the sunshine, I should have thought him a miserable little lunk-head quite beyond hope. As for those who locked him up, almost nothing I can think of would be bad enough for them," said this lover of children. The truant school finally came and the outdoor playground as well. Mr. Riis lived to see the dawn of the brighter day when, as he said, "there is room for every boy on a school bench and room to toss a ball when he is off it."

There are many great-hearts among public men, but few are so devoted to the cause of children as was Mr. Riis. His last public appeal was for a seaside park and a large hospital for the five thousand sick babies and crippled children who had not escaped the slum plague, tuberculosis. He wanted a place provided for them

where they could get the wonderfully curative winds from off the salty ocean. In his last article published, "The Story of a Sea Breeze," he asked the big city to provide for these afflicted children, and before he went away from New York for the last time he said to his fellow workers, "Keep Rockaway Beach for the kiddies." Shortly before he died he received the cheering message, "Ground broke for the new Sea Breeze at twelve o'clock to-day." The new hospital was under way, and "the sand and sea and sunshine of Rockaway knew the children of the slums as their rightful owners."

"The Story of  
a Sea Breeze"

Always this far-seeing friend of the children looked on them as future citizens and on their welfare as the welfare of the nation. "So long as there is a child in our land who toils in shop or tenement when he should be out at play," he said more than once, "whose school is without a playground, and whose out-of-doors is bounded by the gutters of the public street, with never a tree or shrub or flower, so long the masses will hate the classes; the policemen be to the boy an enemy instead of a friend, and the Republic has not had a square deal. To give the boy back his childhood is more than justice and common sense. It is sane government."

A notable service which Mr. Riis rendered his city was to introduce a better way of celebrating the incoming of the New Year. Music is more agreeable than noise, besides being unifying to a municipality, was his position. Under his leadership the people came together in large numbers to sing in the New Year. Since his death like exercises have been carried out in honor of him as well as the season. Large gatherings meet in Madison Square, the boys from the Jacob Riis Settlement, proudly wearing badges, "Jacob Riis Boys," being given a place of honor near the platform. "Lord God of time, look down and bless," the large chorus sings just before the stroke of twelve, and then thousands of voices greet the New Year by singing "America."

A Safe and  
Sane New  
Year's Eve



Discovering  
a Genius

One day many years ago, a man with a dejected look and slow step was making his way along a humble street in New York City when his ear caught the sound of a violin from a basement he was passing. He stopped to listen, all his despondency gone. It was evidently the unskilled playing of a child, but the listener, a trained violinist, detected something promising in the strident tones. On some pretext or other he made his entrance into the basement dwelling, and after showing his own mastery of the instrument, his offer to teach the child was gladly accepted by the ambitious mother. In this way began the relations between Mr. Douglas, the colored violinist, and David Mannes, the delicate white boy who grew up to give musical advantages to thousands of poor children of New York City.

The story of Mr. Douglas' life is the tragedy of race prejudice. His unusual talent had influenced well-meaning persons to give him superior musical training in this country and in Europe. When he returned to New York after years of study, it was only to find all doors closed to him on account of his color. No music school would employ him, no orchestra would admit him, no manager would risk booking him for a concert tour; and he had not the knack and initiative to make for himself a place. But after every effort had met with failure the way opened wide to great usefulness through the medium of this poor boy.

A Successful  
Violinist

Little David developed fast under the teacher who lavished instruction and inspiration on this one pupil, and by the time he was a man and had extended his studies under other teachers in our country and in Europe, he ranked as one of the foremost violinists of New York. David Mannes was made concert-master of the New York Symphony Orchestra, and when he married Clara Damrosch, the sister of Walter Damrosch, the celebrated leader of the orchestra, a life of growth in his art with congenial surroundings was assured him.

But David Mannes' life has taken on a wider significance than that of a successful musician. He is a thinker whose conception has reached out to meet the needs of all classes of people. It made no difference that money and reputation were within easy reach for him; he remembered his early life among the poor and how meagre and cheerless such existence was. He thought much about music and art in connection with the children of the poor, with the great mass of humanity whose main struggle is to make their small earnings cover a bare living. "What is art for?" he asked himself and others. Art for art's sake he spurned as purposeless. Art for the favored few was little better. Art for the coming man on the street, in the shop, in the humblest dwelling, as well as in the millionaire's palace, that was his solution. Music, as the most common and necessary form of art, should enter into the development of the finer instincts and be a cultural influence in the lives of all, the poor as well as the rich. "If the rich need music with everything else beautiful around them, the poor in their lives of drudgery and dingy surroundings need it so much more," he reasoned. "If anyone must be deprived of it, let it be the rich. A hundred years from now," he said when he first set forth his views, "I believe practically everyone will be a musician just as now practically everyone can read and write." This he thinks is necessary for the full growth and expression of the individual.

Music and  
the Masses

There are many who hold unusual theories and most beneficent desires for the common people, but there they stop. Not so with David Mannes. Several years ago he began putting his thoughts into effect by establishing the Music School Settlement on East Third Street, New York. Anyone who is familiar with the city knows that he did not do this as a business enterprise, for East Third Street counts its wealth in congested humanity instead of in money.

The First  
Music School  
Settlement

Thus was established a school of music in a commu-

Character-  
training  
Through  
Music

nity where the people are unable to pay the usual tuition charged for music instruction, but where the prices are low enough for almost anyone to afford musical training. Such a school becomes a centre for community music and for other interests as well. Mr. Mannes had this in mind when he selected the location for his experiment. Two evils he has tried to avoid—making paupers of the people by giving their children absolutely free what they appreciate more when they pay something for it, and neglecting the many for the sake of the talented few. Instead of being on the watch for those who are specially gifted and lavishing on them the training which would make them perhaps world-wonders, he is on the alert for the stupid, undeveloped child who most needs the instruction. He believes that every child who loves music is capable of learning it, and if he does not make progress, something is wrong with the teaching. Every individual has a right to musical training, not because he is talented, but because he is a human being. To turn out a professional Mr. Mannes does not consider a triumph, but to bring out a finer character in the crude boy and girl by means of music, that is worth striving for. "Amateurs who will make music in every home, not professionals for self-glory," is his motto.

Eager  
Response of  
the People

And how the people responded! Individual instruction by competent teachers was secured for twenty-five cents a lesson, and in classes for ten cents. If a child was absolutely unable to continue paying even this small price, he still had his lessons. If he had no place or means of practice at home, practice rooms were provided for him. One enthusiastic father pawned his overcoat in order that his Willie might have a violin. The son of a poor widow slept on the floor and rented his bed to a lodger until he had enough rent-money to pay for his violin. Organs of every description are found in the homes, and the good old square piano has kept many a family from the usual frequent movings.

Mr. Mannes has taken an active part in the welfare of the individual in his school. If a pupil showed weakness or undue stupidity, an investigation was started to see if his home-life was the cause of it. Child labor has found a check here, and because parents appreciated Mr. Mannes' disinterested work for the community, he was very successful in influencing them for their children's good.

This school is no haphazard work, but is run with system. It is thoroughly organized with nearly one hundred on the teaching staff, one thousand pupils enrolled and as many more on the waiting list. There are three orchestras composed of pupils and one volunteer orchestra of adults. Athletic clubs are very popular and are encouraged as giving the children and youth a means of physical activity in a healthy way. There is a roof playground for all throughout the year, and summer outings in the woods. The annual two weeks' vacation in Vacation House is an event in the lives of the younger generation of this section of the city.

Thoroughly  
Organized  
Work

Nor did Mr. Mannes forget his first teacher, Mr. Douglas. In memory of him he established a negro music school settlement of a similar kind. That music-loving race was not slow in taking advantage of such opportunities and the school has flourished from the start.

The movement has become a bigger one than David Mannes could have dreamed it would ever be when he quietly opened the school on East Third Street. This school has accomplished more than giving the children of the poor a knowledge of music. The character of the people as individuals has been made better by the music which they will listen to although they may close their ears to any other kind of persuasion to live better lives. But besides, the community has become a unit with common interests. Formerly there were no meeting-places except the saloon, the dance halls, gambling dens and the streets. Now concerts given by the young folks and chil-

Making the  
Community  
a Unit



dren of the community, season festivals in which all join, outings of various kinds, call the people together and are helping to make them strong, upright citizens interested in the common welfare.


The movement, too, is an illustration of the fact that a good work is multiplied many times by means of the power of example. The success of this Music School Settlement has led to the establishing of like places in a number of our largest cities. Moreover, as David Mannes said in his last report previous to committing the work to another's leadership: "Directly or indirectly, the Music School Settlement has been a real factor in stimulating civic musical activity in the public schools, . . . and the movement promises to become an integral part of the educational system of our country."

The Good  
Work Is  
Multiplied

## CHAPTER XXI

### PUBLIC SENTINELS

The duty of the individual lies in his best service to society in the vital processes of production and distribution; and the duty of society lies in supplying to the child the best conditions for full growth and genuine education, and in continuing to provide to the adult those conditions essential to his full, free and most efficient service.—*Charlotte Perkins Gilman.*

OME women, as well as some men, seem born with a natural talent and taste for understanding the nature of public needs, just as some doctors—and these the most successful—comprehend in a somewhat instinctive way the nature and needs of the individual. Of such Caroline Bartlett Crane is a representative figure. She belongs to the class who in all times have heard and responded to the cry, “Come over and help us!” The appeal has come to her from more than fifty cities, from more than half the States in the Union, which were glad to pay her one hundred dollars a day for advice which has proven her a wonderful expert. The success of her work has resulted in a new department of public service. Her visits are called “sanitary surveys” and she herself has been aptly called a “professional sanitarian.” But her efficiency and success have not come without preparation. It took more than twenty years of study and experience to show her worthy of the title, to develop fully the natural gift and spirit of usefulness to others.

A New  
Department of  
Public Service

From her earliest years, Caroline Bartlett’s chief interest was humanity. In young girlhood she was drawn by natural inclination to studies in sociology, and her articles on civic problems were published in prominent

magazines before she graduated from college. To carry out her desire of service to humanity which has been a passion with her always, she took up the study of law and later of theology, graduating from both schools with an intense eagerness to enter active work, to come in close touch with the people.

An Unprom-  
ising Pastorate

Soon after leaving the theological school, she accepted a call to the pastorate of a small church which frankly explained that the congregation consisted of elderly people who really had little need of a pastor but wanted a minister mainly to conduct funerals. Naturally, at first the young woman was dismayed at such stagnant prospects, but she bravely undertook the charge and the task of putting new life into a congregation that could muster but four children among its members. These four she organized into a Sunday School, and a bewildered little quartette they must have been. The pastor then scoured the highways and byways for more children, and the Sunday School expanded. Then the parents of the new members were attracted and the church grew rapidly. After a while funds were provided and an undenominational church was organized, the first of many of like character since established everywhere. It became an institutional church, an industrial school, in fact, before such a department was established in the public schools. Classes in kindergarten, manual training and domestic science followed, achieving such success in a few years that the city took over the task of conducting them, allowing the church to turn its attention to other civic work.

An Energetic  
Woman  
Pastor

When Caroline Bartlett married Dr. Warren Crane she resigned from the pastorate of her church to devote herself more fully to municipal affairs. Already she had done much in improving the city of Kalamazoo. Like other women leaders, she showed the instinct of woman for cleanliness by waging war on dirty back yards and equally bad alleys and streets. She herself took charge of a section of the city and for three weeks person-

ally superintended the work to demonstrate that the cleaning could be done with more efficiency and at less cost.

This city awoke to a new order after Mrs. Crane started a campaign for municipal welfare. When after investigation she reported the unsanitary features of the slaughter houses, dairies, milk and water supply, her report was ignored by the city council. There was a strong faction against her, trying to bring her work into disrepute. But Mrs. Crane's courage was equal to the obstacles put in her way. She called to her aid several capable men and women with an interest in humanity, and together they drafted a bill which has since become a law adopted by several States, allowing municipalities to govern their own industries. The bill was passed at last in the state legislature after being defeated more than once. To work with a view to relieving the evils of almshouses and jails, Mrs. Crane was instrumental in forming a joint committee of club women, physicians and trained nurses. Through this board and the state board of charities, the worst conditions due to entire lack of nursing and medical attention were much improved, and these reforms also have spread to other States.

Then city after city and State after State, with the consciousness that they were ailing and needed diagnosis and treatment, have called in this remarkable woman. In some cases the appeals for help have been very urgent, as when cities have been roused to the necessity of self-protection by a scourge of fire or epidemics of contagious diseases. Sometimes these appeals of distress have come after her previous warnings have been disregarded. A year and a half before a plague of typhoid in a Pennsylvania town she had predicted some such disaster unless the water supply should be improved.

It is certainly a great honor to be invited by a city to prescribe for its ailments, and the remuneration Mrs. Crane receives is not a trifle. But higher than any honor

Municipal  
Welfare  
Work

Called from  
City to City



bestowed on her or any other personal reward she rates the success following her work. For this reason she insists that the undertaking must be assumed by united effort, a city campaign, and she will go nowhere except by the unanimous invitation of two or more representative bodies. Her attitude is that unorganized efforts at civic reform, spasmodic protests against the injustice of organized greed, are like "trying to stay the tides of the ocean with a kitchen mop."

In line with her plan of co-operation she declares that she can do nothing alone and that the investigation of civic ills must be done conjointly. A certain amount she insists on having done before her arrival. In this she undoubtedly has the double purpose of opening the eyes of the city to existing conditions, as well as of giving her the necessary preparatory information, but her requirements are not always agreeable to the citizens. It would be so much easier to call her in as an expert and have her make her own investigations and then give directions.

Co-operation  
of Citizens  
Demanded

In one case the women of a southern city had worked hard to raise money and gain the consent of the council and board of trade to call Mrs. Crane to their assistance, as the male population was skeptical or openly antagonistic. When this task was successfully accomplished and they had sent Mrs. Crane the hard-won invitation, they were surprised to receive a set of questions which they were to answer before the visit could be arranged for. The questions related to every aspect of the city, its government, acreage, tax rate, property valuation, activities, and in fact, information on a variety of subjects they had never before thought of.

Preliminary  
Questions to  
Be Answered

"Well!" exclaimed one woman, rather vexed at the task thus spread out before them, "Mrs. Crane will know all about this town before she comes; but," she added with sudden illumination, "so will we."

The result of the visit was the inspection of the water

works, sewer system and incineration plant, streets, alleys, public schools for both whites and blacks, slaughter houses, dairies, factories, cold storage houses, moving picture houses, alms-houses and jails, and the hospital for consumptives. The latter institution seemed to be almost perfect, as did the water system. The bakeries investigated, though, proved a revelation of insanitation. In some the fronts were marvels of glistening cleanliness, while the working quarters were unspeakable.

Inquiry into the condition of the county jail resulted in heartbreaking disclosures. The newer and more humane treatment of the criminal was then appearing in the nature of reclamation, rather than a relentless, revengeful punishment. But in this southern town were found young boys locked in jail on mere suspicion who could not sit down if they had been furnished with chairs—which they were not—because they would have been devoured by vermin. At the jailer's indignant denial of this, Mrs. Crane flashed a light on vermin in the cracks of the walls in serried ranks.

**Cleaning Up a  
Southern Town**

There was a mass meeting to hear the report of the woman who had created such a furore in their midst. A tactless statement by her of conditions as she found them would have precipitated an indignation meeting and a strong municipal protest, followed by complete failure in reform. That was exactly what the enemies of reform hoped for. But Mrs. Crane showed her knowledge of human nature and her trained generalship. The excellent features of the place were introduced and enlarged upon. She congratulated the city on its excellent water supply and its almost ideal tubercular camps. The audience felt mollified and quite pleased with the report. Then coming down by easy and polite stages through some of the evident needs of the public schools with their imperfect lighting facilities and too high seating for the little tots, she gradually approached the shameful evils of the unclean bakeries and brutal jail practices.

**Trained  
Generalship**

There was such an exposure of graft and corruption as the city had never before experienced. There were loud denials and protests, but facts were made too clear for the people longer to be hoodwinked. Then came a revival of true civic spirit and a turning to better ways after Mrs. Crane's drastic prescriptions had been applied. Even greed and graft quieted down and welcomed the change when it was demonstrated that justice and a clean municipal order pay. The ills of a city as of an individual are often largely brought on and tolerated because of ignorance.

This city campaign may be taken as a type of her work except that in some cases she meets with fiercer opposition. Naturally, when complacent boards of one institution and another find their methods unveiled and the secrets exposed of unholy greed and of criminal indifference to appalling conditions, there follow general indignation and denial. In one instance it was shown by Mrs. Crane that the reports of government meat inspectors were in no wise conforming to the law. She characterized the average report as a "brief for the packers." A spirited fight for closer meat inspection was carried into the very camps of officialdom at Washington. She was opposed by a powerful committee of packers on the outside, and a complaisant group of officials inside who blocked the efforts of those fighting for pure food. Their clever work was done by means of secret circulars suggesting how to evade some of the more rigid exactions of law. Mrs. Crane, to prove that it was nothing but child's play for a powerful packing combine to misuse a trade label, hit upon the device of herself filling a tin pail with candy and having it pass inspection as "pure lard." This innocent-looking tin pail created no little confusion and consternation when opened by the committee on investigation.

On another occasion when called to a certain eastern city, she made such an arraignment in her report that

Clean Municipal Order Pays

Fight Against Government Meat Inspectors

the poor board and the board of charities were aroused to indignant denial. The "impertinent meddler" was called all sorts of other names as well.

"What am I here for?" she is reported to have asked. "You surely didn't ask me to make a social call."

Somehow the papers sided with her. After she had gone, they jeered by editorial and cartoon, "Come out, fellows, she's gone." But when the boards "came out" and tried to deny the charges of Mrs. Crane, they found not only that the people believed her, but that if they wished to keep their jobs it meant proving that her statements were not true, or reforming. In trying to vindicate themselves, many of the boards saw the truth and were willing themselves to right the wrongs they had negligently allowed to prevail.

**A Typical  
Victory**

When Colonel Waring more than twenty years ago undertook the Herculean task of cleaning up the streets of New York, he cried in despair, "Nobody can give you a clean city if you want a dirty one." Then he conceived the idea of interesting the public school children of all nationalities in the work and in this effective way began educating the public in clean ideals. Mrs. Crane through magazine articles and from the platform had long insisted on this very idea. At the National Educational Convention in 1913 she said: "There is one elect place and matchless opportunity to lay the foundation of public health in body, mind, conscience and daily habit of our future citizens—in the public school." She believes that the instruction on the origin, safe conduct and hygienic value of a glass of pure water drawn from a school faucet is worth more to a pupil than a dissertation upon the Roman Aqueduct; and to explain the importance of school sewerage is more essential than to explain the works of art on the wall.

**Opportunity of  
the Public  
Schools**

This earnest and capable woman has succeeded in awakening the people in many cities to a realization that they were not getting value for money expended in school



No Facilities  
for Washing  
the Hands

equipment, and that in many cases their schools were far behind the development of modern educational efficiency. In a State rich as any in school funds, the school buildings in only two out of seventeen cities were supplied with facilities for washing the hands. One magnificent high school building housing thirteen hundred pupils, who used toilets and ate lunches, provided only three wash sinks, no warm water or soap, and roller towels which were changed only every third day. Sometimes there were no towels, and the teachers reported that the children used their handkerchiefs or their petticoats. The answer to this complaint was, "The place for the girls to wash their hands is at home."

Mrs. Crane reasons that the school children are the future men and women who will handle our food in bakeries, markets, dairies and kitchens. "Surely," she says, "the much vaunted training of the hand should include the training to keep that hand clean."

Train the  
Young to Be  
Public  
Sentinels

To teach hygiene out of books and give the lie to it in daily practice is to break down the best training. The model building will not accomplish much unless it is the headquarters for model living. She has already proved to various communities that a city doing its duty toward its school children through model buildings and model training will presently find its own sanitary problems fading away. The knowledge, habits and conscience of the new generation will cause it to look with hostile eyes upon the unswept, unsewered, soot-grimed areas of our cities: upon the stinginess of public health appropriations and the dear penalties paid in health, happiness and human lives.

The promises of future municipal conditions, of coming methods for the training of the young, are very bright. Adults of a past generation look not with envy but with delight at the beautiful things being accomplished for the children of to-day. For years men and women with youthful hearts had been pointing the way, but there had

been little traveling in the right direction. Now the procession is getting in line for the grand march to the music of the new education. The way of learning and living is made so joyous, so invigorating, so full of invitation, that the young no longer drop by the way, discouraged as under older and less interesting methods, but are finding avenues of development suited to all capacities and needs.

To awaken high ideals latent in every individual and community, there come into view now and then men and women with a big understanding, a genius for efficiency and business execution, and a passion for service. They leave their world decidedly better than they found it. To this class belongs Caroline Bartlett Crane.

**A Genius  
for Efficiency  
and a Passion  
for Service**

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When young America takes a joyful ride over a beautiful stretch of macadam or glides with greater speed over a smooth railway, it is not likely that more than one in a thousand ever thinks of the many poor foreign workmen who made the common luxury possible, or stops to look into conditions under which the work was constructed.

To the small number who question and investigate for the benefit of others belongs Miss Frances Alice Kellor. She, too, could admire and enjoy, but at the same time she could see the wretched looking workmen who represented the building power. No human being willing to do the laborious work which they were doing ought to look so much like stupid, overworked beasts. Her interest did not end with momentary curiosity, nor pass off with a sigh of sympathy, but took a most practical turn. Instead of consulting reports of corporations or talking with the dignified employers, she went out among the workmen themselves. In a short time she found that she had stepped into a well planned system which reduced foreign labor to the most abject slavery. It was

**Practical  
Interest and  
Sympathy**

the vicious padrone system which was in full working force a few years ago.

**The Padrone  
System**

The padrone, who is a sub-contractor, would have been very glad to have given Miss Kellor all the information he thought it necessary for her or the public to have, and he was not particularly pleased to find her making original investigations. He was accumulating a snug fortune out of his own countrymen, by taking a contract for a certain section of the work, and hiring his countrymen at his own price to do the work. Miss Kellor found the workmen housed in dirty cattle cars and living on food of most inferior quality. At first she believed it was the saving instinct of the foreigners which led them to live in that beastly way, but upon further investigation she learned that they were paying such prices as ought to have procured food of good quality.

She laid bare the system and called public attention to labor serfdom. The padrones were profiting in more than one way. From their countrymen who knew nothing of our laws and customs they exacted high commission fees, and besides the employed men were forced to buy their supplies at the padrone-stores. When the victims rebelled they were told, "It's the custom in America and you follow it or lose your job." What could the bewildered foreigners do but stay where they were?

**No Hope  
in America**

After living under such conditions, when the jobs were finished and the laborers swarmed to the city tenement to await spring, they were diseased and a distinct menace to others because of their utter disregard of health laws. Poor, sick and discouraged, they had a hard heart for America, the country to which they had come with fond expectations. Among such, anarchy found ready disciples.

With this class in mind Miss Kellor asked: "Is the alien laborer initiated into American life by the railroad officials whose road he is building? By the government whose highways he is laying? By the millionaire whose

estate he is laying out? Not at all. By the padrone, or sub-contractor, who keeps him in slavery more abject than negro slavery."

She did not stop with the mere telling of bad conditions, but went into motives and results, pointing out grave mistakes. It is poor national economy, she said, bad Americanism which inevitably leads to anarchy, for a state or nation to take so little account of the virility, and often splendid courage, of a new people who should be helped to become American in spirit. She has convinced many localities that living standards for our aliens are not to be worked out in terms of industrial war but of peace—brotherly consideration and love for humanity. She has convinced many corporations to the extent that model section houses are being built with a view to some degree of care for laborers. New housing quarters with facilities for bathing and clean living are taking the place of the cattle cars of the padrone system. The sentence has been passed, such conditions have no place in twentieth century United States. Corporations are awakening to the fact that it pays even from a standpoint of financial gain to take care of their workmen.

A National  
Blunder

Miss Kellor's statesman-like attitude toward our country in its relation to the large foreign population is evident in the movement she started to Americanize all who take up their abode in our land. The necessary process she resolved into three successive steps. The first requisite, she says, is that all learn to speak and read the English language. There can be no unified national spirit while millions of the foreign born in our cities live in large foreign sections, each with language, customs, religious worship, newspapers, in some cases schools, as in the mother country. Their presence in this nation then becomes purely a matter of business—they give toil in exchange for a weekly pay envelope. They talk, read, write, sing, pray, work as laborers, tradesmen or professionals all in their mother tongue.

Movement to  
Americanize



Leading educators had long held that opportunities should be given the foreigner to learn our language, but how to arouse zeal for the study was another question. Cities had most generously provided evening schools with full equipment, but comparatively few foreign adults had availed themselves of the advantages held out to them.

Make the question an industrial one, said Miss Kellor, under the direction of the board of commerce as well as the board of education. Let every employer, big and little, refuse to hire anyone who cannot use the English language or who is not honestly trying to learn to do so, and any city in our land can be made practically English-speaking within a year; and the first step in Americanization will have been taken.

The next requisite is to teach the meaning of American citizenship in our day and night schools, not in a haphazard, as-much-as-you-please way, but as a regular course with graduation and certificate. Such instruction is full of possibilities. The teachers must of necessity appreciate and revere their citizenship, but they must also be just and discreet to avoid arousing antagonism. Instead their part is to awaken enthusiasm without disparaging other countries. Then, too, there is the duty of established citizens to make the day of graduation an occasion for extending to the new citizen the glad hand of welcome.

The third step in Miss Kellor's course leading to Americanization is a knowledge of American social ideals. The theoretical part of this teaching should be found in the school curriculum, but the practical part must be taught by living demonstration, the responsibility for which rests on every citizen.

This alert public sentinel made it her business as a citizen to investigate the relations between employer and employed. There were injustices and atrocities found on both sides, but naturally the weaker man was at the

The First  
Step in  
Americaniz-  
ation

Teaching  
Social Ideals

mercy of the stronger. "We shall never have a strong nation until the strong cease exploiting the weak," was her practical solution of the problem, "until the people entrenched in position, power and prosperity assume the burden and responsibility of the welding of that nation, until Americans define what they want that nation to be, and then set in motion every resource and agency to achieve the result intelligently."

Another notable achievement of Miss Kellor's is a successful bringing together of the man who is looking for a job with the man who has work to be done. One warm day in June she trudged with a man who was looking for work from agency to agency until they had applied at seventeen different ones, but without success. When she returned to the residence district of Fifth Avenue, there was a man with a job who was at his wits' end to know where to find the man to do it. There must be something missing in the social system of a state or nation having abundant resources when a laborer on an eager hunt for work is unable to find the man with work to be done, was her comment.

**Bringing  
Together the  
Jobless Man  
and the  
Employer**

Such experiences led her to a systematic study of employment agencies first in New York City, later in Philadelphia, Boston and Chicago. Everywhere she found appalling practices. Not only was the unsuspecting applicant for work, oftenest a foreigner, defrauded of his small savings, the agencies representing a well planned system of extortion, but there was revealed a direct connection between those places and resorts of vice. Not only was a woman's money coveted and secured but, far worse, her helplessness. To learn conditions as they really were, Miss Kellor entered the agencies, sometimes as an employer and again as one in search of work, which gave her such intimate knowledge of conditions that when she told her story to the public it was one based on fact.

**Extortion of  
Employment  
Agencies**

She believes and teaches that the government with the

Need of a  
Thorough  
Organization  
of the Labor  
Market

welfare of the governed at heart should provide a bureau for settling interstate immigration and labor problems, which would make possible a thorough organization of the labor market. According to this plan the central bureau would be in Washington and branches established in the large industrial centres. Thus if a company of workmen were needed in Toledo, for example, the application would be sent to Washington, which in turn would forward the order to the New York bureau, with a full statement of the kind of workmen needed. There would then be no traveling long distances on a loose promise of work only to find that the demand is for a very short period of work or that an indefinite postponement has taken place.

Work of  
Civic Leagues

After years of investigation and demonstration, the questions started by Miss Kellor are being answered in an ever-growing number of our large cities. Civic leagues in their work with immigrants have set about the task of supervising all agencies dealing with the unemployed. Reports of such work become absorbing stories full of human interest. In Cleveland, once the city of strikes and misunderstanding between capital and labor, Miss Kellor has continued and extended the work begun by Tom L. Johnson. She says that the spirits of such men as Johnson and "Golden Rule Jones" still walk about in their home-cities, as their influence is being felt more and more, and the world is catching up with their advanced thought.

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Near the very centre of our country lies a State which has playfully been called "the experiment station," and a few other names not quite so complimentary. It is Kansas, whose loyal citizens admit that it is something of an agitation centre, always ready to test and adopt better and better measures and methods. They say that the State comes honestly by its progressive and reform-

ing nature, as they point with a degree of pride to the large percentage of its population of New England and Puritan stock. There have always been enough of this class within the State's borders to enable it to do more than agitate; they have had a way of formulating advance ideas into something as definite and impressive as law.

But not all their leaders in reforms are of New England descent. Dr. Crumbine, the man who has led in putting Kansas in the front rank on sanitation and health, grew up in Pennsylvania. His babyhood belonged to a stormy period in the history of our country, the day of his birth, September 17, 1862, being the very day when the guns at Antietam Creek were thundering in that fierce battle of the Civil War. His father was a soldier in a Pennsylvania regiment, at the time, and died on the field. That the son has unusual courage and dares to act according to his convictions in the face of strong opposition, cannot be wondered at.

**The Courageous Son of a Brave Father**

As a boy he had need of courage. Like some of the greatest of our democratic land, S. J. Crumbine was born in a log cabin, and had to struggle for an education. After getting what training the public schools of that time in Pennsylvania offered, he started out for higher advantages. He worked his way through the Cincinnati College of Medicine and Surgery, a way which meant excessive toil every step of it, as he had to earn every dollar which his education cost.

Finally the day came when the well-earned medical diploma was his, and that he did more than barely get through his course may be inferred from the fact that he won as well the first prize on the general examination. Then with these two recommendations and thirty-five dollars in his pocket, he turned his face to the broad, undeveloped West.

**The Struggle for an Education**

He was a young man of only twenty-three years, but with the hard, sobering experience behind him of a man



Staking a  
Claim in  
Kansas

of forty, when he landed in western Kansas and staked a claim. The pre-emption dues took his last dollar, and he started in the practice of medicine with nothing to back him but nerve, energy, ambition and dogged determination. And he needed all of these. The many experiences of a frontier practice were of a character to try men's souls as well as their physical constitutions. Like many others, though, he stuck to his claim, and his practice grew slowly; then there was a decided turn in the tide of fortune and prosperity came to Kansas.

When Dr. Crumbine a few years ago was appointed a member of the State Board of Health, no one expected anything from him but the ordinary performance of the mechanical duties of such a member—being present at the occasional meetings of the Board and passing on certain routine business. He had never shown any particular brilliancy to electrify the public and he was known to comparatively few in the State. Those few, though, were aware of his unusual capacity for quiet, painstaking work, and of that positiveness which made him unswerving in a course he felt sure was right. In two short years his industry, faithfulness and progressive ideas convinced an ever-widening public of his initiative and power of leadership.

Chief Execu-  
tive of Kansas  
State Board  
of Health

He was called to the position of chief executive of the Board by being elected Secretary and Executive Officer. When he was made Secretary, the working force of the Board of Health in Kansas consisted of a stenographer, the Secretary hitherto having given only a part of his time to the work, and the balance to his own practice. The only laws in the statute books were those pertaining to quarantine. Dr. Crumbine has had the good fortune to see the work of the Board under his direction grow from practically nothing to its present working force of twenty-two all-time employees, with about fifteen additional part-time employees. He himself, as Executive Officer, has devoted all of his time to the work, directing the

activities of six great divisions: Vital Statistics, Water and Sewage, Foods and Drugs, Sanitation and Communicable Diseases, Child Hygiene, and Public Health Education.

In these departments Kansas is not unique, but it was certain pioneer work done under Dr. Crumbine which drew the attention of the world and made the State a target for both ridicule and approbation. When the common drinking cup was abolished in the State, there was little but unfavorable criticism heard from abroad. It was as if the right to drink when thirsty had been denied the people. Even the railroad trains had to observe the new law, and the suffering passengers were pictured in all kinds of cartoons. Editors of some of the leading publications in our country would blush at this day to look through the files of the year 1908 and read their own caustic editorials on this Kansas law. To-day the common drinking cup is hardly seen anywhere; but comparatively few associate the name of Dr. Crumbine with the change.

War on the  
Common  
Drinking Cup

Years ago the strange theory was held by many that the house-fly was a useful scavenger and therefore to be regarded as a benefactor rather than otherwise. Whenever refuse happened to be there was the busy fly, and without the fly, it was said, disease would follow. Thus so long as there was refuse, the fly was deemed necessary. But after a while some began to suspect the fly of being a carrier of disease, and it was looked on with growing disfavor. Certain it was that refuse was not the only thing it reveled in; the choicest food designed for man was just as much to its taste.

Author of the  
Slogan, "Swat  
the Fly"

How to get rid of the fly was not much discussed at first because it seemed an impossibility. Kansas under Dr. Crumbine was the first State to start an anti-fly campaign, and he is the author of the world-wide slogan, "Swat the Fly." A state campaign rapidly grew into a national effort. The fly is no longer undisturbed to prop-

agate as rapidly as possible, and the day is near when it will be practically exterminated as a household pest.

Then came the roller-towel, and in fact any towel used in common in public places. When Dr. Crumbine first called attention to the danger of infection from the practice of persons, healthy and diseased, using the same towel, and when the Board brought about a reform making Kansas the first State to abolish the common roller-towel, there were some who stood up for the time-honored custom and denounced in no uncertain way what they called "foolish notions." But the "notions" spread quickly to other States, and now the final disappearance of the common towel in public places is at hand.

The Kansas State Board of Health under Dr. Crumbine has been on a constant watch for conditions which endanger the health of the people. Thus Kansas became the first State to establish a standard for oysters and to prevent their shipment in old-fashioned tubs, which were refrigerated by placing the ice directly among the oysters. Shippers and dealers made violent but vain protest, predicting impossible prices and general ruin of the oyster trade. The law was enforced notwithstanding, the oyster became a safer and more palatable article of food, and prices remained practically the same.

It had been the general custom everywhere to cool the drinking water for passengers on trains by dumping large pieces of ice directly into the water tank. The ice was of variable purity and the handling of it was decidedly objectionable. It was unclean, visibly and invisibly. Dr. Crumbine and his Board made Kansas the first State to require the cooling of water on trains by having tanks with separate compartments for the ice.

Another menace to the public health was the dry sweeping of railway coaches in transit while containing passengers. The appearance of a man with a broom, whose duty seemed to be to raise as much dust as possible, was a regular occurrence in day coach travel a few years

The Common  
Roller-towel  
Abolished

Protecting  
Kansans at  
Home and  
Abroad

ago. It was clearly insanitary as well as disagreeable, and Dr. Crumbine's Board again put Kansas in the lead by making it the first State to prohibit this practice.

It is sometimes necessary, as in the case of a typhoid epidemic, that polluted water shall be speedily sterilized. Kansas was the first State to build and operate a portable hypochlorite treating plant whereby this may be done. It was also the first State to inaugurate a loan library of stereopticon slides and moving picture films used especially in the health education of the public. All this has been due to the activities of the State Board of Health.

**Further  
Activities of  
an Energetic  
Board of  
Health**

Dr. Crumbine has become a person to be feared by evil-doers. He is one reformer who believes that the enforcement of laws is more important than the making of them, and he has novel ways of enforcing them. Laws relating to food are pretty definite in Kansas. Food offered for sale must be up to the standard in purity, quality and quantity. If a merchant receives pay for a pound of produce, it must weigh a pound or he is liable to a fine. If a milkman's milk will not stand the required test, he may be fined. If fresh fruit, such as berries, is exposed on the street or kept uncovered inside the market place, the dealer is subject to a fine.

The average customer, of course, is not going to the trouble of testing food and bringing the law-breaking merchant to justice, and it would seem that the latter is comparatively safe. He has learned, though, to his sorrow that the innocent-looking customer who accepts his purchase as others do and walks off without protest, has sometimes been sent by Dr. Crumbine to the suspected place of trade, and the short weight or impure quality will be used as evidence in convicting the dealer.

**Food Laws  
Strictly  
Enforced**

The definite proof of unmistakable success is the unusual reward of Dr. Crumbine's labors. Because of his work, not only Kansas but other States as well have reached a higher standard of sanitation and show a greater regard for public health.




## CHAPTER XXII

### A WORLD HELPER

If we care for those who have done things for others than themselves; if we accustom ourselves to regard all tangible success as a means of service rather than as an end in itself; if we delight to think of the men and women who have left the world better for their having lived in it and make them our real heroes, then we are laying the foundation of a life which, when it is tested, will stand out heroic even as theirs.

—*President Hadley.*

F ALL the great men who have left in their wake "a trail of enduring light," there are few to compare with Louis Pasteur. In no sense was the light borrowed, as when one springs from the great and powerful and shines as a reflection. Louis Pasteur's ancestors had been common French peasants, his great-grandfather having been the first to give up field life for a tanner's trade. Pasteur's father had served in the French wars, but when he returned to his native village it was to settle down to the trade of his father.

Of Humble  
Origin

For the little Louis, however, the father had other aspirations in which the young mother joined. Both dreamed of a place for him above their station in life. "If only you could become some day professor in the College of Arbois I should be the happiest man on earth," the father frequently said to the young boy, meaning the little communal college of their village. Little did he dream of the world honors that would be bestowed on his son.

An Ambitious  
Father

Though of poor and unknown family, Louis Pasteur had a few rare advantages of more value than money.

Economy was a necessary virtue in the home, but not of the sordid, depressing kind common among foreign peasantry. His home was a loving one, holding up high ideals. Many others in the community stood for honesty, courage and energy. Little Louis heard many conversations between his father and friends who dropped in occasionally, and their talk was in praise of duty, industry and patriotism. All this had much to do with shaping the boy's ideals.

He was given a fair chance to get an education. His first teacher was his father, who with all his hard work undertook the task of teaching Louis every evening; and even after the boy had entered school, so solicitous was the father that he kept up the evening lessons. At that age Louis was fonder of fishing and drawing pictures than he was of study. But after a while he awoke to a realization of the sacrifices made by his parents to secure him the advantages of school, and he turned to his studies with an ardor which he kept up through life. It seems that he did not early show any evidence of unusual intellect. His lessons were faithfully learned and he was much given to quiet thought and reverie, but he was rather slow in his studies and gave little promise of a brilliant future.

A Faithful  
Student

Unknown to many about him, however, there was a steady unfolding of strong tendencies in this boy. He was coming into his inheritance, which was in the nature of a dual development. From his father he had inherited a strong will, which was to become his helper under many strenuous circumstances, safe judgment and sound common-sense—the equipment for a successful business career. From his mother he had received the sensitiveness, vivid imagination and quick intelligence which impelled him towards an artistic career. These tendencies combined finally led him into science of the most constructive and useful kind.

A Steady  
Unfolding  
of Strong  
Tendencies

His zeal for study attracted the attention of his teach-

ers. The principal of the college saw a promising future before him, something higher than the father had dared wish for. "He will go far," he used to say. "It is not for the chair of a small college like ours that we must prepare him; he must become professor in a royal college. "My little friend," he said to Louis, "think of the great Ecole Normale."

There were times when Louis had hesitated between art and some other calling. But his father had his own plans for his son's career, his idea being that teaching was the highest calling of man. So Louis dutifully followed his father's wishes, putting aside his artist aspirations and preparing for the profession of a teacher. Then with the encouragement of the principal ringing in his ears, he set to work as never before to prepare for the great Ecole Normale.

The requirements were high, but young Pasteur's ideas were higher. In the examination for entrance to the great school he passed as fourteenth in the list. But he would not enter until he could do so with higher credits. For another year of preparation he went to Paris, where he selected a very quiet preparatory school.

The next year he entered the Ecole Normale with a rank of which he was not ashamed. Knowledge became a passion with him. He was so eager to learn that on holidays he would shut himself up in libraries and would consent to an occasional walk with his closest friend only on condition that they engage in profitable talk. Without knowing how high a place he was to fill in life, he prepared as if for the highest. When greater and more responsible positions opened to him in the college, he was ready for them.

To follow Pasteur in his scientific discoveries is to read a thrilling story of success. But his achievements were not made without labor and opposition. To a mind like his, however, work is pursued with a zeal which generally belongs to play. His singleness of purpose and

Trained  
for the  
Profession  
of Teaching

Knowledge  
a Passion  
with Pasteur

keenness of insight when a problem was before him enabled him to follow effects direct to their causes where other scientists had failed. Chemistry with all its secrets was his absorbing pursuit, but he was not limited to any one department of it. He could accomplish wonders in any of many lines of work. As one thinker said, in him "we have the picture of a mind on which facts fell like germs upon a nutritive soil."

As is often the case with persons of rare intellect, Pasteur's heart was as large as his brain, and he was capable of strong affection. The love he showed for his parents has often been referred to. It even threatened to interfere with his education, as he found it hard to be away from them while in college. At one time while in Paris preparing for the Ecole Normale, an uncontrollable homesickness led him to abandon his studies and hurry home to make them a protracted visit. They sacrificed much for his education and he never forgot to be grateful. When he was famous, the old tanner frequently visited him in Paris, and if the father had been a prince of royal blood, the distinguished son could not have shown him more deference and loving attention.

A Large,  
Warm  
Heart

Pasteur's high idea of patriotism has become proverbial. It was of the steady, enduring kind, inborn and inbred. Love of country was so real to him that sacrifice of self was made without a struggle. To serve the nation in any capacity was the joyous duty of a citizen, he held. At the time the Republic was proclaimed in 1848, he was a poor young man, but when contributions were made for the public treasury, he willingly gave all his savings, one hundred and fifty francs; and he was glad to be able to serve in the National Guard. Patriotism to him meant the setting aside when necessary of any personal ambition and profit. For France he did much of his greatest work, without other recompense than the knowledge that he was serving his fellow citizens. But his love of service was extended to all humankind. What

Pasteur's  
Patriotism



he sacrificed in turning aside from his chosen pursuits in order to help solve public problems, only a specialist perhaps can fully appreciate.

The study of crystals had become his beloved specialty in the department of chemistry, and he had gained fame and the Red Ribbon of the Legion of Honor for his original work, when the manufacturers of beet root alcohol asked his aid in preventing loss to their business. He loved his crystals, but he could not resist doing a kindness that would help a large body of his people. So he turned aside from the path to fame, as it seemed to him then, and set out on the road to a discovery which was to revolutionize chemistry, improve many manufactures, aid commerce, and save unnumbered lives. This was the discovery of germs.

Before that time chemists had held that fermentation was a chemical process, the result of spontaneous combustion. With his keen insight into chemical possibilities and limitations, Pasteur began experimenting, until he made the great discovery and brought out the theory that fermentation is caused by invisible, infinitely small and infinitely numerous, living organisms. It was a distinctly new theory which challenged the world of scientists.

It was a marvel to Pasteur himself, but he had worked up to it so carefully and honestly that there was no room for doubt. And what a world of possibilities the theory opened up! The saving of beet root alcohol was but a small fragment of the good that would come to the race from its application. There was the terrible mortality from gangrene among the wounded which he believed and later knew was due to the germs of disease carried on instruments or something else which came in contact with the wounds.

He found ways of destroying those germs, and he made known to the world of surgery the means of sterilizing and the use of antiseptics. As a matter of course he was

The Study  
of Crystals  
His Beloved  
Specialty

The Discovery  
of Germs

met with incredulity and in some cases with ridicule. His proof, however, could be clearly demonstrated; after hard work he succeeded in convincing the leaders in the medical world and it was not long before the followers were ready to fall in line. The germ theory became common property with the result that the mortality in surgical cases was reduced from fifty in one hundred to five in one hundred, and ordinary little wounds and bruises were rendered practically harmless.

The Use  
of Antiseptics  
Made  
Known

A serious problem to his country had been the disease affecting the wines of France which was destroying their reputation at home and abroad. Pasteur was appealed to and he began investigations. His extensive experiments in fermentation and his discovery of the "world of the infinitely little," as the realm of the germ has been called, gave him the key to the problem. He proved that the malady was caused by germs in the wine. These little organisms in red wine are very sensitive to heat. Pasteur quickly discovered that by carefully heating the wine to the temperature of 122° Fahrenheit, the germs were killed and the wine unhurt.

But there were those who declared that the wine had lost some of its delicate flavor by the heating process, even though the color remained the same. The question was to be decided by professional wine tasters in the presence of a commission of the wholesale wine-sellers of Paris. There was hesitation, but a shade of preference was given to the unheated wines. Then Pasteur submitted the two kinds without indicating which was the unheated and which the heated. Confusion was the result, and the climax of the ridiculous was reached when of two specimens taken out of the same bottle the wine tasters declared for the superiority of the one they thought unheated. This ended the controversy, and the wines of France regained their reputation. Pasteur's work was a distinct service to a wine-making people.

Saving  
the Wines  
of France

The silkworm industry was even more important to

The Silkworm  
Industry  
of France

the country, especially southern France, where many dwellings are given over to the silkworm while the people live as best they can. One writer says: "In each house there is nothing to be seen but hurdles, over which the worms crawl. They are placed even in the kitchens, and often in well-to-do families they occupy the best rooms. When people accost each other, instead of saying 'How are you?' they say 'How are the silkworms?' In the night they get up to feed them or to keep up around them a suitable temperature. Sacks of leaves are incessantly brought in and spread out on the litters. Sometimes the noise of the worms munching these leaves resembles that of rain falling upon thick bushes. With what impatience is the moment waited for when the worms arrive at the last moulting! Their bodies swollen with silk, they mount upon the branches prepared for them, then they shut themselves up in their golden prisons and become chrysalides. What days of rejoicing are those in which the cocoons are gathered; when, to use the words of Oliver de Serres, 'the silk harvest is gathered in!'"

An Epidemic  
Among  
Silkworms

When disease attacked the little silk-producing creature in any stage of its short life, there was immediate consternation. In 1865 a distinctive epidemic among the worms swept over France and spread into Italy and Spain. Healthy eggs were sought in the Islands of the Archipelago, in Greece and in Turkey, but these were found to be infected, and farther on those imported from Syria and the provinces of the Caucasus were likewise.

Not only France, but most of the silk-producing world was in despair. Every remedy, possible and impossible, had been tried in vain. An appeal for help came from the Senate to M. Dumas, a professor in the Ecole Normale, a former teacher of Pasteur and his lifelong friend. Would he indicate some scientist authority to lead in a thorough investigation and analysis of the plague? M. Dumas had not proceeded far before the thought of the masterly mind of Pasteur came to him. Silkworm cul-

ture would not be in his line, to be sure, but scientific mysteries seemed to unroll as a scroll before him. It was the only hope of a dying industry, and the appeal was made.

At that time Pasteur had never even seen a silkworm. In his chosen vocation, where he had made the all-important discovery of the "world of the infinitely little," an equally large world of development lay before him. It embraced a field of service which one brief lifetime would enable him only to enter. Why should he turn aside from a great work full of possibilities for public welfare to the uncertainties of a department he knew nothing about?

Pasteur to  
the Rescue

But Pasteur was finally persuaded by his former master to undertake the work. On his way to southern France he mapped out his plan as a general does in journeying to meet a hostile force. In going over the mass of facts and opinions which the silkworm distress had given rise to in nearly a score of years, his keen intellect seized on the reports of investigators most likely to lead to the mysterious enemy.

It did not take many hours of work for him to discover the presence of a parasite in certain worms, and after protracted experimenting he traced the source of infection to the egg-laying moth, and then found the remedy. Healthy moths would lay healthy eggs which, in the absence of contagion, would develop into healthy cocoons. Then he showed the people how to detect the disease corpuscle in the moth, making his instruction so simple that a child could help in the work of examining moths.

He Discovers  
the Parasite  
and Finds  
the Remedy

Pasteur forgot that this was not his chosen work, and the little house near Alais where he carried on his experiments with silk culture grew to be a centre of more absorbing interest even than his laboratory in Paris. So great was his zeal that, when after three years of closest application to the one problem of silkworm mal-



ady a stroke of paralysis rendered him helpless, thinking that death was approaching, he dictated to his wife a last note on the subject. Fortunately for science and humanity, he recovered and lived to give even greater good to the world. His return to Paris was a triumph. The knowledge that he had restored to the people of whole provinces their only means of livelihood was sufficient reward for all that he had undergone in the way of self-sacrifice and suffering.

The time came when he applied the newly discovered germ theory more directly to diseases which afflict life, human and animal. The splenic fever had been ruining the flocks and herds of France, cholera was the scourge to hogs and chickens. Pasteur and his theory found the antidotes. Then he turned his attention to the terrible and baffling disease, hydrophobia. There were not many cases of it, fortunately, but its gruesome end made it the most dreaded of diseases. Pasteur found the germ and conquered the terror. Inspired by the hope of freeing humanity from germ diseases, he worked with feverish intensity and had fairly to be dragged from the laboratory by his friends who saw his need of open air exercise.

He encountered great opposition to his theories from those who would neither accept his statements nor examine testimony. Time after time he had to heap up mountains of proof. Many amusing and dramatic scenes occurred when he crushed his enemies by his proofs. Perhaps the most dramatic was the public test of his vaccine for splenic fever, which would give a mild form of the disease to cows, horses, and sheep, and insure their future immunity. A veterinary surgeon led the opposition and raised a fund by subscription to carry on the test near Melun. Sixty sheep and a number of cows were put at Pasteur's disposal. Half of them were to be vaccinated at intervals with attenuated charbon virus. After a certain interval, these and the others were to

Discovery  
of Various  
Vaccines

Curing the  
Splenic Fever  
of Cattle

be inoculated with virulent charbon culture. Pasteur declared that the vaccinated ones would live and the others die. All Europe watched the test, because if Pasteur were right it meant the saving of millions of dollars. The result was as Pasteur predicted, and the surgeon sent him a public telegram calling it an overwhelming success. He was hailed as a public benefactor by all France and offered the Grand Cordon of the Legion of Honor, which, however, he refused until it was granted to his two collaborators also.

**Hailed as  
a Public  
Benefactor**

France showered honors upon him. He never regarded them as personal awards, but as tributes to science. But foreign honors he gladly received, because they added to the glory of France. There was no room for self in his exalted nature. He derived no advantages from his discoveries in fermentation. Napoleon III, who was intensely interested in his work, once asked him why he did not try to make money out of his discoveries. He answered that true scientists considered they lowered themselves by doing so. He feared also that he would ruin that simplicity of life which he felt was essential to all worthy achievement, that he would stifle invention and dull ardor for work if he allowed himself to make money out of his discoveries. During the Franco-Prussian War, he was offered a large salary to go to Pisa to take a chair of chemistry applied to agriculture. But he refused, saying: "I would feel that I deserved a deserter's penalty, if I sought, away from my country in distress, a material situation better than it can offer me."

**Pasteur's  
Refusal to  
Make Money**

Pasteur's social service was of such incalculable benefit to all humanity that unto him has been given the noble name, World Helper.

## CHAPTER XXIII

### THE BREAKING OF CHAINS

And the eyes of the world are opening wide, and great are the truths they see;  
And the heart of the world is singing a song, and its burden is "Be free!"  
Now the thought of the world and the wish of the world and the song of the world will make  
A force so strong that the fetters forged for a million years must break.

—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*



AN UNWELCOME girl baby had come into a Chinese home, giving rise to much talk and gloomy sympathy in the neighborhood. Mrs. Kahn, the unfortunate mother, was, from the Chinese point of view, an unprofitable and indiscreet wife. She was a mother of girls only, and according to Chinese teaching "ten queenly daughters are not worth as much as a son with a limp." She and her husband had, however, been fortunate in betrothing their baby girls into families who were willing to take them and train them as slaves until they reached marriageable age; so the parents had not been put to great expense for the little rice-eaters.

But this last girl was not so easily betrothed. They had tried among all their friends and had hired one middleman after another, but for various reasons no betrothal had been effected. The last experience was most humiliating. A go-between had provided a prospective bridegroom, and all preliminaries had been arranged. The two families met at the home of the girl, had a feast, and then called in a soothsayer who should determine

whether the children were born under stars which stood in such relation to each other that a marriage would be wise.

The soothsayer studied his charts, compared the dates of birth of the two babies, and finally announced that the boy was born under a cat star and the girl under a dog star. All of those present knew at once that the deal was off. If both of the children had been born under a cat star, or both under a dog star, or if the boy had been born under a dog star and the girl under a cat star, the affair might have been consummated. But a man who was born under a cat star ought never to marry a woman who was born under a dog star, for she would be his boss all her life. So the parents of the boy went home, and Mr. and Mrs. Kahn had to pay the price of their feast for nothing.

A Girl  
Born Under  
a Dog  
Star

Some of the family friends who had been invited to the feast, gathered in a group outside of the Kahn hut to discuss the sad situation, when a prosperous-looking man passed in the narrow street, then turned and joined them.

“What?” said the last comer, “a girl left on their hands? Is she a healthy baby? Let me see her. Ah, yes, yes. But I know of someone who will take the child. Truly, I came in good time. They need not trouble to kill her or to hire middlemen. I will go at once and bring the foreign woman from the school. She wants a Chinese girl to bring up as her own daughter.”

The  
Foreigner's  
Offer

“Not good, not good!” said one of the group. “How could any self-respecting Chinese give even a useless girl to the foreign devils?”

“But what can the poor parents do?” shrilled a woman on the outskirts of the company, as she balanced herself on tiny, deformed feet. “You can see that the creature is already too old for anyone to want the job of holding her under water to die; she is too big to wrap in a piece of matting and leave by the wayside for the dogs to eat; and the nearest baby-tower is thirty miles away.”



"Yes, yes!" chimed in members of the group, "Seng Ma is right. Why should the parents care what the foreign devils do to the child, so she is taken off their hands and does not eat at their expense? If they use the eyes and heart to make their foreign medicine and grind the bones to put into their bread, they will still be foreigners for many generations. Eating one Chinese baby—and a girl at that—will not make them over."

This opinion was general, so the man who had made the offer spoke to the parents and asked if they would give their girl-baby to Howe Siaoji, the American woman who conducted a home and school for girls. They said they would, and the man departed in haste, while the crowd lingered to see the end of the transaction.

It was a good hour or more before the man returned, followed by two sedan chairs. The crowd about the door of the house separated to allow the chairs to come near. One sedan was evidently that of an official, and when it was placed upon the flag street, a magistrate stepped out. In the other chair was the American woman, Miss Gertrude Howe, or Howe Siaoji, as the Chinese called her. Some boys were following the chairs, curious to know why the official was accompanying the foreign teacher, and restrained by his presence from shouting their usual epithet of "foreign devil." After entering with the magistrate by her side, Miss Howe took the baby in her arms and asked the parents if it was true that they would give her the child and never seek to reclaim her. They gave assent, and the magistrate proceeded to make out papers which would constitute the American woman the legal parent of the child.

It seemed like a very solemn proceeding and not nearly so simple and easy as to kill the baby or betroth her into another Chinese family. The papers having been read and properly signed, Miss Howe placed the baby in the mother's arms while she stepped into her sedan chair, and when she was seated held out her hands for the

The Parents  
Consent

Miss Howe  
Adopts the  
Baby

child. Just for an instant the mother hesitated, holding the baby against her breast, and an instinct that cannot be wholly destroyed in individual or race brought a look of pain to her face. But she believed that she was doing the right thing, knowing that her husband would not let her keep the child; so she placed the baby in Miss Howe's arms and turned away quickly that the neighbors might not suspect her of any weak emotion on account of giving up a girl. Miss Howe took the baby to her home and named her Ida.

The Chinese have never made any provision in their social plan for the woman who does not marry. It has always been considered the first duty of parents toward their children to see that a desirable betrothal is arranged as early in life as possible; and it is more difficult to break off a betrothal in China than it is to dissolve the marriage tie in our country.

Betrothal  
in China

Miss Howe had expected to follow the usual plan and to arrange a betrothal for her adopted daughter, but she wished to delay the matter until the girl was old enough to be consulted on the subject. When Ida was eight years old Miss Howe received an offer of marriage for her. It came from a native Christian preacher in Shanghai. He wrote that he was expecting to educate his son in Europe and America and he wished him to have a wife who would appreciate the foreign education.

Miss Howe, feeling sure that she would never have a better opportunity to provide for Ida's future, took the child aside and told her it was her wish to arrange this betrothal for her. To her surprise Ida declared that she would not be betrothed and that she was never going to marry. Young as she was, she understood something of the difference between the freedom of her foster mother and the slavery of a Chinese wife, who is the property of her husband and has no more value than any other chattel in the eyes of the law.

A Matrimonial  
Offer for  
Ida

The next year the same offer was repeated. The father

Two Chinese  
Girls Refuse  
to Marry

wrote that he had been investigating all the mission schools of China; and there was no other girl whom he so desired to be a mate for his son as Miss Howe's Ida. Miss Howe thought that the child might have outgrown her fancy and so spoke to her again about this very desirable marriage. But Ida, like a wilful little girl, stamped her foot and said, "Mamma, didn't I tell you that I should never marry? When I grow up I am going to be a doctor, like Doctor Kate." At that time Doctor Kate Bushnell was a medical missionary in Kiukiang, and the school girls were all very fond of her.

Ida's dearest friend in the school was Maru Shih, or, to translate her name, Mary Stone, the daughter of the first native Christian preacher in Central China. When Mary learned what Ida had decided, she said, "I, too, will be a doctor like Doctor Kate." These two girls thereafter received the most careful preparation under Miss Howe, who saw in them possibilities which had not been dreamed of for the women of their race.

Medical  
Students at  
Ann Arbor

Eight years later they came to America, where it was made possible for them to matriculate in the medical department of the University of Michigan. They stood the highest of those who took the entrance examinations that year; and four years later when they graduated only one student had higher grades than they and he was a former graduate who had returned for advanced work. A great demonstration was accorded the girls when they received their diplomas, and President Angell gave them unstinted praise for the excellent character of their work during the whole course. They spent the following summer in the Woman's Hospital of Chicago and in the fall sailed for China to engage in such work as no Chinese woman had ever before undertaken.

Now was to come the great test. What would the Chinese think of Chinese woman doctors? It was bad enough to face the prejudice which would be felt toward women who had deliberately refused to marry, but in

addition to that they were expecting to have a public career! Great excitement prevailed in Christian circles in Kiukiang. A few days before the doctors were expected a committee of girls from their boarding school and of women from the Bible Training School waited on Miss Howe and secured permission to give them a real ovation on their return, just as was always done for a distinguished man.

In China an ovation consists largely of the firing of firecrackers, a bunch of which is about three feet long, six inches wide, and two inches thick, and one bunch is considered nothing. The girls ordered a large number of such bunches, and after they had enjoyed the pleasure and excitement of buying them, they sent them over to the boys' school to be taken care of. The boys secured many bamboo poles, from eight to ten feet long, and around them wound the strings of firecrackers. When it was time to light them, the poles were supported at each end—and if one had on good clothes the wise plan was to keep out of the way.

Firecrackers  
in China

On the day on which the doctors were expected, two processions marched out through the gate of the city to the river Bund, where the steamers coming up from Shanghai stopped. One procession was of girls and women who were students, attendants, or teachers in the Girls' Boarding School or the Bible Training School, the other procession was of boys and young men from the Boys' Boarding School with attendants and teachers. Many of the native Christians followed. When all were assembled on the river front there were several hundred people present. At last the steamer was in sight and it came steadily on, until the forms of those on board could be distinguished. Two fluttering handkerchiefs, held as high as two short women could reach, showed where Ida and Mary were standing. The friends on shore were fairly jumping up and down in their excitement. The gang plank was thrown, and the girls were again in Kiukiang!

The Young  
Doctors'  
Return



Then the firecrackers began. It is customary to hear them any day in China, as they are used moderately for family celebrations, birthday occasions, and any event of personal interest, but the longer and louder the noise, the greater the event is supposed to be. At this time the racket was so vehement and so long continued that it was supposed to indicate something very unusual and of public interest.

**The Mob Is  
Curious**

Kiukiang is a city of some seventy-five thousand inhabitants, and in two minutes or less it seemed as though every man and boy in the city were there on the river Bund. Such a mob as there was! On all sides men were craning their necks and asking, "Who is it?" "Where is he?" "Is it the Governor?" And they looked in vain for a red tassel or waving peacock feather.

Then Miss Howe and all of the other leaders and teachers became very grave. What would those excitable people do when they found that all of that demonstration was about two Chinese women? Miss Howe felt especially responsible and her heart beat very fast, for she had been through several riots in the twenty-five years during which she had then been in China, and she knew only too well of what an ignorant, superstitious mob was capable. But they had to be told, and so, in her perfect Chinese, acquired by many years of study and constant use, she started the story:

**Miss Howe  
Explains**

"Oh, no, it is not His Excellency, the Governor of our Province; it is two very distinguished women—Chinese women—born and brought up right here in Kiukiang. They have just returned to their own country after four years of study and travel in foreign lands. They crossed ocean and mountain and plain and became students in a great university, and a degree has been conferred upon them. They have diplomas showing that they have passed all of the required examinations of a university and they have now from choice returned to their own people to give you the benefit of their knowledge and

skill. They are doctors of medicine and they will heal your women and children when they are sick."

The other teachers and the native Christians took up the story and repeated it through the crowd. The people listened quietly for a moment, then their brows lowered, they cast questioning glances at one another. Was it a trick? Was it some foreign deviltry? These foreigners were said to be capable of many deeds to trick the Chinese into service and to take advantage of them in business deals. Kiukiang was a tea and porcelain market and the business and social records of the white men had not always been to the credit of the white race. They knew that there were white women teachers in Kiukiang who had built up a great school for girls, and that it was possible for Chinese girls to learn to read and write, but even at the best women were still but stupid creatures. Who ever heard of a woman taking a degree? Why should a woman want to take a degree? The faces grew darker, and in another moment there would have been heard the awful rumble of rising anger which precedes a riot in China and which always brings terrible death and disgrace.

A Threat-  
ened Riot

Suddenly a loud and convincing voice was heard: "Good! Good! Chinese women are better for our girls than are foreign women. Let us see what they can do. Good! Good!"

The crisis was past! The word "Hao! Hao!" (good) was heard on all sides. Faces brightened; those who had been at the mercy of the mob almost collapsed at the sudden release from fear. The dense crowd allowed itself to be parted for the foreigners and the Chinese who accompanied them to pass through. The people, now good-natured, surged about, for all wanted to see the Chinese women who were reported to have taken a degree. They must judge for themselves if they were really Chinese.

The Crisis  
Safely  
Past

As the girls stepped into the open sedan chairs in wait-

ing for them and were raised to the shoulders of the coolies, on all sides were heard such comments as these:

"Yes, yes! They are Chinese women."

"But how different they look!"

"To be sure they wear Chinese clothes, but look at their faces!"

With difficulty the schoolgirls and women were brought into line, and the procession started back into the narrow street through the gate in the city wall, and a mile farther on to the school. As the turn was made from the river Bund into a narrow street, the curious crowd was obliged to fall back, but one and another kept running up beside the chairs to ask:

"Are they really Chinese women?"

"How long must one study in the universities of Daw Mae Gwa (America) to obtain a degree?"

"Are they learned in medicine?"

Early on the morning following the arrival of the girls, the gateman ran to the house and announced that a woman was without who said that she had sore eyes and wanted to see the Chinese woman doctors. The girls dressed and went below to receive their first patient. They gave her some simple remedy which was in the house and told her to return in two days. At the appointed time she came and brought two other women with her. They all had sore eyes. Two days later they returned and with them six or eight others, each of whom claimed to be afflicted with some illness, while none sought to conceal the curiosity which was consuming them. The number continued to increase, and as the women gained confidence they began to bring their children. In two weeks it was necessary to rent a small house and open a dispensary and clinic. The members of the mission contributed the funds and such remedies as they had on hand for family use, and a hasty order was sent to a druggist in Shanghai, as supplies could be received from there in a week's time.

The Mob's  
Incredulity

The First  
Patients

Calls began to come for the doctors to go to homes where there was sickness, but this they had to refuse, much as they disliked to do so. Most of the houses were mud huts, and even those of brick usually had mud floors and often no windows. If the sickness was severe the chances were all against recovery, on account of the unsanitary conditions, and if one case were lost public sentiment might turn against them seriously. What was needed was a hospital where sick people could be brought and cared for. The most pleading letters were sent to mission workers in the United States.

**The Need for  
a Hospital**

That year a Chicago woman whose life had been largely devoted to the interests of foreign missions, had died. When word was received of the great need of a hospital for the Kiukiang work, the husband of this woman decided that instead of erecting a useless shaft to her memory, he would do something for the work that she loved and he offered to give the amount necessary to build a hospital. Great was the joy in Kiukiang when word was received that they were to have an Elizabeth Skelton Danforth Memorial Hospital. Plans were submitted and the work was commenced and pushed to completion as fast as possible.

A lively interest was displayed in the woman's hospital, and stories of wonderful cures were circulated throughout the province. There was not another physician within one hundred and fifty miles, and the nearest one was kept busy with a hospital of his own in Nanking. Many times when the girls would have asked advice they had to work out their problems entirely alone, knowing that the loss of a single case where the knife was used might precipitate a riot and cause the hospital to be torn down.

**The Elizabeth  
S. Danforth  
Memorial  
Hospital**

The Governor of the province, who lived in Nanchang on the other side of Payang Lake, heard of the Chinese woman doctors and their hospital. He was sure that there was some mistake. The rumor had, of course, be-



The Governor's  
Opinion of  
Chinese  
Women

come distorted. He knew that foreign woman doctors had been in China and that foreign women could be educated very much like men, but he was very certain that no Chinese women were capable of taking a degree. No one knew better than he that Chinese women were stupid creatures. He had several wives, and they were always quarreling among themselves and making him trouble. They were from high-class families, and he had chosen them because of their tiny feet. Not one of them was able to walk well alone, but had to lean on a maid, and if any of them wished to go all the way across the court yard, she was carried on the back of a maid. He furnished fine clothing for them and the best of food. Each one had seven servants for herself and one for each of her children, but they were not able to live under one roof without causing him to "eat great bitterness." No amount of cuffing and general abuse would make them perfectly obedient, and such creatures could certainly never be made to learn.

The Governor  
Visits the  
Hospital

So persistent, however, was the rumor that there were Chinese women conducting the hospital in Kiukiang, that the Governor decided to get away from the cares of public office and family life for a few days and see for himself what was going on in the second largest city of his province. One night he went to bed in his foreign-made steam launch and the next morning he awoke in Kiukiang. He sent a servant to the hospital to announce that the Governor of Kiangsi would call later in the day. On his return to the launch the servant assured his master that there were Chinese woman doctors at the hospital, for the attendants whom he saw said so.

Dr. Kahn and Dr. Stone received the important official with all of the customary Chinese ceremony. They served tea in their little reception room and then personally conducted the Governor through the building, explaining many of the cases and their general methods of treating the more common diseases. He was greatly interested

in the operating room and what he had heard of their surgery. They finally returned to the reception room, where the distinguished visitor sat in the chief seat always reserved for special guests, and entered upon an extended series of questions. He remarked that it must be a very rich and generous country that would take the citizens of another country, educate them to the point of meriting a degree, and erect such a wonderful building for their work.

Later the Governor showed his genuine appreciation of the work being done in the hospital, by sending a merit board, to be hung on the gate of the hospital grounds. This merit board was a slab about three feet long and ten inches wide, enameled in black, with red characters upon it. These characters gave to passers-by the information that the Governor of Kiangsi had investigated the hospital and was pleased to set his stamp of approval upon the work being done there.

A Merit  
Board from  
the Governor

Soon afterward the Governor sent his steam launch to Kiukiang with a message to the hospital begging that one of the doctors would go to Nanchang to treat his "wife number one." It was decided that they had better respond to this call, and Dr. Kahn went. She stayed for a week in the family of the Governor and met a number of the high-class people of the capital city. Later other wealthy men of Nanchang sent for her and finally the officials of the city and other prominent men asked her to locate in Nanchang, that she might be at hand when needed. They promised to see that she was well enough paid so that she could support herself there.

Dr. Kahn's  
New Field

After considerable discussion Dr. Kahn was allowed to go to Nanchang and undertake a self-supporting work. The more she saw of the city, the more she was attracted to it. The population was over one million, and it was a place of the very densest, darkest heathenism. Surely, a strange venture for a young woman to make! She took with her one of the women whom she and Dr. Stone

**Overwhelmed  
with Patients**

had trained to help them, rented a small, two-story house, and opened her office in the lower rooms. As soon as the people realized that she had been treating the first wife of the Governor, they were willing to trust themselves to her care. When she opened her door every morning she found a crowd of people waiting for her, and when she was obliged to close her door at night there were still some waiting who must be told to return the next day. When the patients appeared to be people who could pay something, she asked them for a small fee, but if it was plain that they had nothing, she treated them just the same and let them go without paying her. The high-class families sent for her once in a while, but unless they were really quite sick she insisted that they must come to her, for she could not neglect the poor who crowded about her door every day in order to treat the rich.

**A Banquet  
and Its  
Results**

After a few months of this kind of work, Dr. Kahn found herself getting badly into debt. Miss Howe came to her aid. She took up her residence in Nanchang with Dr. Kahn, and gave a feast to which she invited the Governor and the city officials. Dr. Kahn could not appear at this feast, because she was a young unmarried woman. After the serving of the banquet Miss Howe told those present that in her country it was customary to bring people together for a feast in order to talk over important matters, and she was following the custom of her people that she might present an important subject to them. She reminded them that they had urged Dr. Kahn to come to their city, and had promised her that she would have no difficulty in collecting fees to support herself and her work. She gave them the history of the work up to this time, showing how the young doctor was treating the poor of their city who came to her regardless of whether they could pay. She told them that they would certainly wish to have her continue her work, but that she would not be able to do so unless they could help her. They received the message with great interest,

agreed to get together to talk it over, and excused themselves.

Soon afterward Dr. Kahn received a gift of a deed of four acres of land in the heart of the great city. The officials knew that a hospital like the one in Kiukiang was the proper thing to provide, and decided that this was the first step. The weeks went by and nothing more was heard about the hospital, so Miss Howe gave another feast and made another speech. She explained that, while four acres of land was a great gift and a situation for a hospital was much to be desired, it was not possible for Dr. Kahn to buy medical supplies for present use with that kind of help. She also said that a building for a dispensary was needed at once, as the patients could not be accommodated in the small house where Dr. Kahn had her home and office combined. Again the officials said that they would get together and see what could be done.

Miss Howe  
Gives Another  
Feast

In a few days Miss Howe received word that the store-rooms of the city were to be turned over to her. It had been feared that there would be a rice famine that year, and rice had been stored in great quantities. It is customary to store some every season, as the famines sometimes come on very short notice, but there was more than usual in storage at this time. The new crops were just then coming on and were abundant, and the stored rice would not keep long in that climate. Miss Howe was told that she and Dr. Kahn could have all of the stored rice to sell and might use the money for their work.

The Store-  
rooms of  
the City  
Turned Over  
to the Work

Miss Howe arranged a plan for conducting the sale of the rice and cleared twenty-five hundred dollars on it. With this she built a dispensary and purchased supplies. The work in Nanchang developed rapidly; there was a demand for a school for girls, and many parents asked Miss Howe if she thought other Chinese girls could be made to be like Dr. Kahn if they were sent to her school.



Dr. Mary Stone, a little Chinese woman so short in stature that she has to stand on a stool to reach the operating table, was thus left alone, the only surgeon in Kiukiang and all the wide country bordering. We may say the only physician as well, since Chinese doctors at that time were only quacks who knew more about cheap magic than about medical science. The hospital had become well known by this time, and the practice of the lone doctor advanced by leaps. Her dispensary patients alone averaged a thousand a month, and besides these there was enough surgical work to satisfy more than one of our surgeons. No day was long enough for all there was to do, and often she was kept busy far into the night. Not infrequently she would be out in the country with some difficult case until a late hour, and only when she was on her way back to her home would fatigue overcome her and she would fall asleep in the sedan chair.

But her work is always well done. She has the faculty of order, discipline and dispatch. She knows how to train, direct and inspire helpers. "When I found I had to run a hospital," she says, "with accommodations for one hundred beds, and an out-patient department with sometimes one hundred and twenty patients a day, I at once found I had to multiply myself by training workers." In order to give her nurses the proper course of study, she had to translate textbooks from English into Chinese, and the course calls for about the same number of texts used in a hospital course in this country. In time she had five graduate nurses, Chinese women who had taken a course under her, and each one was given a distinct department of work. One was the matron looking after the housekeeping of the hospital, buying food supplies, and superintending kitchen and dining-room. A second was the apothecary, weighing and compounding medicines. One nurse had charge of all upstairs patients, directing under-nurses; another all of the first floor patients. Then one had the care of the operating

Dr. Stone's  
Work in  
Kiukiang

Training  
Course for  
Nurses

room and went out to cases as Dr. Stone's assistant. In this way the work was carried on with such system and precision that the little Chinese doctor was able to do well what our own physicians would call heavy work for a dozen doctors. One who visited her said: "I saw her in her model hospital where every little wheel of the complicated machinery was adjusted to perfect nicety."

The hospital has been very much enlarged as well as the grounds. One addition which was exceptionally satisfactory had been a heathen temple standing close to the hospital, and was purchased for an isolation ward. This sanctuary called "The White Horse Temple" had been a very undesirable neighbor on account of the noisy crowds passing in and out and the beating of the temple gongs. Addition after addition has since been purchased until Dr. Stone now finds herself at the head of a large and well-equipped hospital.

At the Head  
of a Large  
Hospital

She is not working for money or fame but for the sole purpose of helping as many as possible of her people, especially the women and children so largely neglected in China. Sometimes she gets a reasonable fee but more often next to nothing. In not a few cases she receives only a sweet potato in payment for performing a difficult operation. But she wins what is more precious to her than many dollars—the love and confidence of her countrymen.

It is not only in China that she is recognized as a skillful surgeon. One of the leading surgeons in Chicago who has many times seen her at the operating table, says that she is performing the most critical operations known in surgery and that no Chicago surgeon is doing work superior to hers. Another leading physician of New York who visited her hospital in Kiukiang tells of performing his first major operation "in her operating room and under her direction."

Her Skill  
as a Surgeon

Best of all, Dr. Stone's nature is brimful of love for all mankind. Her face beams with it, her voice expresses

it, and her whole manner of life gives proof of it. She is doing a great work and is receiving world recognition, and many large gifts are pouring in on her which she joyfully turns into her work. One lady who had entertained her said: "She is one of the most attractive women of any race I have ever met!" Another hostess gave a similar testimony: "Her whole life and her whole interest is in doing for others. And the wonderful thing about her is her ability to do so much." One who has been in close touch with many leading women said: "To me she is unexcelled in charm, singleness of purpose, in all-round efficiency, by any other woman I have ever known."

Dr. Stone has the distinction of having been the first native girl, not a slave, in Central and West China, to grow up with unbound feet. This was due to her enlightened parents who braved a storm of disapproval from relations and friends insisting on the time-honored custom of tiny feet for this daughter of rank. This was the first breaking of the chains which have so long kept the higher class of Chinese women from any large usefulness; but another distinction belongs to Dr. Stone together with Dr. Kahn and a few others. They have shown to the world what the Chinese woman is capable of and have been the means of inspiring a great number of their countrywomen to look beyond the narrow sphere to which their sex has always been supposed to be limited.

**A Heart Full  
of Love for  
Humanity**

**Liberating  
the Women  
of China**

## CHAPTER XXIV

### THE GAME OF CORRECTION

I will write the evangel-poem of comrades and of love.

—*Walt Whitman.*



KING seated on a splendid throne, with a crown on his head and a sceptre in hand, a royal guard standing near by, and before the throne two humble women with an infant to which both lay claim, such is one of the pictures we have in mind of King Solomon, the wise judge. In his wisdom he could read the heart of motherhood and could thus render the right decree.

A picture better suited to the present is that of an ordinary court room, a plain judge's chair in which is seated a slight man with a boyish look in his kind eyes, a hard-favored boy standing before him, and in the background an apprehensive parent. Such is the picture we have of Judge Ben Lindsey in his Juvenile Court, the great-hearted man who can enter into boy-nature, thus enabling him to be a just judge.

Two  
Pictures

The world is full of judges who administer justice according to a fixed standard. The wide difference between this one Judge and the many judges is that, while they revere law as something infallible to which human beings, especially the helpless ones, must bend or be broken, he has still higher reverence for humanity of whatever class or age; and if one or the other must be broken, he very much prefers that it shall be man-made law instead of God-made man.

Favoring  
God-made  
Man Rather  
Than Man-  
made Law

The Juvenile Court which only a few years ago was unknown in the administration of justice, has now become established in all our cities. So convincing have been



the results of this new institution that few persons now question the wisdom of maintaining a department of justice for the youthful law breaker distinct from that of the hardened criminal.

Yet the first boys' court met with strong opposition because of the leniency shown the young culprits, and Judge Lindsey had a hard time convincing the public that the average boy caught in a criminal act is as responsive to kindness and an appeal to his sense of honor is as effective as in the case of the average boy who has been better shielded from temptation. He did not condone crime and shield lawlessness, as his opposers claimed; but he insisted that any course which appeared most effective in saving the boy was the one to follow, that the aim of justice is correction and not vengeance.

The Juvenile Court was not started according to a preconceived plan, but took shape and expanded out of Judge Lindsey's experience. He tells us in his vivid way of the incident which checked him in the ordinary way of grinding out justice, a definite punishment for a certain crime.

It was near the close of a long day of many uninteresting cases in the County Court of Denver, and Judge Lindsey, as well as those associated with him, were longing for release. A boy was brought in accused of larceny. He had been caught stealing coal from the tracks. The witness was on hand to prove his guilt, and the Judge passed the sentence mechanically. The boy was to be sent to prison.

Just then a woman's wild cry rang out in despair from the rear of the court-room. It was a mother-cry the Judge knew at once. A little toil-worn woman who had sat huddled up under a shawl through the long afternoon was beating the wall and tearing her hair, all the while raising such wails of despair as may occasionally be heard in a court-room but never in a playhouse. Ben Lindsey in relating this incident says: "I had noticed

Opposition  
to the First  
Boys' Court

A Mother's  
Despair

her several times during the evening, crouched there among the back benches, and I remember I thought how like a cave-dweller she looked. I didn't connect her with the case. I didn't think of her in any human relationship whatever. For that matter, I had not considered the larceny case in any human way. And there's the point: I was a judge, judging cases according to the Law till the cave-dweller's mother-cry startled me into humanity. It was an awful cry, a terrible sight, and I was stunned. I looked at the prisoner again, but with new eyes now, and I saw the boy, an Italian boy. A thief? No. A bad boy? Perhaps, but not a lost criminal. I called him back, and I had the old woman brought before me. Comforting and quieting her, I talked with the two together, as mother and son this time, and I found that they had a home. It made me shudder. I had been about to send that boy to a prison among criminals when he had a home with a mother to go to.

The Judge  
and the  
Italian  
Mother

"And that was the Law. The fact that the boy had a good home; the circumstances which led him to—not steal, but 'swipe' something; the likelihood of his not doing it again—these were evidence pertinent, nay, vital, to his case. Yet the Law did not require the production of such evidence. The Law? Justice? I stopped the machinery of justice to pull that boy out of its grinders." Then he continues to relate how he visited the pair in their home and learned the cause of the boy's crime. The father was sick, and the family was battling against starvation. The boy had stolen coal to keep them warm. He was not a thief by nature, not even a bad boy. Judge Lindsey had the pleasure of seeing him grow up to be a fine young fellow, industrious and self-respecting.

The Judge  
Stops the  
Machinery  
of Justice

Such was the awakening of Ben Lindsey to the interesting business of saving boys by putting them on probation instead of destroying them by sending them to prison. And he remained awake, never again trying a case without associating it with a human relationship.

Other boys came in on various charges and were tried in the manner of the Italian boy. The success which rewarded his efforts in reclaiming nearly all of them led the Judge to ask for the deciding of all juvenile cases.

The request was readily granted by the other two courts of Denver, as the petty cases were only an annoyance to dignified judges ambitious for trials that were worth while. If Ben Lindsey had no loftier aspirations, he was welcome to the trifling work. It certainly would not give him any chance to distinguish himself in the eyes of the world, was their opinion.

The Judge met the boys as a larger, more responsible boy. He had been a newsboy himself, had spent much of his time on the streets, and he knew the ways of street boys. He even introduced some of their vernacular into his speech when, out of the judge's chair, he was holding private talks with them. He placed confidence in them, in their sense of right and wrong, and discussed freely the justice or injustice of the boys' acts, the vigilance of the police, and the rulings of the court. He seemed to keep no secrets from them. He explained to them, in their own speech and primitive way of thinking, what the organized social system demanded and how for their own sakes, to uphold their own honor, they must respect the rights of others.

The boys understood him better than did the outside world. This new method of interpreting justice which he called applied Christianity, met with great opposition and ridicule, not only from the police, aghast at this upsetting of all tradition bearing on crime and punishment, not only from skeptics in all lines of activity who had suffered from depredations by bad boys or who feared that some calamity might come to them from that source, but even from the parents themselves. He was told plainly that what the boys needed was not his cod-dling, but a good whipping or a term in prison, or at least in the industrial school at Golden.

Lindsey Asks  
for All the  
Juvenile  
Cases

The Judge's  
Method

The Outside  
World  
Criticizes

Once started, Judge Lindsey proceeded to investigate the prisons and the reform school to which the boys were sent. The city jail he found to be a filthy place alive with vermin. The county jail was much the same, and the sight of boys in the same cells with the worst type of men and women stirred up his righteous wrath against a Christian nation's expression of justice. "I have seen boys," he says, "eleven to fifteen years of age, in the same bull-pen with men and women of the vilest type, with chains about their waists and limbs. And I have seen them crowded together in idleness, in filthy rooms where suggestiveness fills the mind with all things vile and lewd. Such has been too often the first step taken by the great State in the correction of the child."

Investigation  
of Jails  
and Reform  
School

Judge Lindsey looked into the jail records which showed that in the five years before he went on the bench, over two thousand boys belonging to Denver had been in these jails, "those high schools of vice," as he called them, for periods varying from a few hours to thirty days. Many of the hero-worshiping boys would get in as close contact as possible with notorious criminals and would learn from them the tricks of the trade, how to elude the police and how to commit "great crimes." At Golden where he was not at all expected, he found boys with the ball and chain on waist and limbs, the iron boot in use, and boys flogged unmercifully as an object lesson to their fellows who stood around as spectators.

Ben Lindsey did not keep his discoveries a secret, and for that reason he began to make active enemies. There were more than a few who were profiting by the exploiting of the weak and friendless. The political system was honeycombed with mutual shielders for mutual gain. To expose the leaders of the prisons was to call into question the integrity of an army of legislators and office holders. Then followed the beginning of a deep-laid scheme to end the "Kids' Court" and the Judge's career.

Mutual  
Shielders  
for Mutual  
Gain

If Ben Lindsey was aware of the enmity he was stir-



ring up, it did not check his activities in the interests of the Juvenile Court. He proceeded to organize the boys for the most profitable and zestful playing of the "game of correction." It was to be a friendly game, a work of co-operation to strengthen the boys against their own weaknesses and the temptations surrounding them.

He gave them intelligent sympathy. "You've been swiping?" he would say half-confidentially to a boy who was brought before him on charge of larceny. "I wonder how you came to do it? It is a temptation to swipe when you see what you want and haven't got the money to buy it. But 'tain't fair, is it now? It belonged to the other feller, didn't it? We don't like to have anyone swipe from us, do we? Now tell me all about it, and we'll see if we can't cut it out. If you have the right stuff in you, you can; if you're a weakling, you can't. But the weak feller can most always grow strong if he tries hard enough. And all of us are going to help you all we can."

In this way he touched the boy in the right place—his pride in strength and his love of comradeship. The Judge claims that there is a real basis of honor in nearly every boy's make-up, as is demonstrated by his loyalty to the gang and his hatred of "snitching" on the other fellows. The average boy will suffer much to shield his comrades and will fight to the finish any power hostile to the gang. All the boy needs, according to this Judge, is to have his ideas of the honorable and loyal turned in the right direction.

When the friendly relation had been pretty well established between the Judge and the boys, they organized the "Kid Citizens' League." It was the old gang with new ideas, new responsibilities; but the chief object of their loyalty was the "Judge," and the success of his undertaking. They cared less about how the public would treat them than how it would treat him; and any intimation that bad conduct on their part would bring him into disrepute, had the immediate effect of putting them

Intelligent  
Sympathy

The "Kid  
Citizens'  
League"

on their best behavior, and led them to such heroic obedience as seems incredible.

Before the Detention Home was secured, a boy sentenced to the reform school was returned to jail until a deputy sheriff found time to take him to Golden; and this period was of uncertain length, as the deputy usually saw fit to wait until several boys had been brought in, thus making one trip, and securing a multiplied fee to himself. Judge Lindsey knew that the jail was the worst possible preparation for a course in reform, and he cast about for a way to eliminate this half-way house. The inspiration came to him to try sending the boys alone without a guard.

The Trip  
to  
Golden

The idea was preposterous, everyone said. Golden was a terror to the boys second only to the jail, and by some there was no distinction made between the two places of torture. What boy, they said, would voluntarily travel many miles to his place of punishment when the free world was his to enter?

But the Judge knew his hold on the boys. He took each sentenced boy into his private office and carefully explained the situation to him. He described Golden as a place where a boy would be helped to become strong to resist temptation, and where he could learn a useful trade. He was not going there to be punished but to be helped. The boy knew about the jail and what a frightful place it was. The Judge would help him to skip that stopping-place and go right up to Golden alone. The deputy said it couldn't be done, the Judge told the boys. That was because he wanted the job of taking boys up with handcuffs on their wrists. But they would show the sheriff and the cops that a boy could be relied on. Was this particular boy going to stand by the "Kids' Judge," or would he throw him down?

Standing  
by the  
"Kids'  
Judge"

Invariably the boy replied, "I'll stand by you, Judge, all right." And he did. Out of more than five hundred cases in eight years, there were only eight who failed

to make Golden, and for some of these there were plausible excuses. They were not outright failures and the boys were reclaimed.

The officers, chagrined that their predictions failed of fulfilment, set a neatly laid trap for the Judge. It had to do with a little boy on probation who had the reputation of being an inveterate runaway. He was brought in by two policemen followed by two reporters who were to make a good story of the affair with some such headline as "Judge Lindsey's Plan a Failure." It would make interesting reading to tell how Billy B., after he had given the police a two weeks' chase, was sent alone up to Golden by the "crazy Judge," and of course never got there. It would be more than a mere joke on the Judge. The trap was in plain sight to Judge Lindsey's keen eyes and he made it serve his own purpose. Billy had been crying and begging for one more trial, and it was a pitiful, swollen-faced lad the Judge led up to the reporters.

"What do you think the cops have told these reporters, Billy?" he asked. "They have told them that that fool Judge was going to trust little Billy B. to go to the industrial school all by himself, and that they were going to have the laugh on the Judge because they knew Billy better than the Judge did. They say they know you'll never go, and they are saying what a fine joke it will be to have the reporters write a story to-morrow telling how the Judge trusted Billy, and Billy threw the Judge down, ditched his papers and ran away. And, gee whiz, it would be tough if I did get thrown down. But I'm not scared. I believe in you, and I'm going to trust you. I am going to give you these, your commitment papers, and your railroad ticket, and we'll see whether you stay with me or stay with the police. I want these reporters to tell just what happens, so it'll be up to you, Billy, to go to Golden or skip."

"You gimme them papers," said Billy, his eyes blaz-

A Neatly  
Laid Trap

How the  
Judge  
Foiled the  
Scheme

ing. 'I'll show 'em. You trust me, and I'll stay wit' ye, Judge, and we'll fool 'em, all right.' "

They did fool them. Billy made his lonesome way to Golden where he presented himself with his papers. In a few years the plan had saved the county many thousand dollars which would have been paid deputies under the old order. But the real gain was the heroic strength gained by the boy himself. It was a long step he thus took on the way to responsible citizenship.

Billy's  
Good  
Faith

The boys put on probation were expected to be present on Saturday morning once every two weeks when the Probation Court held its meetings. They brought in their reports from the school, the home and the neighborhood, showing what their behavior had been the preceding two weeks. This was the occasion when the Judge's wonderful tact was shown at its best. He often began by telling them about some boy who had been one of them, but was then making good in some other part of the country, or he gave them an interesting and profitable talk on some subject which concerned them. Then he read the reports brought in by the boys, showing such evident delight when these were good as to inspire the lads to be even better through the next two weeks. After that the boys reported on themselves. This was "snitching," but it was all right because each one snitched on himself. Sometimes they confessed to misdeeds which the police had not been able to trace to the right source. They promised to reform and were put on probation. In one year two hundred and one boys came in of their own accord to confess and promise reformation. One experience which Judge Lindsey relates shows how the boys, homeless, or worse than homeless many of them, are hungry for parent love:

The Probation  
Court

"One evening, after I had adjourned court and the room had emptied, I saw a youngster sitting in a chair by the rear wall, apparently forgotten by his parents. He was no bigger than a baby. I sent the bailiff to ask



him if he knew his name or address. He came up to the bench—to my chair on the platform—and hiding his face on my shoulder, he began to cry. He had been ‘swipin’ things,’ he said, and wanted to ‘cut it out.’ And would I give him a chance—as I had another boy he knew? We gave him a chance. He reported regularly for more than a year, and proved to be an honest, sturdy boy.”

When Judge Lindsey showed the public the condition of the jails, their filthiness, physical and moral, a strong denial came from those who were drawing pay for their proper care. The Judge thereupon demanded an inquiry. He himself set the time and invited the governor of Colorado, the mayor of Denver, the district-attorney, fifteen ministers and rabbis, and other persons of influence to be present. Then he sent out one of his boys on a wheel to gather in as many boys who possessed jail experience as the short time of two hours would permit.

The boys trooped in just in time to save the Judge, twenty strong, of different ages and nationalities, but all with the effect of life’s hard battles written on their young faces. One by one they told their experiences in the jails, the awful scenes they had witnessed, the vile talk they had listened to, the lessons they had been given in crime and vice. As soon as one had been dismissed, another took his place to continue the gruesome revelation until the listeners cried out “Enough!” They had been convinced that Lindsey’s reports did not reveal one-half of the appalling conditions which really existed. The next day from press and pulpit was sounded an unqualified denunciation of the jail-system, and at the same time the seal of approval was set on Judge Lindsey’s work.

The Legislature was in session at the time, and the Judge took advantage of the strong sentiment in his favor to push through a bill since famous and widely copied as the “Contributory Delinquent Law against

Exposure  
of the  
Vile Condition  
of the Jails

Direct Testi-  
mony of  
the Boys

Adults.” The purpose of this law is to place the responsibility for children’s crimes where it really belongs—with parents who are negligent of their children or who encourage them to commit crime; with employers who afflict their young employees with overwork or improper kinds and places of work; with business men who sell them intoxicants and other things prohibited by law; and with telegraph companies who send their messenger boys to unfit places.

The bill was passed, but it made Ben Lindsey many enemies in high places. It finally resulted in a concerted effort of the politicians of Denver to get rid of this troublesome Judge who was constantly disturbing the old order of mutual protection in graft. Only three days before the time of the Democratic nomination convention, Ben Lindsey knew that he was to be dropped if political leaders had their way. That would mean the end of the Juvenile Court and the many reforms well started. The Judge loved the boys of Denver, and his heart bled for the large mass of humanity always oppressed by the uncurbed greed of those above them, and for their sakes he would fight for his renomination. He came out in an open letter in the “Denver Post” explaining the whole situation.

Lindsey’s  
Open  
Letter

The children of the city rallied to his aid. First the newsboys throughout the city cried it as special news, and copies of the letter were left at every house. At the same time boys had been sent out to summon the gangs. Children came in crowds from all directions, and, organized by newsboys, formed a procession. They marched up and down the streets yelling for Lindsey and singing as only children can:

The City’s  
Children  
to His  
Aid

“Who, which, where?

Wish we was men,

So we could vote for our little Ben.”

This they kept up for a night and the day following. The boy friends of the Judge knew no weariness. They

gloried in this opportunity of sounding the praises of the one who for their sakes had braved the hatred of mighty leaders. The populace, too, entered into the spirit, cheering the marching children and promising to vote for the "Kids' Judge." The politicians alone viewed the procession and heard the cheering with growing uneasiness. "Those kids are doing more than anyone else to beat us," they said.

Ben Lindsey had a host of friends in the city who were roused by this call. The women of Denver who had quickly learned the power that resides in the ballot, met in mass meetings to discuss the situation, in which all joined who were not dominated by political interests. The fathers and mothers who knew what Ben Lindsey had done for their own children, the public school teachers who had been in close touch with his Probation Court work and who appreciated what he had done for all children, were eager to help him in any way they could. And help they did in storming the convention and forcing the nomination of Judge Lindsey. His election followed as a matter of course.

The "Game of Correction" is still being played in Denver with an ever-changing company of players. The first boys are now grown men, the large body of them respectable citizens, and all of them friends of Judge Lindsey. The later boys have found it easier to play their part well, but there is work yet for the Probation Court. The system inaugurated and carried on by Judge Lindsey has saved his city and county millions of dollars. But the real glory of the struggle, as he says, "is the saving not of dollars and cents, but of flesh and blood"; and he might add, not only in Colorado, but in all cities where his spirit and method of work have been an inspiration and pattern to follow.

All Vote  
for the  
"Kids' Judge,"

The Game  
Is Still  
Going On

## CHAPTER XXV

### FROM SHORE TO SHORE

No great deed is done by falterers who ask for certainty.

—*George Eliot.*

**T**HE scheme strikes me as being practicable and I must urge you to see Mr. Gisborne when he calls. To think of being able to send a message to London in six days or less is enough to take one's breath. Better look into it, Cyrus."

"You know, brother, that I've decided to enter into no new business ventures. I've always worked and been rushed since I was a young boy and now that I have all I need to meet the wants of my family, I am going to have some leisure to see what this world is like. But as you insist, I'll see him."

The two men talking were Mr. Matthew Field and his brother Cyrus. The subject of their discussion was a man recently arrived from Newfoundland for the purpose of interesting New York capitalists in the "Inter-Continental Telegraph." This was to be a telegraph line from New York to St. Johns in Newfoundland to connect with the swiftest steamships ever built to run between that point and Ireland. Everything possible would be done to bring about close connection and the whole was to be a marvel of speedy dispatch.

**A Momentous  
Interview**

Cyrus W. Field, who little dreamed how many years of struggle and repeated disappointment this interview would lead him into, not only followed Mr. Gisborne as he unfolded his plan, but his active mind leaped far ahead of the explanations. As soon as the caller was gone he took down a globe and carefully traced the course of the proposed route.



Conception  
of a Great  
Idea

Like a flash of lightning came the thought, why not lay a telegraph wire along the bed of the ocean from Newfoundland to Ireland? It had been successfully done in small bodies of shallow water, and this would mean only a longer, stronger line sunk to a vastly greater depth. He did not know that others had been inspired by the same possibility, and the suggestion electrified him, as a new thought full of fresh life always does, and from that moment this man who would not consider a new enterprise for the sake of making money, was ready to risk his large fortune and endure all kinds of trials and hardships to bring about instantaneous communication between the old world and the new.

From early boyhood he had trained himself in business exactness. Before starting out on a new course, it was his way to study details and get all the information possible on the subject. Besides, he never delayed but went right at the work as soon as he could, as if it were the one thing above all others that he wished to do. In this case he proceeded to find out the known facts in telegraphy as well as what kind of ocean bed he had on which to base his theory. He wrote to the two persons who represented the highest authority on the question: Professor Morse, who had invented the telegraph, and Lieutenant Maurey, chief of the national observatory at Washington.

Important  
Consultations

The lieutenant's reply showed Mr. Field clearly that the thought was not original with him. To one ambitious for self-glory this knowledge would have been a disappointment, but Mr. Field's chief concern was the splendid outcome to humanity of the plan, and it was really encouraging to him to learn that it had occurred to others as well. With the letter was a statement of recent discoveries regarding the bed of the ocean along the route, showing that there were no submarine mountains to add to the difficulty of laying a cable.

As for Professor Morse, he lost no time in hastening to

New York to see Mr. Field. To him the great interest in life meant the perfection and extension of the telegraph, and we can imagine that the two men became eloquent while comparing theories. It was very clear to them that a submarine telegraph was bound to become a reality sooner or later; and possibly they foresaw the present network of cables encircling the earth with the deep ocean-bed as the best and safest resting-place for the mysterious cord.

From that time until this wonderful thought was made fact, Mr. Field's mind was bent on nothing else. For nearly thirteen years he became a traveler, practically without a home, hurrying from place to place, crossing and re-crossing the ocean about forty times in his work of securing funds and keeping up the courage of his associates. He was opposed in every conceivable way, being held up to scorn and ridicule by the matter-of-fact people who had no faith in new ideas. But he persisted, supported by a very few who remained steadfastly faithful to him and his work.

A Traveler  
Without a  
Home

It was such a vast undertaking and there were so many disappointments and failures awaiting him that even now we feel sorry for him as we retrace the dark, winding ways he had to traverse to reach success. But Mr. Field never stopped for self-pity; he kept his eye on the goal before him and never lost confidence in the final outcome.

After much energetic work a charter was granted the "New York, Newfoundland and London Telegraph Company." Its first meeting was held May 8, 1854, at six o'clock in the morning, when one and a half million dollars was formally subscribed. Most of this was expended in building a telegraph line from New York to St. Johns, Newfoundland.

The Beginning  
Made

After two and a half years this line was completed, and Mr. Field as the leader stood facing the deep ocean with little funds and no prospects. Nearly two thou-

sand miles lay between the work done and the point to which the line must be carried to insure success. But Mr. Field had a stout heart; he looked bravely out over the ocean and said, "It can be done."

He went to London, succeeded in interesting a few capitalists there and organized "The Atlantic Telegraph Company," with a subscribed fund of one and three-fourths millions of dollars, of which he himself assumed half a million. He returned to the United States where he was able to interest still fewer capitalists. But the idea was growing, and the two governments finally promised ships to lay the cable.

That restless life had begun for Mr. Field when he was to pass back and forth, shuttle-like, between two continents at the rate of several trips a year. "Sailed for Liverpool March 18; back in New York April 22; started for England July 8," are jottings of his itinerant life. It seemed that he was needed on both sides of the Atlantic at once to keep up the courage of others. It is said that he so radiated hope and courage that what seemed a dead failure in his absence became a living success as soon as he appeared.

In the summer of 1854 the cable was ready and the government vessels were on hand to take it on board. The American ship *Niagara* had one-half of it and began laying from the European side; the plan was that half-way across the British ship *Agamemnon* should continue to the American side after the wires had been joined. The two boats with two more as pilots started out gayly. Everywhere crowds of people were hastening to the shore and the occasion became a festive day. They cheered lustily as the boats started out after making one end of the cable fast to the shore.

But trouble came on early. They had proceeded but five miles out when the line became entangled in the machinery and the boats returned for a fresh start. Again they turned westward and advanced slowly. When three

The Atlantic  
Telegraph  
Company

The First  
Cable Laid

hundred and sixty miles of cable had been laid and the great cord was slipping down two miles below the surface to reach the bed of the ocean, suddenly the call rang out, "Stop her! back her! the cable is broken!" Intense interest had been felt by everyone on board and expectation was running high by that time. The disappointment was, of course, correspondingly keen. One of the officers said that all on board were like a household or family which had lost its dearest friend.

There was nothing to do, however, but to put the flags at half-mast and return to England. What Mr. Field suffered when he had to appear before the directors to report the dismal failure he never told. And yet this was only the beginning of his troubles.

**Bitter  
Disappointment**

Upon returning to New York he learned that the financial panic of 1857 was at its worst, and his business firm had been compelled to suspend payment with many hundred thousand dollars' indebtedness, while its own debtors were all in the same plight. This was Mr. Field's second experience in business failure. When a young man of only twenty-one, the firm he had joined was forced into bankruptcy. After doing all he could to satisfy his creditors he was given a release from all legal obligations. But he held that a debt is a debt whether the law can compel its payment or not, and years later, after he had accumulated another fortune, he took up all those old debts and paid them in full with interest. Such honesty, which was manifest in everything touched by his business life, did much to inspire confidence in anything he undertook.

**Mr. Field's  
Business  
Failure**

Instead of sitting down in despair, he entered with more zeal into his great work. Back to London he went to awaken new interest. He was a man of unusual fitness to influence his fellow men. It was known that his integrity and honesty of purpose were not to be questioned, and he was recognized in the business world as possessing excellent judgment and ability. Besides his



manner was exceedingly gracious and friendly, and he was in much demand for social occasions.

By the middle of the next year an additional seven hundred miles of cable was ready, and a new expedition started out. This time the ships were to go together half-way across, where the wires would be united and the two would then proceed in opposite directions. The boats had moved apart to lay three miles of cable when the first break took place. They came together and a new splice was made. Forty miles had been laid when a second break was reported, and again they met and spliced the cable. Two hundred miles were successfully laid and hope was growing when a third break took place. This time the boats returned to Ireland. The public lamented the failure, while not a few laughed in derision. "How many wires would it take," they asked in scorn, "to fill the ocean?"

But the majority of the directors had their faith revived by the presence of Mr. Field, and five days later the fleet started out again. This time the wire did not break, and in less than three weeks from the time of starting, the cable was made fast to the shores of the two worlds, nineteen hundred and fifty miles of cable apart. Two-thirds of this great distance the cable was over two miles below the surface of the water.

The word of success flashed across from shore to shore, causing the greatest excitement. One sentence was on every tongue, "The cable is laid!" It is hard for us to understand with what astonishment and gratitude the world received what to us has become only matter-of-fact. Longfellow's diary of 1858 has this entry: "Aug. 6th. Go to town with the boys. Flags flying and bells ringing to celebrate the laying of the telegraph." In a letter he wrote, "The great news of the hour, the year, the century; the papers call Field, 'Cyrus the Great.' " Celebrations were the order of the day with Mr. Field as the world hero.

Other  
Attempts to  
Lay the Cable

The First  
Success

More than three hundred and fifty messages were sent over the cable, and the enterprise seemed an assured success. Then while New York was in the midst of a stupendous celebration in honor of Cyrus Field, uneasy rumors came from Newfoundland. The cable had ceased working, was the meaning of them. After carrying more or less perfect messages for twenty days, all at once it became dumb and all efforts made to revive it were in vain.

The few who reasoned well said, "It has been working and all it needs is improvements," and to them Mr. Field was still the great man for the great work. To the unthinking, the whole thing was a failure and the lauding of the hero to the skies a mere farce; some even went to the extent of declaring that the submarine telegraph had not carried any message at all. "Who can prove that these messages were not invented in Newfoundland?" they hinted.

The Rejoicings  
Cut Short

Close on the heels of this terrible disappointment came another financial panic and among many others Cyrus W. Field and Company again became bankrupt. This was the third time within twenty years that he had seen his business swept from him through no fault of his or of anyone else in particular. The creditors accepted twenty-five cents on the dollar and left the fragments of the business in his hands to take on new shape. At this time he had sustained heavy losses besides in the telegraph failures.

Still he would not give up. His mind was now inspired by a vision of what a world telegraph would mean to humanity; and besides he had the unusually active nature which caused his brother to say of him, "I never saw Cyrus so uneasy as when he was trying to keep still." Now he had good reason to keep moving. He hurried to Europe to try to rouse the English government into greater activity, as it was plain that no more private capital would be risked; then back to the United States

Marvelous  
Persistence  
and Faith

to work up interest here. A national disaster, the Civil War, was a help to Cyrus W. Field rather than a hindrance. It was very plain to this government that close communication with Europe would be a great advantage under the circumstances, and it readily consented to join with England in laying another cable.

Another  
Cable Breaks

But progress was slow and the great war was drawing to a close when the next attempt was made to lay a cable. The *Great Eastern* steamer, a marvel for construction, had been purchased by the company as well fitted for the work. The heavy cable was put on board and slowly let down. All went well until twelve hundred miles of cable had been paid out, when for some reason the cable broke and plunged into the water.

For over a week the fleet remained around the place, sinking heavy grapnels down two miles below the surface in the effort to seize and raise the cable. It was caught several times and brought up, but its weight broke the rope which held it, and back it dropped into the ocean depths. We need not be told what discouragement there was on board when the vessels prepared to return. One of the pilot boats, the *Terrible*, was sent on westward to America. "Farewell" it signaled and steamed away. "Good by, and thank you," answered the *Great Eastern*, and returned to England.

Mr. Field  
Refuses to  
Give Up

If Mr. Field had given up then in despair, an ocean telegraph might have been only a dream for many years. But he did not give up; his confidence in ultimate success was stronger than ever and he set to work at once to raise more funds. So successful was he that before another year he had raised three million dollars.

"Once more the furnaces glowed and the hammers rang" for a new cable, and when completed it was put on board the *Great Eastern*. On a Friday morning, July 13, 1866—this company was too big for foolish superstition—the splendid ship started on the eventful journey to Newfoundland. Hundreds of miles of the cable slipped down

into the ocean without any accident. The fleet passed safely the place where the wire had broken the year before, and in a few more days there were signs of land. Birds came within sight and were greeted like old friends. The keen-scented sailors declared that they could smell the land. And still the cherished cable held firm and continued to pay out at the rate of one hundred and thirty miles a day. When they drew near shore there was a full harvest moon, flooding land and sea in a wonderful light. It all seemed like a chapter out of the Arabian Nights, for the magic cable was actually unbroken and still trailing behind the vessel.

**Complete  
Success  
at Last**

It was exactly two weeks since the fleet had started out from Europe. The glad news of its arrival in Newfoundland reached New York in a message to Mrs. Cyrus Field signed by her husband: "All well. Thank God the cable has been successfully laid and is in fine working order."

The rejoicing in New York was not quite so loud as it had been the year before; the memory of the sudden disappointment then was too fresh in the people's minds. But when the cable continued to work, when the one lost the year before had been pulled up, spliced and continued to Newfoundland, and the two lines were both proved successful, his countrymen began to look again on Cyrus W. Field as one of whom America had reason to be distinctly proud. Then other nations, rulers and many in high authority were eager to bestow honors on him. And well they might, for to his large faith, perseverance and able leadership was due the success of the splendid undertaking.

**Honoring a  
World  
Benefactor**

Following close on the gratifying outcome of the marine telegraph, came an act on Mr. Field's part which shows his conscientious spirit. As soon as the success of the cable had been demonstrated, he sold enough of his telegraph stock to pay in full his creditors who had accepted twenty-five cents on the dollar in his last financial



crash. The law did not compel him to pay this two hundred thousand dollars, but his own sense of honesty and justice did. It was in honor of this act that George Peabody presented him a service of silver with this engraving on each piece:

George Peabody,

to

Cyrus W. Field

In testimony and commemoration of  
one act of very high  
Commercial integrity and honor  
New York, 10th November, 1866.

## CHAPTER XXVI

### HANDICAPPED

My soul is full of whispered song,—  
My blindness is my sight;  
The shadows that I feared so long,  
Are full of life and light.

—*Alice Cary.*

**T**HAT a little girl blind, deaf, and in consequence incapable of speech, should grow up to be a woman of marked intelligence was one of the wonders of the last century. Helen Keller at the age of eighteen months through severe illness lost both sight and hearing. Her soul seemed to be locked up for life in a growing body which lacked the ordinary avenues of communication with the outside world.

The little mind, though, was of unusual vigor and struggled hard against imprisonment. If the child was fretful and frequently unhappy it is safe to say that the parents suffered much more when they saw the once sprightly baby groping about in helplessness, bewildered by indications of a world around her which she could neither see nor hear.

The only means Helen had of making known her wishes was by crude signs which, when not understood, were followed by outbursts of anger. Naturally these fits of passion increased in frequency and violence, succeeded by languor and even complete exhaustion. The fate awaiting her seemed to be that she would become a wreck, physically as well as mentally.

The distressed parents understood well that the cause of her uncertain moods was her active mind which was

One of the  
Wonders of the  
Nineteenth  
Century

chafing under bondage and struggling for expression. The problem confronting them was to find some means of educating the child. There were well-equipped schools for the blind and for the deaf, but no provision was made for one who was both blind and deaf. Their constant question was, Where is the person or method for the education of a child lacking the two most important senses? To many her case seemed a hopeless one, and even the parents had their days of despondency.

The Case of  
Laura Bridg-  
man

Helen's mother, though, clung to one bit of information which ever beamed as a ray of hope. She had read somewhere about Laura Bridgman, a girl who, afflicted in like manner, had yet been educated. Then after further investigation it was learned that the noble friend of the afflicted, Dr. Howe, who had been Laura Bridgman's teacher, had died years before and apparently his method with him.

By a happy chance the father's inquiries led to his meeting with Dr. Graham Bell, the originator of the Bell telephone system. This meeting led to Helen Keller's first step along the way which brought her out of midnight darkness and utter silence. The little girl felt the touch of a new sympathy when Dr. Bell took her on his knee and showed her how well he could understand the childish signs. It was her first contact with intelligent sympathy from a stranger, and her very narrow world at once began to widen.

The Coming of  
Miss Sullivan

But the next step was the all-important one. Acting on Dr. Bell's advice, Mr. Keller applied to the Perkins Institution in Boston for a competent teacher, one who would come into the home and devote all her time to little Helen. The result was that Miss Sullivan, perhaps the only woman in the land who was equal to the demands of the extreme case, appeared as the liberator of the imprisoned mind. "Thus I came out of Egypt and stood before Sinai, and a power divine touched my spirit and gave it sight, so that I beheld many wonders," wrote Miss

Keller many years later as a summary of this part of her life story. "And from the sacred mountain I heard a voice which said, 'Knowledge is love and light and vision.'"

The transformation, however, was not a swift miracle-working one, but instead the escape from the dark, silent world where she had spent the early years of her life, was slow and laborious. Miss Sullivan's first difficult task was to convey to her pupil the idea that words are signs of things. The immediate result was a purely mechanical process. Helen could spell many words in her hand, as she learned them by touch from her teacher, but they had no significance—there was no associating of them with what they represented. Then one memorable day the revelation came. After many vain efforts to establish the connection, Miss Sullivan chanced on an aid which brought success. They were in the garden near the pump-house where someone was drawing water. Placing the child's hand under the cool stream of water, she spelled into the other hand the word, "water." The connection appeared. Miss Keller's own beautiful account of the awakening throws light on all mind-action: "I stood still, my whole attention fixed on the motion of her fingers. Suddenly I felt a misty consciousness as of something—a thrill of returning thought; and somehow the mystery of language was revealed to me. I knew then that 'w-a-t-e-r' meant that wonderful cool something that was flowing over my hand. That living word awakened my soul, gave it light, hope, joy—set it free! There were barriers still, it is true, but barriers that could in time be swept away."

The Trans-  
formation  
Slow and  
Laborious

The Mystery of  
Language Re-  
vealed

The listless girl suddenly became all eagerness. She went over the list of words she had learned, but in what a different spirit! Many new words, too, were learned that day in the new spirit. Each one stood for something: "mother," "father," "sister," "teacher"—words that were to make the world blossom for her, as



she says, "like Aaron's rod, with flowers." That night, she tells us, was the first time she went to sleep with a longing for a new day to come.

Wonderful De-  
velopment

No blossoming plant or leafing tree ever unfolded under sun and rain in a more natural way than did Helen Keller's mind under the sympathetic guidance of Miss Sullivan. The learning of words as signs of objects was eagerly pursued, but the day soon came when her mind must grasp the connection between abstract ideas and the words representing them. It was a new department which the sense of touch could not reach.

"What is love?" she asked her teacher in perplexity, but Miss Sullivan's careful explanation did not enlighten the little inquirer who was depending on the sense of touch. Then one day while engaged in the task of stringing beads of different sizes in graduating order, a mistake produced an effect which she felt plainly was not good. By means of her finger tips she examined her work dubiously, evidently trying to study out the order which should have been observed. Taking advantage of the opportune moment, Miss Sullivan touched Helen's head while she traced in her hand with unusual emphasis the word "think."

Conceiving  
Abstract Ideas

Like a flash Helen knew that the word had reference to the process going on in her head. It was her entrance into the larger world of abstract ideas. Then the meaning of "love" was explained to her in Miss Sullivan's inimitably original way. "The beautiful truth burst upon my mind," says Miss Keller. "I felt that there were invisible lines stretched between my spirit and the spirit of others."

Her introduction to the physical world lying close about her reads like a brief story of a new creation. The most commonplace features appeared to her awakening mind as miracles fresh from God's hand. Most of her reading and studying, she tells us, was done in the sunlit woods, in which beautiful surroundings, poetry and sto-

ries found ready illustration, and dry science took on color and warmth and life. There were no tedious lessons confined within book covers, no paralyzing examinations, no prodding of the memory to store up disconnected facts. Every lesson was associated with nature. "Indeed," she says, "everything that could hum, or buzz, or sing, or bloom, had a part in my education—noisy-throated frogs, katydids and crickets held in my hand until, forgetting their embarrassment, they trilled their reedy note, little downy chickens and wild flowers, the dogwood blossoms, meadow-violets and budding fruit trees. I felt the bursting cotton-balls and fingered their soft fibre and fuzzy seeds; I felt the low sougning of the wind through the corn stalks, the silky rustlings of the long leaves, and the indignant snort of my pony, as we caught him in the pasture and put the bit in his mouth—ah me! how well I remember the spicy, clovery smell of his breath!"

Making Ac-  
quaintance  
with the  
World

One can but wonder how she seemed to see without sight and hear without hearing; but her teacher's ready descriptions and her own readings had so established colors with their objects that her mind really did see them, and her sensitiveness to touch, whether of the light zephyr or of bursting cotton-balls, of the motion of the tiny insect in the flower she was plucking when she "felt the faint noise of a pair of wings rubbed together in sudden terror"—all the countless vibrations of sound to which ordinary mortals are oblivious, all these gave her mind the faculty of hearing.

Physical geography was made a study of absorbing delight on an old lumber wharf in the Tennessee River. Without knowing that her activities were anything but play, she learned land and water classifications by making islands and lakes and digging river beds. She had relief maps made in the sand illustrating mountains and valleys and broad plains, and with Miss Sullivan by her side giving descriptions glowing with the interest of all her stories, of the natural features of different countries,

A Study of Ab-  
sorbing De-  
light

the little girl became intimately acquainted with the world.

**Her Kinship  
with Nature**

The different realms of nature, animate and inanimate, became very much alive to her, and everything had its suggestion. The appeal to her was universal. The little coral-building polyps and chalk-forming Foraminifera became "children of the sea," and the nautilus, sailing in his "ship of pearl," indeed symbolic of the development of the mind. Insects and other creatures from which other children shrink in terror did not seem to frighten her nor resent her light touches. They were her little friends who showed her the wonderful variety and adaptability of nature.

Miss Keller's account of how she learned to talk is a story of high courage and heroism. Her attitude towards any undertaking was, What others with a like handicap have succeeded in accomplishing, I can do as well. There had always been the impulse with her to make audible sounds, and any vibration which indicated that it was sound-producing was of sufficient interest to give her keen pleasure.

**The Possibility  
of Learning to  
Talk**

When she reached the age of ten years and had been under the tutelage of Miss Sullivan for over three years, the possibility of being able to learn to talk gave a new zest to life. It happened that a lady who had just returned from northern Europe came to see Helen and related how a blind and deaf girl in Norway, Ragnhild Kaata by name, had been taught to speak.

By that time Helen had, without doubt, a wider command of language than has the average child of her age. Under the careful guidance of Miss Sullivan, her vocabulary was quite extensive and she composed with remarkable ease. She had accomplished wonders, but the proposed undertaking would be even more difficult. Her parents and teachers did not encourage the new departure because of the effect which failure would have on her, but her earnest purpose won the day. A teacher, Miss

Fuller, was accordingly secured for her in the Horace Mann School, and the lessons began.

The mastering of the most difficult foreign language by a normal person is mere child's play compared with this undertaking by Hellen Keller. Deaf children have been taught to speak by means of lip reading, but with her the sense of touch had to do duty for sight. The method employed by her teacher was to have Helen pass her hand lightly over the face of the one articulating, feeling the position of tongue and lips when a sound is made.

A Most Difficult Undertaking

After an hour's practice the eager child had learned six elements of speech, and in eleven lessons she mastered all the elementary sounds. The next thing was to pronounce words. She tells us that she will never forget the surprise and delight she felt when she was able to utter her first connected sentence, "It is warm." "My soul, conscious of new strength," she wrote, "came out of bondage and was reaching through those broken symbols of speech to all knowledge and all faith."

It was as if yet another world had opened up to her when higher enthusiasm came to her in "living words," as she always calls articulated words. Her new gift was exercised on everyone and everything she came in contact with, on toys, stones, trees, birds, and dumb animals. Victory perched on her banner, and her joy was unbounded when her little sister came at her call, and her dogs obeyed her commands.

Her New Gift of Speech

It was, however, a long tedious process. Even after she felt all the joy of being able to speak, there were comparatively few who could understand her. But the mere satisfaction to herself and family repaid her for any efforts. In a public address she gave six years later on the subject of teaching the deaf to talk, she said: "I can remember the time before I learned to speak, and how I used to struggle to express my thoughts by means of the manual alphabet—how my thoughts used to beat against



Learning to  
Use Her Speech  
Wings

my finger tips like little birds striving to gain their freedom, until one day Miss Fuller opened wide the prison door and let them escape. I wonder if she remembers how eagerly and gladly they spread their wings and flew away. Of course it is not easy at first to fly. The speech wings were weak and broken, and had lost all the grace and beauty that had once been theirs, indeed, nothing was left save the impulse to fly, but that was something. One can never consent to creep when one feels the impulse to soar. But, nevertheless, it seemed to me sometimes that I could never use my speech wings as God intended I should use them; there were so many difficulties in the way, so many discouragements; but I kept on trying, knowing that patience and perseverance would win in the end. And while I worked, I built the most beautiful air-castles, and dreamed dreams, the pleasantest of which was of the time when I should talk like other people; and the thought of the pleasure it would give my mother to hear my voice once more, sweetened every effort and made every failure an incentive to try harder next time."

A Student at  
Radcliffe Col-  
lege

The achievement which stands in strong relief, even against all other achievements of this remarkable woman, was her carrying on study in Radcliffe College during five years and doing creditable work, handicapped as she was. To Miss Sullivan, who with untiring patience sat by her in the class-room and often in the study, she gives full credit for the successful outcome of the dubious undertaking.

Her college experience was the most trying of all her hard experiences, and there were times when her great courage temporarily forsook her. In the first place the daily routine and fixed requirements were foreign to her spontaneous nature, and the class-room with its analytical tasks was altogether different from the sunlit woods where she had learned her first lessons. Then, too, the ease with which others could acquire what she gained

only with the greatest difficulty made her feel her limitations.

“There are days when the close attention I must give to details chafes my spirit,” she said, at this period of her life, “and the thought that I must spend hours reading a few chapters, while in the world without other girls are laughing and singing and dancing, makes me rebellious; but I soon recover my buoyancy and laugh the discontent out of my heart. For, after all, everyone who wishes to gain true knowledge must climb the Hill Difficulty alone, and since there is no royal road to the summit, I must zigzag it in my own way. I slip back many times, I fall, I stand still, I run against the edge of hidden obstacles, I lose my temper and find it again and keep it better, I trudge on, I gain a little, I feel encouraged, I get more eager and climb higher and begin to see the widening horizon. Every struggle is a victory.”

**Trials and  
Triumphs**

The splendid heroism of Helen Keller has taught a large lesson to humanity. She has become a living illustration of mind power and will power. Then, too, with her optimism and sunny ways of life, showing that every part of her being is radiant and glowing in the light of love for everything and everybody, she has made a large contribution to world happiness; her demonstration has been of the soul's right to joy.

The rewards which have come to her for her years of steady, persistent effort are first and last soul power evinced in a beautiful heroic life; but besides she has won the close friendship of many among the greatest and noblest of our day, who though first attracted by her wonderful achievements are held to her mind-companionship by her beautiful personality.

**Beautiful  
Friendships**

Many great men and women have freely acknowledged their indebtedness to the inspiration of her life. Among the noblest tributes to her in verse is the following by the former editor of the “Century Magazine”:

She lives in light, not shadow;  
 Not silence, but the sound  
 Which thrills the stars of heaven  
 And trembles from the ground.

She breathes a finer ether,  
 Beholds a keener sun;  
 In her supernal being  
 Music and light are one.

Unknown the subtle senses  
 That lead her through the day;  
 Love, light, and song and color  
 Come by another way.

Sight brings she to the seeing,  
 New song to those that hear;  
 Her braver spirit sounding  
 Where mortals fail and fear.

She at the heart of being  
 Serene and glad doth dwell;  
 Spirit with scarce a veil of flesh;  
 A soul made visible.

Or is it only a lovely girl,  
 With flowers at her maiden breast?  
 —Helen, here is a book of song  
 From the poet who loves you best.

—*Richard Watson Gilder.*

Side by side with Miss Keller in point of courage and unparalleled perseverance must always appear her teacher, Miss Sullivan. Her unselfish devotion to her charge, the patience exceeding that of a mother, with which she led the imprisoned life into the full day of intelligence, can hardly be pictured even in imagination. Her name with Miss Keller's will go down in history as a symbol of hope to afflicted humanity.

Miss Sullivan's  
 Courage and  
 Perseverance



HELEN KELLER.





All honor belongs to those who rise above the advantages of a sound body and mind, wealth, culture and secure social position, and reach up to the higher advantages of helping the less fortunate. A good illustration of this heroic class is shown in the following account of the two noble women who started a movement which enables the handicapped to learn how to help themselves and how to be useful members of the human family.

Two New York women who were in Italy studying art, while at a concert one day, chanced to see a number of blind persons in a group by themselves. Their evident appreciation of the music reminded the two women of the proverbial love of music manifested by the blind, and they commented on the fact that such fine sensitiveness to the beauty of sound in a measure was a compensation for the lack of sight. What a beneficent provision, they remarked, and what wonderful power of adaptation lies in the human soul!

Love of the  
Blind for Music

"But how about tickets to hear fine music?" came the question, breaking in on the complacent contemplation. "Many of the blind are poor as well as helpless."

This started another train of thought not quite so gratifying. But as they looked around the hall, the answer to the question seemed to lie before them in the smallness of the audience. There were seats and rows of seats vacant. Why should they not be occupied by the poor blind? The women thought of New York City with its wealth of music often lavished on only half-filled houses, and the many blind whose days and nights could surely be made less long and dark by an occasional concert. Into the two well-disciplined minds dawned at once the idea of bringing together music-hungry people and wasted music.

A Seed-  
thought

The two women were Miss Winifred Holt, the successful New York sculptor, and her sister, Mrs. Bloodgood. It was not an extensive work which they foresaw in that Italian concert hall; it was to be an effort to interest their

friends to bring a little light into gloomy lives. They did not see how soon it would be an undertaking of magnitude, how quick and strong would be the unfolding and development of the good seed-thought. Miss Holt did not know then that step by step she would be led into an interest which would at times press her beloved art into the background, that out of this small beginning would grow the New York Association for the Blind.

A Good Beginning

Soon after returning to New York City, the two women sent out appeals to managers of concert halls, to their friends and others to co-operate with them by sending them their unsold concert tickets and any tickets that would not be used—to be given to the poor blind. The response was ready and generous, and tickets came in considerable number. They were then ready to distribute them.

Finding the Blind

But one step called for another. Everyone knew that the city had many blind, but no one could tell how they could be found. There were the inmates of the blind asylum, but they were in a measure provided for, and the best way to help them would be by giving concerts in the institution. It was the blind scattered here and there whom the women had in mind. The first thing to do was to make a thorough canvass of the city in an effort to locate the blind. They were found everywhere among the poor, in cold, cheerless garrets, in dark hallways and cellars which the seeing were glad to avoid, in hospitals and other institutions where no special provision existed for them.

Miss Holt made the important discovery that greater than the need of entertainment for the blind was their need of work. She saw them sitting in helpless idleness with days and nights made one long monotony for the want of employment. The blind as well as the seeing require intelligent activity for their own good, and besides the majority of the blind always need the wages which their work would bring. The State had made ample pro-

vision for the training of blind children of school age, but there was practically nothing done for those who had lost their sight after school age or who had drifted in from other States. The very ones who needed special training to fit them for changed conditions were left to chance to be provided for.

The need was imperative in Miss Holt's eyes. Leaving the preliminary work to her sister to manage, she proceeded to agitate and organize for the establishment of places of industrial training for blind adults of the city. In private talks with individuals, in public addresses before women's clubs and other gatherings, the stories she told of the woeful state of the idle blind, as she had found them, set New York to thinking and then acting. In a magazine article on the subject published at that time she said: "Beyond the fifty-dollar city pension which is given to blind men and women who have no other means of support, the government of New York makes, outside of the almshouse, no provision for three-fourths of the blind in the State who lose their sight after school age. Private philanthropy has organized homes for the blind which are generally overcrowded. The great majority of the adult blind are poor and without any opportunity to learn to do anything by which to become wage-earners. It is to meet the needs of the adult blind and to give them a chance to become wage-earners that the New York Association for the Blind has been formed."

**Need of Industrial Training for Blind Adults**

This organization, effected through the efforts of Miss Holt, met with immediate encouragement. New friends continually appeared with sympathy and aid. Then, too, the attitude of the blind was a large encouragement. Miss Holt learned that the majority of them had not been idle from choice, that they had clung to self-respecting independence as long as they could, and that the opportunity to learn some trade, no matter how simple, in order to occupy their time and make them self-supporting, was

**Success of the Movement**



hailed with joy. Moreover, they responded eagerly to the pleasure of companionship with others like themselves in the training centres.

**Working and  
Living**

Miss Holt told of one Prussian war veteran who had been made deaf in battle, and after coming to this country had lost his eyesight by an accident; how he was filled with new hope when he had learned the broom-making trade and could earn enough to keep himself off the charity lists. "I do not care how much I earn," he said, "but I must work again and live again."

**The Ticket  
Bureau**


The Association has become an established institution with many departments. The ticket bureau became an immediate success and has been adopted in other cities both in our country and abroad. An unquestionable benefaction like this at practically no expense to the donors always makes a strong appeal. The bureau, of course, has its many duties. There is the work of collecting tickets and of distributing them. There are investigations to be made and rules to be enforced. To be eligible to free tickets the applicant must appear as neat as possible. The tickets are not transferable and in case the holders for some cause are not able to use them, they must be returned to the bureau at once. Any person wilfully violating the rules will have his name stricken from the lists.

This New York Association for the adult blind is a growing institution with Miss Holt as its efficient secretary. Besides the central training school where many industries are taught, there are several branch-schools which have been made possible by the generous gifts of persons of wealth. That was indeed a good seed-thought of Miss Holt and it has yielded a rich harvest.

## CHAPTER XXVII

### THE PUZZLE OF LIFE

The ant and the moth have cells for each of their young, but our little ones lie in festering heaps in homes that consume them like graves; and night by night, from the corners of our streets, rises up the cry of the homeless,—“I was a stranger and ye took me not in.”—*Ruskin*.

T WAS an unusual sight which brought men, women, and children to the open doorways of shops and homes scattered along the street of an English town. That a constable was dragging along a man to jail was an occurrence which, though not at all uncommon, always awakened curiosity; but in this case, the feature of unusual interest was the sweet-faced, neatly dressed girl walking beside the disreputable looking man. She did not seem at all ashamed of her companion but stepped along close to him, now and then looking up into his gloomy face with her child eyes full of pity.

A Strange  
Sight

The incident took place nearly a century ago, and the little girl was Catherine Mumford who later became known throughout the world as Mrs. Booth, the mother of the Salvation Army. She had been playing with her hoop, trundling it along in the way of English girls of earlier days, when she saw the common street spectacle. The man dragged along looked so helpless and friendless that she sprang to his side with the impulse to help him. She could not take him out of the constable's hand nor stop the jeering crowd, but she could walk by his side to show that he had at least one friend who wished him well. This readiness to stand by the weak and distressed so early manifested, was to direct her whole life and

Little Catherine  
Mumford

make her the valiant bearer of the name which has become the badge of service to the lowly.

Catherine's mother was a woman of strong religious principle whose chief duty and privilege were held to be the consecration of her children to God. In every way possible she threw around them what she considered good influences and shielded them from the bad. Her conviction was that mothers made a serious mistake in allowing their children during the formative stage to associate with companions of non-religious homes and to read the ordinary light fiction of the day.

It was a severely Puritanic training this girl received but fortunately it did not have the effect of making her narrow and uncharitable. The Bible which she had read through eight times before she was twelve years old became her guide of life. In the old patriarchal stern devotion to duty she saw the pattern for herself, but the love and sympathy of the New Testament teachings was the ideal in her dealings with others. A rich imagination by means of which she could put herself in another's circumstances gave her a large tolerance, and a warm heart turned her efforts towards relieving the poor and the outcast. This ever ready fellow-feeling extended even to dumb animals which always found in her a staunch friend. One day while riding along in a carriage, Catherine saw a well grown lad in a passion of anger beating his donkey. Without considering the danger to herself she leaped from the carriage, ran up to the enraged boy and, seizing his whip-hand, she begged him with tears streaming down her face to be merciful to his beast.

The big boy did not seem to resent the interference, as one might expect, but instead, stood cowed before the little girl. The beating stopped and he humbly promised to reform his ways and never again to abuse any helpless creature. Like the many thousands who in after years were convinced of their wrongdoing by the sweet-voiced accuser, he could not resent the sympathetic rebuke.

A Puritanic  
Training

Love and Pity  
for Dumb  
Animals

It was not only a love of dumb creatures which moved Catherine to unusual acts but a sense of responsibility for everything around her that could suffer. The feeling followed her through life. "If I were you," she used to say to the donkey-boys at the seaside resorts where in after years she went to lecture, "I would like to feel when I went to sleep at night that I had done my very best for my donkey. I would like to know that I had been kind to it, and had given it the best food I could afford, in fact that it had been as jolly a day as I could have wished if I had been the donkey and the donkey me."

Reproving the  
Donkey-boys

As a little girl Catherine never saw a hungry looking animal without feeling a desire to feed it. A woman grown, her disposition was the same. She would take note of pastures where she saw overworked, underfed horses; then at dusk she would have corn brought there which she herself fed them, enjoying her part of the transaction as much as they evidently did theirs.

"Life is such a puzzle," she used to say, meditatively, "but we must leave it with God. I have suffered so much over what appeared to be the needless and inexplicable sorrows and pains of the animal creation as well as over those of the rest of the world, that if I had not come to know God by a personal revelation of Him to my own soul, and to trust Him because I knew Him, I can hardly say into what skepticism I might not have fallen."

Life's  
Mysteries

To those who know something of what the wonderful eloquence of Mrs. Booth meant, it comes as a surprise to learn that by nature she was diffident and retiring. Of a studious disposition, sensitive, timid, if it had not been for a strong conviction of duty to the world, she would undoubtedly have developed into a gentle, well-mannered English woman, fond of books and quiet thought. But as it was, a deep seated feeling of personal responsibility for others directed her into wide ways of usefulness.

Early in life she set up a standard of values which differed widely from those usually held. Possessions,



Her Standard  
of Values

talent, energy were measured by the use made of them. How do the rich spend their money? she questioned. In idle pomp and self-gratification, in extravagance and luxury? If so, they do not deserve any admiration. What of the people of talent, how do they use it? To help themselves at the expense of others? If so, they are missing the purpose of mental gifts, are really burying their talent. In all her favorite reading outside of the Bible, which was biography, the touchstone of character was the readiness to consider self as only a part of the whole, the willingness to contribute to the general good.

Absorbing In-  
terest in the  
Mass of Lon-  
don Humanity

When Catherine Mumford was fifteen years old the family moved to London. At first the metropolis of which she had imagined splendid things was a keen disappointment. Later, however, the mass of humanity surging back and forth like the beating waves on the rocky beach became the absorbing interest as she saw more and more clearly how men, women and children, like the waves, were driven by blind necessity. "Life is such a puzzle," was the thought hovering around her in those early London experiences. The superfluity of one class and the want of the other could hardly be reconciled in her mind; refinement, culture, intellectuality on the one hand; coarseness, ignorance, stupidity on the other. And yet human nature in its possibilities is the same, she reasoned. With like fortunate heredity and environment, the worst individual could have equaled the best. Heredity for the present generation had been settled. Then why not put double effort into bettering the environment? There were many who had the means to change external conditions and many who had the leisure to go down where the poor swarmed to teach the thousands in ignorance of a better way. Why did they not do it? "Life is such a puzzle," was the only reply.

When the curly-haired, bright-eyed girl reached young womanhood, her comeliness and gentle bearing attracted

unusual attention. A young Methodist preacher who noticed her in the congregation when he preached his first sermon in the church to which she and her mother belonged, soon became a frequent guest at the Mumford home. The outcome was a natural one. The like-minded young man and young woman fell in love and were married.

Then began the united work of William and Catherine Booth, a work which has changed the course of more lives than have been influenced for good by any other present day human agency. The husband and wife working as one, instinctively turned in the direction where the need was greatest. For certain reasons they withdrew from the Methodist church and gradually, taking each step as if guided by a higher ruling, they found themselves in an unbounded parish with "the more than ninety per cent of England's nominally Christian but actually heathen population whose church was the public-house and whose Bible was the 'penny dreadful,' " as Booth-Tucker has written. These represented the field in greatest need of workers.

The United  
Work of Wil-  
liam and Cath-  
erine Booth

Everything about the Salvation Army which marks it as a peculiar movement, came about without a preconceived plan in the minds of the leaders. Even its name came by a mere chance. It was in 1877 when William Booth was preparing the Christmas appeal for the mission of which he was the head that on the impulse of the moment he changed "militant army" as characterizing the mission to "salvation army." The new term seemed so fitting that it at once appealed to the leaders, and before many months the name, "The Christian Mission," was dropped and "Salvation Army" was adopted.

Rise of the  
Salvation  
Army

The title of "captain" also came by chance after which the whole list of military titles naturally followed. The title was first given to attract the Whitby fishermen, but it was found to be so expressive that the use of the term was adopted everywhere.

**The Salvation  
Army Uniform**

The peculiar uniform of the Salvation Army women was the result of an effort to avoid the "worldly" dress of which Mrs. Booth disapproved, and, on the other hand, the grotesque garb worn by some who without the taste to devise something neat and becoming, sought to avoid the extreme of fashion. It was an important day in the history of the organization when the "Hallelujah lasses," as the women were called, came into possession of the style of bonnet which is really proving to be an inheritance, and which has thrown a protecting sanctity around its thousands of wearers who have fearlessly entered the coarsest crowds and most forbidding places.

For several years, however, the appearance of the "Hallelujah bonnet" had no quieting effect when a mob was roused to attack a group of Army workers. We see in the accounts of the riots, the old spirit of intolerance which stoned Stephen and burned the early church martyrs, the spirit which says, Think and act in the established way or suffer the consequences, be it stoning in the streets or social ostracism—believe as we do, or become an outcast.

**The Sheffield  
Riot**

One of the most serious riots took place in Sheffield as late as 1882. There was to be a monster Army procession through the city which had been fully advertised. The riff-raff came up from the slums forming ominous looking groups. The men were inflamed with liquor, they knew the general hostility to the Army and they saw the small size of the police force present. What followed has been graphically described by one who knew the circumstances: "Davidson, on his charger, was literally plastered with mud till the color of his coat and face were almost unrecognizable. Stones and brickbats fell in showers. At length a short heavy stick came flying through the air and struck him on the back of the head. He would have fallen from the horse, but was supported on either side till the hall was reached. . . . The brass band, which occupied the wagonette in front of the General's

carriage, was another target for the rioters. Nor did the General and Mrs. Booth escape a share of their attention, although miraculously preserved from the flying missiles. Mrs. Booth's concern for the General, for Davidson, for the brass band, and for the devoted soldiers in the march, rendered her oblivious to her own danger. The General, standing in the carriage during the entire length of the march, gave his directions with a presence of mind and collectedness which might have been envied by many a commander on the field of battle. And when at length the hall was reached, and a group of mud-bespattered, bruised and bleeding officers welcomed him at the door, with a twinkle in his eye and admiration on his face, he said, 'Now is the time to get your photographs taken!'

**Mud-bespat-  
tered, Bruised  
and Bleeding**

"In spite of the dreadful tumult through which they had just passed, the meeting in the hall was one of unbounded enthusiasm. The sight upon the platform was unique. Bruised and bandaged heads, faces gashed with stones, clothes daubed with blood and mud, fronted the crowded building. And yet there was not an angry look or word. The joy that beamed from every countenance contrasted strangely with the scars and stains. The prayers and praises that rang through the hall seemed the more heavenly and inspired because of the oaths and blasphemies which still rent the air outside."

The spirit which the Army manifested on all such occasions had a deep and far-reaching influence. Large numbers of the rioters themselves joined the Army and became law-abiding citizens. The better classes became favorable when they saw the reform in the masses which neither education nor the established church had been able to bring about. The famous member of Parliament, John Bright, wrote in a letter to Mrs. Booth: "I suspect that your good work will not suffer materially from the ill-treatment you are meeting with. The people who mob you would, doubtless, have mobbed the apostles. Your faith and patience will prevail." Bishop Durham said:

**The Tide of  
Popular Opin-  
ion Turns**



"The Salvation Army has taught us a higher lesson. Whatever may be its faults, it has at least recalled us to the lost ideal of the church—the universal compulsion of the souls of men."

The Earl of Cairns was one of the first British statesmen to recognize the merits of the new movement. In answer to a fierce denunciation of the Army, he arose and in a calm, forceful speech defended what he declared was the most successful method yet produced for lifting up to better life the thousands who had been considered hopeless.

After Canon Liddon of the Church of England had attended one of the Army services, he sighed as he said, "We could not get such men to St. Paul's. It fills me with shame! I feel guilty when I think of myself. To think of these poor people with their imperfect grasp of the truth! And yet what a contrast between what they do and what we are doing!"

Mrs. Booth's sympathies were especially active for the poor and the imprisoned, knowing that in many cases it was the stress of poverty which led to crime, and she was emphatic in denouncing the injustice which prosecuted the poor and illiterate for their petty crimes while condoning the large guilt of the rich and influential. "The term, 'criminal classes,'" she declared indignantly, "is another of the cant phrases of modern Christianity, which thus brands every poor lad who steals because he is hungry, but stands hat in hand before the rich man whose trade is well known to be a system of wholesale cheatery."

The well known philanthropic work of the Salvation Army was early started. To offer spiritual truths to those who needed a satisfying meal and warmer clothing before anything else could be considered, soon impressed Mrs. Booth as a back-handed way of work with inadequate results. It was not long before the Salvation Army had bureaus of supplies and centers of distribution and

Winning  
Friends in  
High Places

Pleading for  
the Poor in  
Prison

the special feast days where the poorest was welcome to his share of the best.

The housing of the poor was a question which aroused her to activity. "Certainly it is a shameful scandal on those Christian landlords who keep their tenants in buildings unfit for dogs," she said. On the better housing provided at usurious rentals, she added, "But after all, not so much more shameful than the conduct of those who although aroused to the frightful condition of the masses, deliberately attempt their improvement on the same principles as if they were cattle, mainly by means of buildings which pay a liberal interest." She sought always to have the mass of humanity fed, clothed and housed in a way to fit them to receive training for manhood and womanhood.

For Better  
Housing of the  
Poor

The results of the efforts of General and Mrs. Booth and their co-workers are many. The prominent one is the hundreds of thousands in many lands who have been lifted out of slumdom to become law-abiding citizens and a blessing to the race; for every true soldier has risen to pledge himself to help others to rise. A live church has thus been built up out of human debris. But the influence has not been confined to the lower classes. Some of the recruits have come from the higher walks of life, and many others have been inspired to extend from their own churches the right welcome and the helping hand to the lowly. The Salvation Army has thus influenced the people in the church and out to a juster consideration of the poor.

Mrs. Booth opened the door for women to a large field of public usefulness in which their capabilities have been multiplied manifold. Fully forty per cent of the Army officers are women, who like men are strengthened by carrying responsibility. Of this feature Mr. Stead said: "If Salvationists had rendered no other service to humanity and civilization than that which is revealing to the world the latent capacities and enormous possibilities of useful-

A Large Field  
of Service for  
Women

ness that lie in womankind, they would have deserved well of their generation."

The training of the large army of raw recruits, many of them of the lowest, most straggling kind, to ways of military precision and obedience has resulted in a citizenship which has gratified civil rulers. "It has trained thousands whose energies would have been wasted in tap-rooms and at street corners, to do the practical work of teaching, ruling, and administering. It has done more to spread a real, rough, but genuine, culture among the lowest than both our Universities," said Mr. Stead. The form of worship with bands of music and general song has given the masses a musical training which they would otherwise never have even heard of. The singing army capturing the world for righteousness was the hope of Mrs. Booth.

The sterling character, marked talent and devotion to the submerged classes manifested by Mrs. Booth gradually awakened general admiration. Canon Farrar spoke of her as "the remarkable lady whose quiet yet burning zeal, masculine understanding, feminine tenderness and perfect faith, have rendered such invaluable service to the great work of General Booth's life." Father Ignatius of the Catholic church exclaimed in a eulogy of Mrs. Booth, "What a glorious woman! What a mother of giants in Israel! What an astounding fact is the Salvation Army! What a shame and what a glory to the churches!"

William T. Stead, the noted editor of the "Review of Reviews," who knew Mrs. Booth intimately, said of her: "Among all those religious teachers who have left the impress of their thought and life upon England of to-day, Mrs. Booth is at once the most conspicuous, the most typical, and the most modern." In another tribute, he said: "She was a great Englishwoman—one of the greatest Englishwomen of our era. In this reign only three women have died for whose graves posterity will look in

The Singing  
Army Captur-  
ing the World  
for Right-  
eousness

Eulogies of  
Mrs. Booth

Westminster Abbey, and in each case they will look in vain. Elizabeth Barrett Browning sleeps in Florence; George Eliot's grave lies in the northern heights of London; while Mrs. Booth's is among the many army graves in the cemetery at Abney Park." He closes his book on the life of Mrs. Booth with the following high tribute: "Judging from such data as are now available, it seems probable that the future historian may record that no woman of the Victorian Era—except it be the monarch who gives her name to the epoch—had done more to help in the making of modern England than Catherine Booth, the Foundress—Saint—of the Salvation Army."

Mr. Stead's  
Tribute


Thus through her love for humanity, Catherine Booth was able to look deep into the puzzle of life. In it she saw clearly that the appalling inequality, the injustice and suffering were not God-ordained. She saw, too, that man had made the puzzle and by him it must be solved.



## CHAPTER XXVIII

### THE HELPING HAND

All persons possessing any portion of power ought to be strongly and awfully impressed with an idea that they act in trust, and that they are to account for their conduct in that trust to the one great Master, Author, and Founder of society.—*Burke.*

ND then, children, the wicked fairy sank down in the black pool and was never seen again. In less time than it takes to drive in this peg, the ugly little toad was gone, and on the same spot stood the young prince with the shining hair. Then followed the month of rejoicing when even the poorest in the realm did nothing but feast at the king's tables."

The Inspired  
Cobbler of  
Neunkirchen

The story-teller was only a common cobbler, but to the children who came singly and in groups to his shop to hear his wonderful stories he was the most important man in Neunkirchen. He gave them food for the imagination, and young imagination is always hungry, whatever the clime and country; but especially is it so in the northlands, the home of the fairy world.

The cobbler arose and shook his leather apron, the signal that the story was ended, and at that the children quickly scattered. All but one dark-eyed little girl who instead climbed up on the bench beside him, work in hand, as if sure of a welcome.

A Little Shoe-  
maker

Evidently she was a favorite. The cobbler looked down on her with tenderness and indulgence, as he patiently showed her how to hold her work.

"This way, *Mädchen*," he said, directing her hand. "You will never grow up in idleness. But why is it you want to learn to make shoes?"



MRS. RAYMOND ROBINS.



The little girl could not tell why. She only knew that she wanted to make something.

"Ah, Margaret, is it not that you want to learn to use your hands? They are God-given and their use is never to be despised. But later, when your full energy will touch many lives, you will find use for head and heart as well. The world is full of varied work and you will have a regard for all true workers. Even though some will not be pleasant to look at, remember how the beautiful prince for a whole year appeared to be only a sad toad. —But this day is one of God's gifts to us. Life is not meant only for work, remember that when the time comes for you to be in the busy part of the world. Work is to make a living and to help others make a living, but there must be leisure to think and grow, time for the life in you to unfold. Shall we go out into the sunlit fields to see the grass and flowers and hear what lessons the birds and brook have for us?"

Prophecy of a  
Little Maid's  
Future

Little Margaret Dreier did not at that time attach much importance to the cobbler's wise words, but she remembered them and later their meaning gradually came to her. On her several visits to her grandparents across the sea the cobbler's shop was always an attraction where she stored up much of his homely wisdom. Looking back from womanhood, she sees the source of her purpose to stand by the world's common workers in the sayings of the cobbler.

But it was in her own comfortable home on Brooklyn Heights, New York, where she found her mission in life, and it was in line with the cobbler's prediction. From the many thousands of working women whose every thought and energy were bent on making a bare living, came the appeal which has directed her efforts from that time to the present.

Finding Her  
Mission in Life

Margaret Dreier, beautiful, gifted, with wealth at her command, began her public work by taking an active part in local charities, just as many young ladies of leisure



and good impulses do. But unlike the majority, she did not reach down from her secure social position to help the less fortunate without letting such good efforts interfere with the ordinary pleasant pursuits of a daughter of wealth, but from the first she got down among them. As now, it could be said of her that she did not work for the struggling working women, but she worked with them.

And thus it happened that before she was aware of it, she was in the midst of an army of workers, women and girls. It was an army only in number, not in organization. Hundreds of thousands of them, surging back and forth from cheerless homes to shops and factories, were toiling twelve, fourteen and even fifteen hours a day for a mere pittance. They were as helpless to control conditions or bring about reforms as if each of them had been the only one facing heartless corporations. They had to work, whatever the conditions, as long as they could bear up under the severe exactions, and when they dropped out, many times their number rushed forward from the army of the waiting in a mad scramble for the vacant places.

Margaret's parents were democratic in the best sense of the word, and the Dreier hospitable home was a meeting place for the leading working women who had time to plan for better things. Margaret was ready for the message which they brought, and the half million of women and girls in New York City engaged in a tragic struggle for the bare means of life rose in her interest above the social set to which she rightfully belonged. The first needed her aid and the second did not.

The struggle, inequality and suffering beheld on every hand always form a sad puzzle to those who believe in the real value of human life itself. Margaret Dreier was one of those. The cobbler's words came true. She felt high regard for the hand-worker as well as the head-worker, because she knew that under the rags and the oftentimes stupid appearance lay the possibilities of

The Army of  
Women Workers

A High Regard  
for the Hand-  
worker

womanhood and motherhood with all they mean to the race. She knew now for herself that drudgery does not mean development, that there must be time for recreation, leisure for wholesome thought as a free human being, before life can be ennobling.

But Miss Dreier's was a clear mind which went behind the mystery of suffering to the cause, and then to the remedies. When only eighteen years of age she desired to become a nurse in order to be able to relieve some of the misery. As her own health would not stand the strain of the necessary training, she relinquished the idea, but instead became a volunteer nurse in the poor wards of a Brooklyn hospital.

Desires to Be-  
come a Nurse

In the patients she saw the result of the cruel exactions to which labor had to submit. Women and children, stunted, deformed, only a fraction of the beings they were designed to be, all were suffering from the effects of insanitary conditions of work-shop and home, long hours of heavy and monotonous duties, and poor nourishment. These women and children had been underfed and poorly protected. Miss Dreier said to herself and others, "In some way these changes must come about: decent places of work, shorter hours and better pay."

Miss Dreier was young and full of enthusiasm, but even she knew what a Herculean task it would be to bring about changes in opposition to the money power of the city. She continued her investigations in shops and factories, and she found conditions in many of them as bad as they could be described. There was great need of influencing legislators for stricter laws. The few made in favor of the working classes which looked so promising in the statute books were openly violated in the places of work. The law read that no children under a certain age should be employed as wage earners, but Miss Dreier found two hundred and twenty-five under legal age in one factory. The few provisions for safety and health were in many cases utterly disregarded.

Investigations  
in Shops and  
Factories

These questions were talked over in the Dreier home. What chance had the half a million of working women and girls, each one struggling in her own way against the employer-class which quickly subjugated her? As Miss Dreier said, "Woman becomes the tragic underbidder in the labor-market and her own worst competitor, putting the working mothers in the sweat-shop, and the working fathers on the tramp. Unorganized she has to accept conditions as she finds them—low wages, long hours, abusive language, insanitary conditions, locked doors, fire dangers, work destructive of her physical strength with its promise of the future, work destructive of her moral and spiritual development. Alone she cannot change these conditions. Alone she cannot even protest against these conditions except at the risk of losing her job. She has tried it—she now knows. She loses her job when she asserts her fundamental right to have a voice as to the conditions under which she works. Yet these conditions if allowed to continue will destroy the ideals and promise of our individual and national life."

Woe and Help-  
lessness of Un-  
organized  
Woman Labor

From this chaos of need came forth the National Woman's Trade Union League of which Miss Dreier was made president. She was eminently fitted by nature and girlhood training for this leadership, with that rare sympathetic insight into human needs which one of her associates referred to when she said of her, "She is the only person I know who can fully enter into the trying experiences which she has never shared; she really understands the working women better than they understand themselves."

National  
Woman's  
Trade Union  
League

Another prime qualification for leadership is her large organizing and administrative ability, amounting to positive genius. The women flocked around her and believed what she told them in the name of federation and loyalty. "Not each for herself, but each for all," became the new motto to those women who had, many of them, been working year after year with no hope or outlook beyond.

When Margaret Dreier was married to Raymond Robins, a man who stands in the same relation to working men as she to working women, both men and women gained a double champion. With means to live in the exclusive sections, when they came to Chicago they established their home in a place within easy reach of the men and women for whom they are laboring, a place which has been known as the "Bloody Seventeenth Ward." Their home has become a centre from which radiate both precept and example, and the standard of living in the community has been greatly improved because of this home with its true culture. The changes are a source of encouragement to Mrs. Robins. "It is the way genuine reform will manifest itself," she says, "in the home. Here a little, and there a little, and then follows a perceptible rise in community morals. If the many who wish to help the poorer classes would make their homes in those sections, their work would be more effective."

**An Ideal Marriage and an Ideal Home**

Mrs. Robins' field of usefulness has widened with the passing years, and she is now president of the National Woman's Trade Union. Her unusual ability to comprehend and direct large undertakings has served her well. She has made good use of that power of generalship which one of her assistants meant when she said, "If Mrs. Robins were a man, she would be a general, a director of some extensive industry or planner of a railroad system." And yet with this comprehensive ability and large vision, she understands the needs of the humblest working woman.

**A Widening Field of Usefulness**

What she has asked for the working women and girls are shorter hours and better pay. The new industrial conditions, the higher cost of living demand these changes as never before. The deliberate ways of work of days past are no guide to time and wages at present. Work is now done under constant strain. With the women-workers of our land, Mrs. Robins asks a justice-loving public, "Do you know that a telephone operator answers about



Excessive and  
Monotonous  
Toil of Work-  
ing Women

225 calls per hour (in some exchanges 275), and that each call requires six different operations? Do you know that years ago a woman tended two slowly running looms, while now an operator is expected to look out for twelve or sixteen? Do you know that many girls in the sewing trades sit for long hours in a room roaring with machinery, watching a machine that carries twelve needles, or one that sets 4,000 stitches a minute? Do you know that in canneries the women sorters must work steadily with their eyes and attention fixed on moving conveyors, and that the "cappers" are expected to cap from fifty-four to eighty cans per minute?

Not only does the greater strain call for shorter hours, but the monotony of being only a "last attachment" to a piece of mechanism render the long day or night destructive to life with all it means. "No joy here of creation," says Mrs. Robins, "no chance to think out new plans in answer to an inner need and a growing knowledge—no master here in control of her tools—only the 'last attachment' to a machine!"

Working  
Women Feel  
the Inspiration  
of Fellowship

Mrs. Robins' efforts, with the help of many who are interested in the working women, have brought about some reduction in working hours and increase of wages. But a result on which the leader places even greater stress is the development which has taken place in the working women themselves. They have found the inspiration which comes from fellowship. No longer is each girl or woman isolated from her kind, but instead is surrounded by the many who give her the glad hand of fellowship when all goes well, and the helping hand in the day of adversity.

The effect has been magnetic. Gloomy, indifferent faces have brightened with a new hope and purpose, certain evidence of an inner change. The growth of initiative, of social leadership, is a gain which rejoices Mrs. Robins. She is devoting her time to the cause of the six million working women in the United States, of which

one-half are girls under twenty, not that they must always be led and directed, but that by organization and training they may develop the power of self-government, so that from their own ranks may rise their leaders. The working women will then become a strong, self-respecting body commanding the respect and just treatment of employers and corporations.

It is a large movement which Mrs. Robins is leading. It means the educating of millions of women in the true idea of citizenship—each member doing her part towards the common up-keep and larger development, and receiving her just share of the profits. The movement calls for the best effort of this leader and her many loyal associates. “It is easy to kill; it requires a great spirit as well as a great mind to arouse dormant energies, to vitalize them and to make them creative forces for good.”

Millions of  
Women to Be  
Educated in  
True Citizen-  
ship

## CHAPTER XXIX

### CONSERVATION

Surely, it is reasonable to hope that a day will dawn in which a desire to serve rather than to be served shall be the spur which shall drive men onward to noble deeds.—*Keir Hardie*.



WOODMAN, spare that tree," many of us recited with much gusto in our school days, the defense of the tree being based on the sentiment of association. "Nation, spare your forests!" rang out a clarion voice a few years ago through press and platform, the defense this time being based on the welfare of a whole people and of generations to come. It was the voice of Gifford Pinchot, a lover of forests and a greater lover of humanity. Before the terms "forestry" and "conservation" were anything but dictionary words, he had made a scientific study of forests with their great use in the economy of nature, and it appalled him to see this country ruthlessly wasting its greatest resource.

A Lover of  
Forests

Awakening a  
Nation

The task he undertook of awakening a nation was far from being a light one. The people had been reveling in the luxury of resources believed to be unlimited, and the warning voice telling of coming want and disaster was not always welcome. Besides there were those who made it their business to keep the public in their easy-going, unsuspecting state—the few whose selfish profits required the special privilege of exploiting our natural resources. It was to the interest of these few to lay stress on the temporary advantage to the country in having big business started, even though the largest claim they could make was that employment for a time was created for

the American people and for the thousands attracted here from other shores.

Mr. Pinchot saw another side to their cunningly drawn pictures of prosperity. He knew that the removal of forests did not always mean a clearing of the land for more profitable agriculture, bringing rich crops year after year for all time to come, as the lumber-mill owners had taken pains to depict, but that disastrous results were sure to manifest themselves ultimately. A future lumber famine was inevitable if the wanton destruction was to continue. Already the deplorable waste in the haste to utilize only the choicest trees was felt in a growing scarcity and corresponding high prices in lumber. A more timely warning came when the floods overflowing large areas carried away the rich top soil of flood-swept land, and were followed by severe droughts, all of which was due to the removal of forests.

**What the Removal of Forests Meant**

The message of Mr. Pinchot came as a revelation to the large body of the people. They had not investigated, as he had, the same conditions in foreign countries—in Syria, Persia and other oriental lands, as well as in Europe, where the forest areas and the surrounding fertile soil of former ages had given place to parched deserts in our time. He had studied the methods of slow reclamation in growing new forests, and he foresaw what future generations in our land would be called on to do because of present indifference and short-sightedness.

He became a tireless agitator, awakening a storm of opposition from lumber trusts and mill-owners, and law-makers who were controlled by them. His position that the fall and conservation of rain and snow were affected by forests was assailed. At the Irrigation Congress in Boise in 1906, a senator who resented Mr. Pinchot's presence made an effort to convince the assembly that he sought to curtail the liberties of the people by establishing bureaucratic rule, and that forests had nothing to do with the conservation of moisture.

**A Tireless Agitator**



In reply Mr. Pinchot stepped forward and quietly illustrated his point. Tipping a table slightly, he poured some water on it which immediately ran off; then with the table at the same angle but covered with blotting paper he turned on the same amount of water. It was readily absorbed and a little later began escaping slowly from the lower edge of the paper. Observers saw the point when he called their attention to the fact that the leaves and decaying mold of the woodlands are to the soil what the blotting paper was to the table. The moisture is taken up by the soil, thus protected and mellowed, and rain and melting snow instead of running off in overflowing streams carrying away the fertile sediment, seeps through the soil to subterranean channels which farther on come to the surface as springs. Such are the fountain heads of all streams except those that take their rise from the melting of mountain snows or at the foot of glaciers, and the removal of the forests protecting the head waters of our rivers must result in transforming the latter into intermittent torrents and dry channels.

How Forests  
Affect the Fall  
and Conserva-  
tion of Rain

The Congress quickly came over to Mr. Pinchot's side. As in all his speaking and writing, he succeeded in rousing the patriotism of his hearers. They came to believe with him that the progress and well-being of a people depend on the right use of their country's natural resources. There is nothing meagre in the portion belonging to this country, consisting of four million square miles of the richest part of the earth. These natural resources belong to the people now and in the future. They should be developed and preserved for the benefit of the many, not for the profit of the few.

Congress Won  
Over

In 1898 Mr. Pinchot was appointed head of the Division of Forestry of our country. The Division was then little but a name, only eleven persons composing it, of whom but two were professional foresters. Under Pinchot's management the department grew to number one

thousand persons in Washington and two thousand in the field. The nation was undergoing an awakening, too late to save large areas which had already passed into the hands of private and corporate ownership, but in time to reserve immense sections for national forests.

Mr. Pinchot was a leader in directing public attention to other natural resources which were rapidly passing into the hands of exploiters. These latter had brought temporary prosperity, and the nation basked in it like the newly rich. Because there was affluence in sight, no one foresaw the lack that always follows waste. The prevalent idea that because certain products were hidden away in the earth therefore they were inexhaustible, had already been proven erroneous. Coal fields in certain sections had been emptied to the last paying pocket. Many oil and gas fields which had given a tremendous impetus to business activities for a while had failed, and with them many a boom with inflated property valuations had collapsed like a punctured gas bag.

**National Waste  
in Other  
Fields**

But the great pity is that only a small fraction of these exhausted natural resources has been properly used even by the exploiters. In many cases only one-half of the coal has been taken out of the mines, the other half less easily mined or of a lower grade, was left and has become permanently inaccessible because of cave-ins when the mines were abandoned. Besides, Mr. Pinchot revealed to the people, only "five per cent of the potential power residing in the coal actually mined was saved and used; ninety-five per cent is expended unproductively or is lost." The deplorable waste of oil and gas was well known, but few thought much about it until Mr. Pinchot and his followers called public attention to the many exhausted gas and oil wells, and added the reminder that these can never be restored as forests laboriously may be reclaimed. The same was true of iron, which has been cast aside by the few in a reckless haste to convert only the richest veins and layers into gold.

**Exhausted Gas  
and Oil Wells**

Preserving  
Land for  
Home-seekers

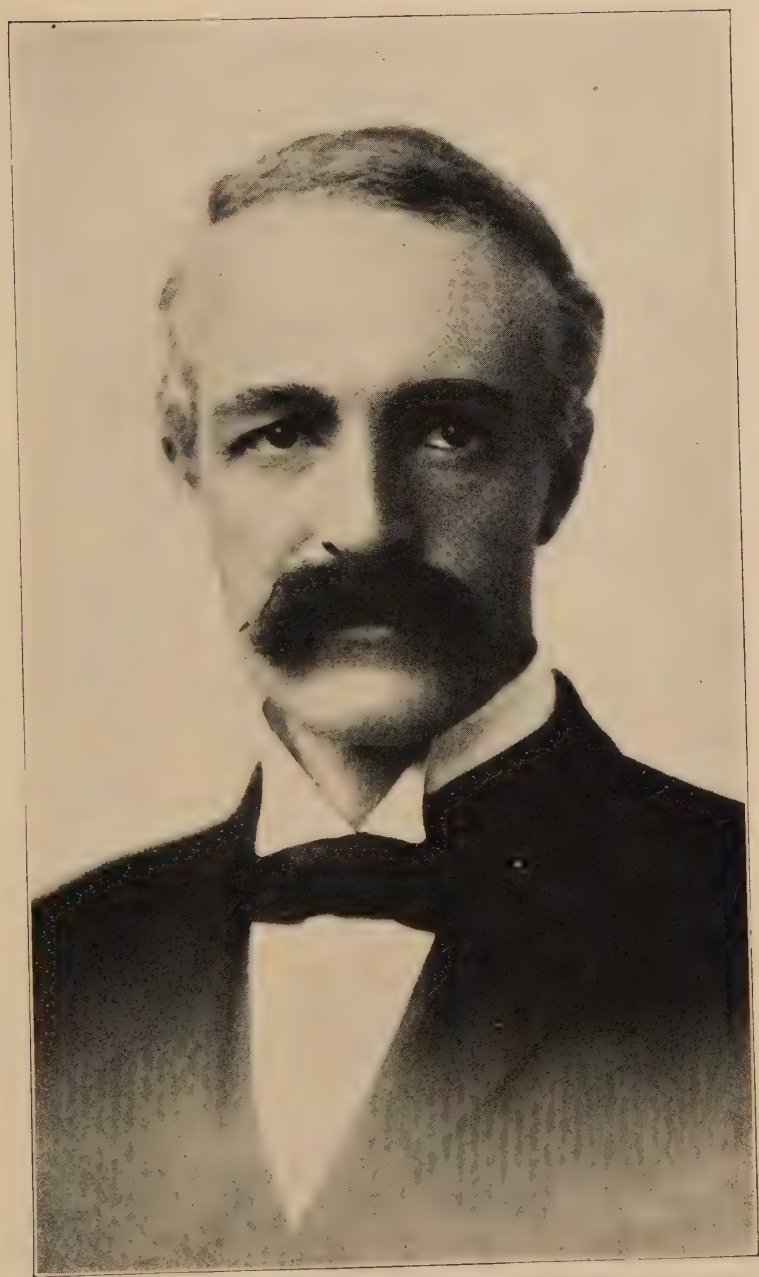
Mr. Pinchot went farther with his denunciations of waste and exploitation and his exhortations to reform. There is the surface of the earth which after all contains the greatest riches and is most necessary to the life and happiness of the world. The land with all its possibilities rightly belongs to the many, not to the few. But, as Mr. Pinchot said, "there is no hunger like land hunger," and the vast uncultivated ranges of the West quickened the shrewd scheming of the few to seize and hold securely immense tracts of land before the slower army of home-seekers should discover their value and turn westward to take possession of their share.

That was a crucial time in the history of the western United States. Was it to be a country of many farmers who own their land, or of land-barons lording it over a tenantry? The answer depended on how quickly the government would stop the large land-grant privileges to the few and preserve the country for general homestead rights. "The nation that will lead the world," Mr. Pinchot said, "will be a nation of homes."

The Word,  
"Conserva-  
tion"

And then the word "conservation" with its present splendid meaning and application had its birth. It is fresh from the mint, shining with newness, but it has already been tested in many ways and found to ring true. Mr. Pinchot says in one of his articles: "In 1907 few knew what conservation meant. Now it has become a household word. While at first conservation was supposed to apply only to forests, we see now that its sweep extends even beyond the natural resources." He then further elucidated the idea by calling attention to the justice of everyone's sharing in the benefits to be derived from the magnificent water-power of our country. He went on to urge the need of a juster division of business opportunities.

Conservation, says Mr. Pinchot, does not mean simply preservation. The idea of development is fundamental. The conservation of forests and other natural resources



GIFFORD PINCHOT.





does not preclude the cutting down of trees and the mining of earth's treasures, but it means so to cut and mine that the greatest good therefrom may reach the greatest number for the longest time. To put away and lock up an ear of corn for future times is not true conservation, but so to plant and cultivate and develop the corn that the present may utilize it and pass it on, more nearly perfect and in more bountiful supplies, to future generations. This is the debt the present owes to the future.

Development  
as Well as Pre-  
servation

In many ways Gifford Pinchot has striven to demonstrate to a sluggish generation the whole meaning of the word "conservation": preservation, development, and a just distribution of nature's benefits for the general good.

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Once there lived in New York City a certain blue-eyed, fair-haired errand boy who went by the name of George Goethals. There was nothing about this lad to indicate promise of an unusual career, except that his face showed absolute honesty, that he was industrious and could be relied on, and that he stuck close to whatever he had to do until it was finished.

A student of heredity could have seen in the American boy the influence of an ancestry of a distant age and country. Many generations ago his forbears had been noted for courage and physical prowess, his surname itself having originated in the valor and grim endurance of one particular ancestor. A family tradition tells how in a fierce combat this warrior was struck a blow on the neck which would have ended the career of a less powerful man. To the joy and admiration of his followers he survived, miraculously it seemed, and the crooked neck as strong as ever became a distinguishing mark of honor. In consequence he was given the name Goet Hals, which in the language of Holland means "good neck," and later this became the family name.

A Notable  
Ancestry

Because of the heroic blood in his veins perhaps, or

more likely because of his own courage and perseverance, the American descendant of the "Good Necks" began early to climb upwards. At the age of fourteen he was bookkeeper and cashier for a small business man, but at the same time he managed to carry on his regular school studies. From five dollars a week his salary was gradually raised to fifteen dollars by the time he was a young man ready to enter college. He had practically made his own way through the public schools, and he continued to be self-supporting while taking his college course.

Conquering  
Difficulties in  
Early Youth

It is no easy thing for a boy to make his own way through school. If George Goethals had been given a choice in the matter he would most likely have preferred an easier life; but he insisted on having an education and there was no other way open to him to get it. And yet it is possible that without this hard experience early in life, which brought him in close touch with the big outside world and gave him a knowledge of men and how to deal with them, he would have missed something of that splendid self-discipline, perseverance and determination which have made him so successful a leader in the building of the Panama Canal.

Entering West  
Point

Belonging to a family of physicians, he naturally considered this profession his, and he turned his attention to a medical course. But there are few city boys who can work as he had from the time he was a little errand boy without feeling the effects in a weakened constitution. Young Goethals wisely concluded that he was unfit to stand the tax of a long medical course, and instead he turned his thoughts to a training which would develop him physically as well as mentally. He entered West Point, where before long he had developed bodily vigor, and he readily fell into the military methods of orderliness and prompt obedience to command. This training, added to his inherent strength of purpose, grit and perseverance, lay in the direct line leading to his later success.

The world had known for a long time that sooner or later the Panama Canal must be built, but how and by whom was the question. The French made a splendid effort, but the time was not then ripe for success. Theirs was an experiment which, while a failure in itself, pointed the way to a better plan. But the canal had to come in some way. That two great oceans should be separated by only forty-four miles of land, necessitating a voyage of thousands of miles to pass from one to the other, was not to be tolerated in this century. And yet for man to undertake what the ceaseless waves of two oceans had failed to accomplish in ages of time seemed to many to be a vain attempt. Not only must much of the way be cut through adamant, in order to make the channel sufficiently wide and deep for the largest vessels, but there would still remain the reinforcing to prevent cave-ins. The building of the Panama Canal is the most stupendous achievement in engineering the world has ever seen, nor has it ever beheld such resourcefulness as that exhibited in this work. The United States, of all countries the foremost in initiative, had undertaken the task; then after years of preparation and experiment, the question arose, where is the man to direct the work to a successful completion?

**A Most Stupendous Task**

He would have to be a person of special qualifications; with engineering genius of the highest kind, there must be added a wide knowledge of men, and the administrative and directing ability of a general. The choice of such a leader was a matter calling for painstaking consideration, and the responsibility of selecting the best qualified man was not a trifling one even for the President of our land. With the whole country to select from, his choice fell presently on Mr. Goethals as the man fitted by nature and training for the position.

**The Man to Direct the Work**

Before accepting the leadership in the construction of the Panama Canal, Mr. Goethals made a comprehensive survey of the field and the proposed work. "The magni-



tude of it seems overwhelming," he exclaimed, but at the same time he visioned the only plan by which it could be accomplished. First of all there must be unity in the effort directed against the "common enemies, Culebra Cut and the climate," with no criss-cross work, no struggle save to subdue Nature and her forces. This could be made possible only by giving the sole directing power into the hands of one man. The work would be a failure unless executed under the command of autocratic power.

Supreme Con-  
trol at Panama

The United States Government responded by placing the supreme control in the hands of Mr. Goethals, thus making him an autocrat in the full sense of the word. It was an anomalous action, this putting a military aspect on a civilian work, but it was the only course promising a successful outcome. Mr. Goethals has proved himself the man to be trusted with such power. Far from being an autocrat by nature, he is decidedly democratic, as is shown by his ability to enter sympathetically into the viewpoint of different races and classes. "No one has any right in public work to enjoy advantages that all cannot have on equal terms," he said. And so while he is unyielding in what he is convinced is the right course, he has a good-natured tolerance for race and individual peculiarities.

Work for the  
Highest Engi-  
neering and  
Administra-  
tive Genius

To get a just regard for the magnitude of the undertaking, it must be remembered that this, the largest constructive work the world has ever seen, was two thousand miles from its base of supply, and that the army of workmen was made up of many different races drawn together by the ample wages offered and not by any interest in the work itself or in each other. On the contrary, dissension and direct animosity among them were to be expected inevitably. Besides there was no successful precedent to the undertaking, and the experiment must depend on the initiative and unerring judgment of the leader. Such was the task Mr. Goethals faced, calling for highest engineering and administrative genius. He proved

himself big enough and sympathetic enough to become the directing force of this heterogeneous mass of humanity, arousing sluggish temperaments, curbing fiery ones, and filling the thousands of indifferent workmen with the enthusiasm of his own splendid ideas. He was a true leader, not a mere boss; he exacted faithful work from his men, but at the same time he himself was the most faithful worker.

The many-sided office called for the full exercise of his powers of mind. There were strong objections to him as a representative of the military and to his one-man rule. To allay discontent on the first ground he never appeared in uniform, and the honors of heading the three main departments of the work he divided between the civilian and the military. There was at times serious trouble with labor unions. On one occasion an engineer was arrested for disobedience and criminal carelessness resulting in the death of a conductor. The union threatened to tie up the work unless the engineer was released and restored to his former place. Goethals was firm and went on quietly in the face of the threat. The union men sought an interview to see what he meant by not making peace with them. "You don't want the work tied up, do you?" they asked in surprise.

**Tact in Delicate Situations**

"I shall not be tying it up; you'll be doing that. You forget that this is not a private enterprise; it is a government job," was his cool reply. The men remained at their posts.

The secret of Mr. Goethals' success in his colossal task is close concentration. The thought-power which in the case of many is scattered here and there, is by him invariably centred on the work before him. When the forces of a strong mind are thus focused, things must come to pass. There is no waste of energy by the leader of the Panama Canal. One thing at a time is given his undivided attention and disposed of to make room for the next.

**Success Due to Concentration**

A construction has been completed, which, it is believed, will withstand the ceaseless wash of ocean waves, the rush of mountain torrents, the shifting of rock strata, and even the tremblings and upheavals of earthquakes. That destructive forces will at times come with disastrous results is inevitable, but the stability of the basic work will remain. The Canal has already become an established success, a strong factor in world progress.

The Builder of  
the Panama  
Canal a World  
Benefactor

Everyone recognizes that the Canal will be a great gain to commerce, but its effect is still more far-reaching and must be computed in spiritual terms. It will prove an influence hard to overestimate in making the spirit of man superior to material obstructions. What has been done in one line can be done in another. There will be no obstacle great enough to deflect the race from what its thought centres on as being in the line of human advancement. Mr. Goethals is a world benefactor who has accomplished far more even than making real the vision of the Panama Canal. For out of this wonderful achievement of his will rise even greater conceptions and more marvelous enterprises.



















